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BETH GÊLERT—A BALLAD



THE spearman heard the bugle sound.
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still as blew a louder blast,
 And 'gan a louder cheer,
 "Come, Gélert! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh, where does faithful Gélert roam?
 The flower of all his race!
 So true, so brave: a lamb at home
 A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
 The faithful Gélert fed;
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
 And sentinel'd his bed.





In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John ;
 But now no Gélert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
 With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare ;
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gélert was not there.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied—
 When, 'neath the portal seat,
 His truant Gélert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle-door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;
 The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise—
 Unused such looks to meet ;
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd,
And on went Gélert, too ;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied '
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood—blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.





"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
 The frantic father cried;
 And, to the hilt, his vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gélert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
 No pity could impart;
 But still, his Gélert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gélert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh,
 What words the parent's joy can tell,
 To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed—
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
"Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue."



And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gélert's bones protect.

Here, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;
Here, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear—
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gélert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gélert's grave.



A JOURNEY IN AFRICA.



DR. LIVINGSTONE and Dr. Barth have each returned from Africa within a few months, having done more than had been done in many years, and by every traveler, in explorations of that hidden continent. Dr. Barth has even reached Timbuctoo—the half fabulous African city—and when the plan of the investigations shall be carried out a little further, and the sources of the Nile shall be exposed, Africa will be dumb no longer, and the great geographical problem will be settled.

We propose to lay before our readers an account of this last great expedition, using the traveler's own words as much as possible.

On the 5th of October, 1849, at Berlin, Professor Carl Ritter informed Dr. Barth that the British Government was about to send Mr Richardson on a mis-



NEGRO CHIEF AND ATTENDANTS.

sion to Central Africa, and that they had offered, through the Chevalier Bunsen, to allow a German traveler to join the mission, provided he was willing to

contribute two hundred pounds for his own personal traveling expenses.

Barth had commenced lecturing at the University of Berlin on comparative geography and the colonial commerce of antiquity, and had at that time just published the first volume of his "Wanderings round the Mediterranean," which comprised his journey through Barbary. Having undertaken this

journey quite alone, he spent nearly his whole time with the Arabs, and familiarized himself with that state of human society in which the camel is man's daily companion, and the culture of the date-tree his chief occupation. He made long journeys through desert tracts; traveled all around the Great Syrtis, and, passing through the picturesque little tract of Cyrenacia, trav-



PICTURESQUE FOUNTAIN.

ersed the whole country towards Egypt; he wandered about for above a month in the desert valleys between Aswán and Kósér, and afterwards pursued his journey by land all the way through Syria and Asia Minor to Constantinople.

While traversing these extensive tracts, where European comfort is never altogether out of reach, where lost supplies may be easily replaced, and where the protection of European powers is not quite without avail, he had often cast a wistful look towards those unknown or little-known regions in the interior, which stand in frequent, though irregular, connection with the coast. As a lover of ancient history, he had been led towards those regions rather through the commerce of ancient Carthage, than by the thread of modern discovery; and the desire to know something more about them acted on him like a charm.

In the course of a conversation he once held with a Háusa slave in Káf, in the regency of Tunis, seeing the interest Barth took in his native country, the slave made use of these simple but impressive words: "Please God, you shall go and visit Kanó." These words were constantly ringing in Barth's ears; and though overpowered for a time by the vivid impressions of interesting and picturesque countries, they echoed with renewed intensity as soon as he was restored to the tranquillity of European life.

Dr. Barth volunteered cheerfully to accompany Mr. Richardson, on the sole condition, however, that the exploration of Central Africa should be made the principal object of the mission, instead of a secondary one, as had been originally contemplated.

His companion, Dr. Overweg, was a clever and active young geologist; but, unfortunately, he was deficient in

that general knowledge of natural science which is required for comprehending all the various phenomena occurring on a journey into unknown regions. Having never before risked his life on a dangerous expedition, he never for a moment doubted that it might not be his good fortune to return home in safety; and he therefore did not always bestow that care upon his journal which is so desirable in such an enterprise. Nevertheless, Dr. Barth says that almost all his observations of latitude have been found correct, while his memoranda, if deciphered at leisure, might still yield a rich harvest.

Mr. Richardson was still waiting in Paris for dispatches, when his younger and more zealous colleagues, Drs. Barth and Overweg, reached Tunis by way of Philippeville and Bona, on the 15th of December, 1849. From thence they proceeded to Tripoli by land, and when joined there by the head of the expedition, finding the preparations for the final departure for the interior would occupy at least a month, they wisely resolved to pass the time in an excursion through the mountainous region that encompasses Tripoli, in a radius of from sixty to eighty miles.

Coasting the district of Zenzur—one of the finest in Tripoli for richness of soil and good water—they next trav-

ersed that of Tawiya, "the corner," which, although it consists for the main part of sand-hills, contains an aggregate population of 20,000 souls. Hence they turned inland over the prairies of the Belasa, first reaching the tertiary limestones and gypsum at the foot of the hills, at the Wady el Ethel, or valley of the Oriental Tamarisk.

After having passed a small defile, they at length emerged into the north-west branch of the valley of Mizda, called here Wady Udé-Sheráb, the channel of which is lined with a considerable number of *batûm*-trees. Crossing the stony bottom of this plain, after a stretch of three miles more they reached the western end of the oasis of Mizda, which, though Barth's fancy had given it a greater extent, filled him with joy at the sight of the fine fields of barley, now approaching maturity—the crop, owing to the regular irrigation, being remarkably uniform—while the grove of date-trees encompassed the whole picture with a striking and interesting frame.

So they proceeded, passing between the two entirely-separated quarters, or villages, distinguished as the upper, "el fók," and the lower, "el utah," and encamped on the sandy open space a little beyond the lower village, near a



GENERAL VIEW OF MIZDA.



GENERAL VIEW OF ENSHED E SUFET.

well which formerly had irrigated a garden. People going to Tripoli encamp at the other end of the oasis, as was done by a caravan of Ghadamsi people with slaves from Fezzán, on the following day.

Mizda, most probably identical with the eastern "Musti kome" of Ptolemy, appears to have been an ancient settlement of the indigenous inhabitants of North Africa, the Berbers, and more particularly of a family or tribe of them called "Kuntarár," who even at present, though greatly intermixed with Arabs, have not entirely forgotten their Berber idiom. The oasis lies in the upper part of Wady Sofejín, or rather a branch of it, stretching out from SW. to NE., which has in some parts a great breadth. The natural advantage, or productive principle of the locality seems to lie in the circumstance that the humidity carried down by the Wady Sheráb is here arrested by a hill, and absorbed by the clayey soil. This hill is of a lengthened form, and consists entirely of gypsum.

Having passed many hamlets in a state of decay, and still going through a pleasant but rather arid country, they reached the oppressor's strong-hold, the "Kaas il Jebel," as it is generally called, although this part of the mountains bears the special name of Yefren.

It lies on the very edge of the steep, rocky cliffs, and affords an extensive view over the plain. But, though standing in a commanding position, it is itself commanded by a small eminence a few hundred yards eastward, where there was once a large quadrangular structure, now in ruins.

The castle, which at the time of their visit was the chief instrument in the hands of the Turks for overawing the mountaineers, contained a garrison of four hundred soldiers. It has only one bastion with three guns, at the southern corner, and was found by Mr. Overweg to be 2,150 feet above the level of the sea. The high cliffs inclosing the valley are most beautifully and regularly stratified in layers of gypsum and limestone; and a man may walk almost round the whole circumference of the ravine on the same layer of the latter stone, which has been left bare; the gypsum, of frailer texture, having been carried away by the torrents of rain which rush violently down the steep descent. From the little eminence above-mentioned, there is a commanding view over the valleys and the high plain toward the south.

Barth was anxious to visit a place called Ta-gherbúst, situated on the north side of the castle, along the slope of a ravine which runs westward into

the valley. Ta-gherbúst is said to have been a rich and important place in former times. Some of its inhabitants possessed as many as ten slaves; but at present it is a heap of ruins, with scarcely twenty-five inhabited houses. From hence, turning southward, the party descended gradually along the steep slope, while above their heads the cliffs rose in picturesque majesty, beautifully adorned by scattered date-trees, which, at every level spot, sprang forth from the rocky ground, and gave to the

whole scene a very charming character. A fountain, which gushed out from a cavern on a little terrace at the foot of the precipice, and fed a handsome group of date-trees, was one of the most beautiful objects that can be imagined.

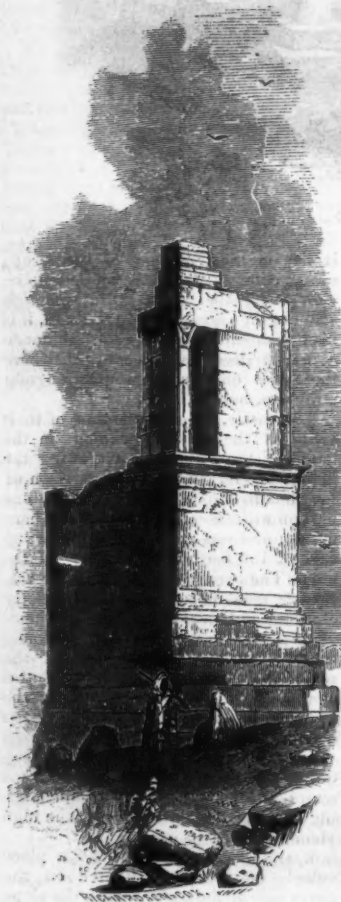
The Turks, two years ago, made a small path leading directly down from the castle to this fountain, which supplies them with water. After sketching this beautiful spot while the animals were watering, they followed a more gradual descent into the valley of el Ghasás, which here, with a rough level, widens to a plain, while its upper or southern part, called Wadi Rumiye, forms a very narrow and picturesque ravine. The guide said that forty-four years ago a torrent, sweeping by Zenzur, gave a red color to the sea for a great distance.

Thence they passed into the Ghurian, a rocky plateau, succeeded by a fertile region of rich, red loam, with luxuriant plantations of olive-trees, saffron, corn, etc. An extinct volcano, called Mount Tekut, stands in advance of this region to the northward, and attains an elevation of 2,800 feet. The district of Tarhona, averaging a height of 1,000 feet, rich in corn, full of Roman ruins, and inhabited by a wandering people that live in tents, finally led the way to Mesellata, a district of the same physical character, only inhabited by people with fixed habitations; and thence they returned by the coast districts to Tripoli.

At length they finally left that city.

It was late in the afternoon of the 24th of March, 1850, when Overweg and Barth, seated in solemn state upon their camels, left the town with their train, preceded by the consul, Mr. Crowe, in his carriage, by Mr. Reade, and by Mr. Dickson and his family, of whom they took a hearty leave under the olive-trees near Kasr el Haeni. They then continued their route, and in a fine moonlight pitched their tent on the border of Ain Zára.

This locality takes its name from a broad swampy hollow or depression to the south, thickly overgrown with reeds and rushes. At present no one lives in it; the wells are filled up with earth, and the date-trees, cared for by nobody, are partly overwhelmed by the sand, which has accumulated in large mounds. Still it is an attractive spot, having just a little of cultivation and a little of sandy



THE MONUMENT



ABORIGINAL STRUCTURES.

waste. A few olive-trees spread their fresh cool shade over a green meadow, forming a very pleasant resting-place.

It was at this very spot that, in August, 1855, on his joyful return, Barth again met Mr. Reade, the vice-consul, and passed a night there.

Here they remained encamped till Friday, the 29th. In the afternoon of the 27th, Mr. Frederic Warrington, who wished to escort them for a few days, came out, accompanied by the American consul, Mr. Gaines, and brought them the satisfactory news that, on the following Friday, Mr. Richardson would move from the town, and that they should meet him at Mejenín. Barth and his countryman required eight camels for their luggage, besides the two which they rode themselves, and which were their own. Barth would have preferred having a donkey for himself, as it would have enabled him to go with ease wherever he liked; but in Tripoli there are no donkeys strong enough for such a journey, and a horse, including the carriage of barley and water for him, was too expensive for the means then placed at his disposal. He had been so fortunate as to procure an excellent Arab camel of the renowned breed of the Bú-Saef, which was his faithful companion as far as Kúkawa; and Mr. Warrington had made him a present of a handsome Ghadamsi sad-

dle or basúr, with pillows and Stambúl carpet, so that he was comfortably mounted.

After leaving the olive-trees and the little palm-grove of Ain Zára, they very soon entered deep sand-hills, which sheltered them from the strong wind and after more than two hours they came upon pasture-grounds, which furnished their camels with a variety of herbs.

The progress of an Arab caravan (where the camels march each after its own inclination, straying to the right and to the left, nipping here a straw, and there browsing on a bush) is rather slow in districts where the stubborn animal finds abundance of food. This way of proceeding is extremely tedious and fatiguing to the rider; and to obviate it, the Tawárek, the Téb, and the people in the interior, fasten all the camels one behind the other. Owing to their slow progress, the sun was almost setting when they overtook Mr. Warrington, who had pitched his tent on a fine pasture-ground near Bir Spaen. The last hour and a half's ride from the well Jenáwa lay along well-cultivated and flourishing corn-fields, extending along the narrow wady of Mejenín, and intermingled with a rich profusion of flowers, principally the beautiful blue "khobbés."

They passed Mount Ghurian, which

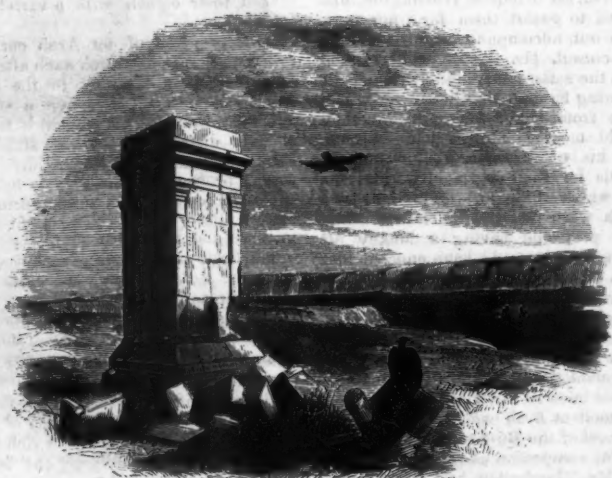


MIZDAL.

had been before explored, and advanced thence into the barren regions of Ghadama. These dreary and desolate stony regions alternated with valleys containing pools of water and batum-trees, and with some corn-fields, while Roman milestones attested that

they were following the high road of olden times to the fortified station of Gharra el Gharbia.

Some very fine sepulchral monuments were also met with in this part of their journey. These monuments serve to show that the dominion of the



ROMAN SEPULCHRE IN WADI TALHI.

Romans in these regions was not of momentary duration, but continued for a length of time, as the different styles of the remains clearly prove. It may be presumed that no common soldier could pretend to the honor of such a tomb; and it is probable that these sepulchres were destined to contain the earthly remains of some of the consecutive governors or officers stationed at the neighboring place.

Like a solitary beacon of civilization, the monument rises over this sea-like level of desolation, which, stretching out to an immense distance south and west, appears not to have appalled the conquerors of the ancient world, who even here have left behind them, in "lithographed proof," a reminiscence of a more elevated order of life than exists at present in these regions.

After a time the Hammáda was crossed, and they began to emerge from it.

After a winding course, the narrow ravine, shut in by steep, gloomy-looking cliffs, began to widen, and their direction varied less; but still the whole district retained a gloomy aspect, and the bottom of the valley was strewn with masses of black sandstone, while the country ahead of them lay concealed in a hazy atmosphere, which did not admit of an extensive view. Eager to reach the well, the caravan being scattered over a great extent of ground, the three travelers pushed on in advance, the south wind driving the sand, which lay in narrow strips along the pebbly ground, into their faces. They cherished the hope of finding a cool little grove, or at least some shade, where they might recline at ease after their fatiguing march; but, to their great disappointment, the sand became deeper, and nothing was to be seen but small stunted palm-bushes. But even these ceased near the well, which was dug in the midst of the sandy waste, and had once been protected by an oval-shaped building, of which nothing but crumbling ruins remained.

It was a cheerless encampment after so fatiguing a march; but there was at least no more fear of scarcity of water, for the well had an abundant supply. No name could be more appropriate to this place than *el Hasy* (the well). There is no need of any discriminating surname; it is "the Well"—the well where the traveler who has successfully



ROMAN SEPULCHRE AT TATONIYE

crossed the Hammáda may be sure to quench his own thirst and that of his animals. But it is not a cheerful resting-place, though it is the great watering-place on this desert road, as he has to cross the fearful "burning plain" of the Hammáda before he reaches the spot. There are several wells hereabouts, which might easily supply with water the largest caravan in an hour's time; for the water is always bubbling up, and keeps the same level.

The black population and dominions

of Fezzan commence at this point, which is marked by the Wady Hæran, a plain of drifting sand strewed with great masses of dark sandstone, followed by dreary regions of the same material, interspersed with drifting yellow sand-hills and valleys with batum-trees, and which extended as far as to Wady e Shati, where it was succeeded by a region of sands with palms and herbage.

In the midst of this latter region were the great wadys Gharbi and E Sherki, with numerous permanent villages and natron lakes in the country beyond, as also remains of Christian chapels. A plain, pretty well wooded with sidr-trees, ascends gently from these valleys to the table-land of Múrzuk, which is for the most part a stony level plain without vegetation, intersected by narrow valleys, with talha-trees, and with some herbage and even corn-fields, which are again succeeded by date-groves as the capital of Fezzan is approached. Múrzuk is rather the thoroughfare than the seat of a considerable commerce, the whole annual value of imports and

exports amounting, in a round sum, to 100,000 Spanish dollars; and the place, therefore, is usually in great want of money, the foreign merchants, when they have sold their merchandise, carrying away its price in specie—the Mejábëra to Jáló, the Tébu to Bîlma and Bórnu, the people of Tawát and Ghadâmes to their respective homes.

Few of the principal merchants of Múrzuk are natives of the place. The western or Sudán route is more favorable to commerce than the route to Bórnu. On the latter the Tawárek are always ready to furnish any number of camels to carry merchandise, and to guarantee their safety, while the road to Bórnu, which is the nearest for Múrzuk, is in such a precarious state, that the merchant who selects it must convey his merchandise on his own camels and at his own risk. The expedition left Múrzuk on the 13th of June, taking a direction a little to the north of west, and passing a village with walls and towers, whence they followed, for a distance of upwards of fifty miles, the wady, or valley, of Berjush, refreshed



EL HASI.



ENCAMPMENT AT UGRETE.

by talia-trees and herbage, with a vast naked plain to the north, and a high range of sand-hills to the south.

After a little delay at Elawen, owing to the refractoriness of the escort and camel-drivers, the expedition continued its route, passing some remarkable sculptures in Wady Telisaghe, which Barth attributes to the olden inhabitants who had relations with the Carthaginians, and on the 8th of July, the Pass of Ralle, where the western table-land of Múrzuk broke up into perpendicular cliffs of fantastic shape several hundred feet high. From this their road to Ghat took a very circuitous direction, owing to the mountainous character of the country, passing first the arid and stony plain of Taita, then the valley of Tanessuf, with Mount Idinen, or Kasr Jenin, "the palace of the demons," 2,400 feet in elevation to the right; and the great Akakus range to the left, which flanks with its castle-like and battlemented crags both the valley of Tanessuf and that of Ighelfannia, in which is situated the chief city of the Azkar, a military confederacy of the Tawarek.

Soon after leaving Ghat, the expedition entered upon the highlands of the Azkar Tawarek, an elevated wilderness of rocks of fantastic shapes, with vegetation and permanent pools of water in

the ravines, and they descended thence by what Barth designates as the "terrific ravine" of Egery, and of which he gives a good drawing, where the granitic rocks succeeded to the broken-up outlying, sedimentary formations.

This mountain-region was succeeded by extensive, inhospitable, waterless plains, with granite peaks rising up, and scarcely any herbage; next by the mountain region of Annahef, abounding in wild oxen and gazelles; then by more dismal and dreary gravelly plains, and barren, open deserts, all, however, intersected with occasional wadys, with talhas, and herbage, a few ethels and other plants, till, at Jinninau, a beautiful valley, with a forest of fine trees and pastures of tropical appearance, led the way to the mountain region of Fadeough, inhabited by the warlike border tribes of the Efade and Kelfade, who divide the country of the Kelowi Tawarek from that of the Alr, or Asben.

Passing the northern limit of the dômpalm, in latitude 19 deg., and leaving the mountain group of Timge (5,000 feet) to the left, the expedition pushed on toward Tintéllust.

But one day the sensations of the guides and camel-drivers had been uneasy from the moment of encamping; and Mr. Richardson, at the suggestion

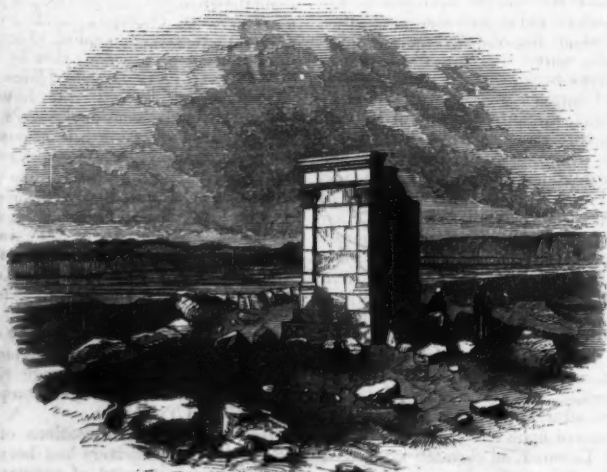
of A'nnur, had, on the preceding day, sent men in advance, in order to bring to us the chief of Fade-ang. This person was represented as a man of great authority in this lawless country, and able to protect the party against freebooting parties. But one of the men sent was a great rascal himself, who would do all in his power to increase the difficulties, in order to profit by the confusion.

The chief was accordingly reported as being absent; and a man who was said to be his brother was to take his place. This person made his appearance, accompanied by some people from the village; but it became immediately apparent, that he had no authority whatever, and one of the Imghád of Tádomat, who had stuck to the party, in order to show us what respect he had for this man, struck him repeatedly with his spear upon the shoulder. Among the companions of their new protector was a Taleb, distinguished by his talkativeness, and a certain degree of arrogance, who made himself ridiculous by trying to convince the party of his immense learning.

Overweg and Barth seated themselves in the shade of a talha-tree, at a little distance from their tent, and had soon a whole circle of visitors around them, who, in the beginning, behaved with

some modesty and discretion, but gradually became rather troublesome. Barth gave them some small presents, such as scissors, knives, mirrors, and needles, with which they expressed themselves well pleased. Presently came, also, several women, one with the characteristic features called in Temáshight "tebúllodén," which may be translated by the words of Leo, "le parti di dietro pienissime e grasse," and another younger one mounted upon a donkey.

The whole character of these people appeared very degraded. They were totally devoid of the noble and manly appearance which the most careless observer cannot fail to admire even in a common Tarki freebooter; and the relation between the sexes appeared in a worse, light than one would expect in such a situation as this. However, we have ample testimony in ancient Arabian writers, that licentious manners have always prevailed among the Berber tribes on the frontier of the desert; and Barth found the same habits existing among the tribe of the Tagáma, while not only A'gades, but even the little village of Tintéllust, was not without its courtesans. He remarks that this is a very disheartening phenomenon to observe in so small a community, and in a locality where nature would seem



ROMAN RUIN NEAR GERMA.

peculiarly favorable to purity and simplicity of manners.

The party were anxious to buy some of the famous Afr cheese, for which they had been longing the whole way over the dreary desert, and had kept up their spirits with the prospect of soon indulging in this luxury; but they were not able to procure a single one, and their endeavors to buy a sheep or a goat were equally fruitless. Instead of the plenty which they had been led to expect in this country, they found nothing but misery. Barth was rather surprised to find here a very fine and strong race of asses.

They were tolerably composed, and reclining at their ease (though their weapons were always at hand), when they were a little alarmed by a demand of six riyals for the use of the pond in Jinninau. Their amiable but unenergetic friend A'nur, a chief, seconded the demand, by way of satisfying in some way the intruders upon the caravan. These claims were scarcely settled, when a dreadful alarm was raised, by the report that a body of from fifty to sixty Mehára were about to attack them.

Though no good authority could be named for this intelligence, the whole caravan was carried away by excitement, and all called out for powder and shot. Eloquent speeches were delivered, and the people exhorted to be courageous; but many, very naturally, had a great objection to come to open hostilities with the desert tribe, which might end in their being unable to travel any longer along this route.

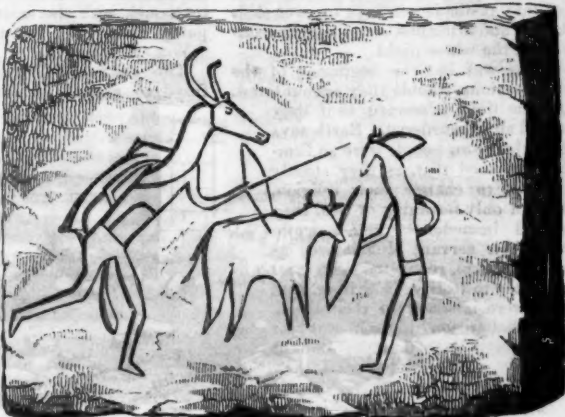
In this moment of extreme excitement, Khweldi arrived, the chief merchant of Múrzuk, whom Barth had not expected to see, though he knew that he was on his way from Sudán to the north. They were in a situa-



HATITA ON HIS CAMEL.

tion wherein he was able to render them the most material service, both by his influence upon the individuals of whom the caravan was composed, and by his knowledge of the country whose frontier-territories they had just entered.

But unfortunately, though a very experienced merchant, he was not a practical, sharp-sighted man; and instead of giving them clear information as to the probable amount of truth in the reports, and what sort of difficulties they might really have to encounter, and how, by paying a sort of passage-money to the chiefs, they might get over them, he denied in private the existence of any danger at all, while openly he went round the whole caravan extolling Barth's importance as a missionary sent by a powerful government, and encouraging



FIRST SCULPTURE OF TENSAONE.

the people to defend him, if he should be in danger.

In consequence of his exhortations, the native friends of the caravan took courage, but had the imprudence and absurdity to supply also the three intruders with powder and shot, who, though protesting to be now Barth's most sincere friends, of course made no other use of the present than to supply their band with this material, which alone gave the caravan a degree of superiority, and constituted its security.

Dr. Barth was not at all satisfied with the spirit of the caravan, notwithstanding its noise and waste of powder, and with its entire want of union; but the scene which followed in the bright moonlight evening, and lasted throughout the night, was animating and interesting in the extreme.



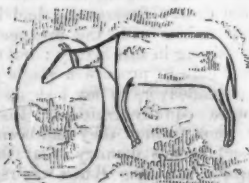
HERD OF BULLS.

The whole caravan was drawn up in a line of battle. About ten o'clock a small troop of Mehára appeared, when a heavy fusillade was kept up over their heads, and firing and shouting were continued the whole night.

This was but the beginning of the most serious trouble they encountered. At one time, it seemed as if they would all be murdered. Barth says that their own people were so firmly convinced that, as they stoutly refused to change their religion, though only for a day or two, they should immediately suffer death, that their servant Mohammed, as well as Mukni, requested them most urgently to testify, in writing, that they were innocent of their blood. Mr. Richardson himself was far from being sure that the sheikhs did not mean exactly what they said.

The servants and the chiefs of the caravan had left them, with the

plain declaration that nothing less than certain death awaited them; and they were sitting silently in the tent, with the inspiring consciousness of going to their



BULL JUMPING INTO A RING

fate in a manner worthy alike of their religion and of the nation in whose name they were traveling among these barbarous tribes, when Mr. Richardson interrupted the silence which prevailed, with these words: "Let us talk a little. We must die; what is the use of sitting so mute?" For some minutes death seemed really to hover over their heads; but the awful moment passed by. They had been discussing Mr. Richardson's last propositions for an attempt to escape with their lives, when, as a forerunner of the official messenger, the benevolent and kind-hearted Slimán rushed into the tent, and, with the most sincere sympathy, stammered out the few words, "You are not to die."

The chief of Tintéllust having refused to assist the expedition in its



MOUNT TISKA



VALLEY OF FODET.

further progress, except at a very considerable outlay, Dr. Barth started on a mission to A'gades, the residence of the sultan of the country. His route thither lay through a country diversified by mountains and hilly ranges, with ravines and valleys, rendered pleasant by a various tropical vegetation.

A'gades itself, Dr. Barth tells us, is a considerable town, once as large as Tunis, but it derives its chief interest from being situated in the midst of lawless tribes, on the border of the desert, and of the fertile tracts of an almost unknown continent established there from ancient times, and protected as a place of rendezvous and commerce between nations of the most different character, and having the most various wants. It is, he says, by mere accident, that this town has not attracted as much interest in Europe as her sister town Timbuctoo.

There was one very characteristic building in the town, which, though a most conspicuous object from the terrace of his house, Barth was curious to investigate. This was the *mesallaje*, or high tower rising over the roof of the mosque.

The *mesallaje* starts up from the platform or terrace formed by the roof of the mosque, which is extremely low, resting apparently, in its interior,

upon four massive pillars. It is square, and measures at its base about thirty feet, having a small lean-to, on its east side, on the terrace of the mosque, where most probably there was formerly the entrance. From this the tower rises (decreasing in width, and with a sort of swelling or entasis in the middle of its elevation, something like the beautiful model adopted by nature in the *deléb-palm*, and imitated by architects in the columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders) to a height of from ninety to ninety-five feet. It measures at its summit not more than about eight feet in width. The interior is lighted by seven openings on each side. Like most of the houses in A'gades, it is built entirely of clay; and in order to strengthen a building so lofty and of so soft a material, its four walls are united by thirteen layers of boards of the *dôm-tree* crossing the whole tower



MOUNT CHEMEKA

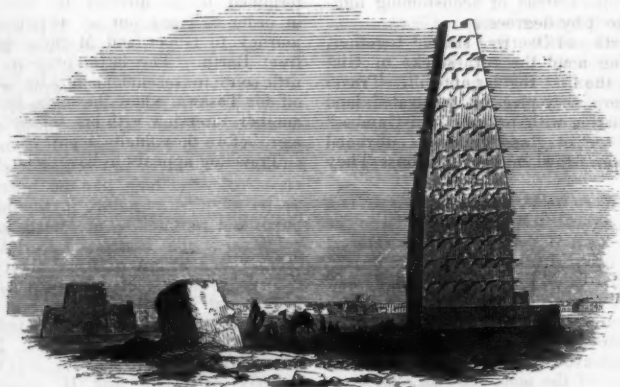
in its entire breadth and width, and coming out on each side from three to four feet.

Dr. Barth's mission to the Sultan of Agades was so successful, that on his joining his companions at Tin-Teggana, which was in advance of Tintellust, where he had left them, on the way to Kano, he says they were actually jealous of him! Their means of progress were not, however, in any way forwarded by this great success, for the old chief A'nnur would not move, and they had to remain in the valley of Tin-Teggana for upwards of a month, waiting for the great salt caravans, before proceeding to the southward.

At length a start was effected on the 12th of December, 1850, through at first a rocky country, abounding in gazelles, hares, and partridges. There were, also, many maneless lions in this region, which is the northern limit of the indigo plant. A table-land clothed

with high grass, and abounding in gazelles and hares, led thence to the long valleys of Unan and Bargout, which were well wooded, dôm-palms and talhas being very numerous, and the latter covered with parasitical plants.

At the extremity of these valleys the granite was once more succeeded by sedimentary rocks. This was at the southern limit of the maneless lion of Air, and the northern of the giraffe. The way now lay across uninhabited and waterless regions. The dôm-palm and all other large trees had disappeared. The antelope *leucoryx* became more numerous. This was succeeded by what Dr. Barth terms, a perfect desert plain, with an average elevation of about 2,000 feet, whole tracts being covered with *karengia* (*penisetum distichum*), others with brushwood. This region was the home of the giraffe, the wild ox, the ostrich, and the *leucoryx*. At length, after several days'



VIEW OF THE HIGH WATCH-TOWER.

long journeys, the pasture-grounds of the nomadic tribe of the Tagama, a region rich in cattle, but abounding, also, in the poisonous euphorbia, or spurge "*kunkumia*," were reached, and

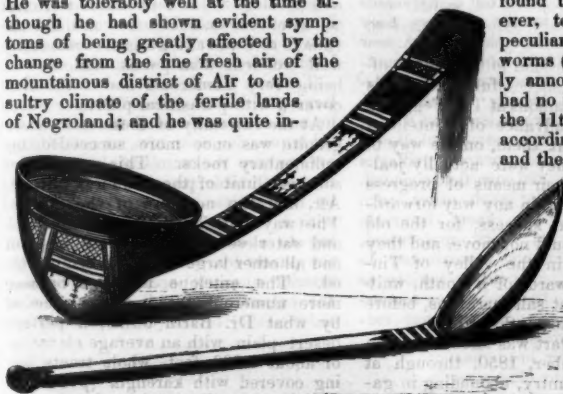
a pleasant hilly country led the way to the first corn-fields of Damerghu, and thence to Tagalel they had nothing but an undulating rich country, the granary of the province or state of Air, or Asben.



AUDIENCE HALL OF CHIEF OF AGADES.

At Tagalel, Drs. Barth and Overweg separated from Mr. Richardson, the next place of meeting being fixed in Kuka, or Kukawa, for the 1st of April, but which city, on the Tsad, Mr. Richardson was never destined to reach.

He was tolerably well at the time although he had shown evident symptoms of being greatly affected by the change from the fine fresh air of the mountainous district of Air to the sultry climate of the fertile lands of Negroland; and he was quite in-



TWO NATIVE SPOONS

capable of bearing the heat of the sun, for which reason he always carried an umbrella, instead of accustoming himself to it by degrees.

Barth and Overweg started together, passing amid the corn-stacks of Olalowa, the first regular ant-hill. Travel was now very pleasant, cultivated land alternating with prairies of "Gamba," a tall sort of grass, and woods enlivened by guinea-fowl, and wild pigeons. They

found the earth, however, to abound in a peculiar kind of small worms (?) which greatly annoyed those who had no bedsteads. On the 11th of January, according to Overweg, and the 12th, according to Barth, they saw the first tulip-tree, just open in all the natural finery of its colors, while not a single leaf adorned the trees. At the same time, they met with the first cotton-fields, which alternated with

the corn-fields most agreeably.

On the 13th, Overweg, who had determined to go directly to Tasawa, in order to carry out an adventurous journey to Gober and Maradi, parted from Barth. The latter proceeded a little south to Gozenako before he turned off for Tasawa, where, however, he had another interview with his fellow-traveler, before they finally separated.

Traveling appears to have been any.



ENCAMPMENT IN TIN TEGGANA

HAND DAGGER AND
SCABBARD.

thing but disagreeable in the country they were then in. A new and important vegetation was hourly disclosing itself, the whole land had a most interesting and cheerful appearance, villages and corn-field succeeding each other, with only short intervals of thick underwood, which contributed to give richer variety to the landscape; numerous herds of fine cat-

tle, and long troops of men carrying on their heads baskets filled with the fruit of the goreba (cucifera, or hyphaene thebaica), commonly called the gingerbread-tree, also gave animation to the scenery. Nor was the reception met with in the villages less inviting.

Scarcely had Barth's people made themselves comfortable, when their appetite was excited by a various assortment of the delicacies of the country, clamorously offered for sale by crowds of women from the village. The whole evening a discordant chime was rung upon the words "nono" (sour milk), "may" (butter), "dodowa" (the vegetable paste above mentioned); "kuka" (the young leaves of the *Adansonia*, which are used for making an infusion with which meat or the "tuwo" is eaten), and "yaru da daria." The last of these names, indeed, is one which characterizes and illustrates the cheerful disposition of the Hausa people; for the literal meaning of it is, "the laughing boy," or "the boy to laugh," while it signifies the sweet ground-nut, which, if roasted, is, indeed, one of the greatest delicacies of the country.

The little territory of Tasawa might, indeed, constitute a very



CORN STACK.



NEGRO STIRRUP.

happy state, if the inhabitants were left in quiet, but unluckily they are, like the rest of Sudan, or Negroland, continually harassed by predatory expeditions.

Tasawa (Barth says) was the first large place of Negroland Proper which he had seen, and it made the most cheerful impression upon him, as manifesting everywhere the unmistakable marks of the comfortable, pleasant sort of life led by the natives—the courtyard fenced with a "derne" of tall reeds, excluding to a certain degree the eyes of the passer-by, without securing to the interior absolute secrecy; then near the entrance the cool shady-place of the "runfa" for ordinary business and



MOUNT TISKA.

for the reception of strangers, and the "Gida," partly consisting of reed ("daki-n-kara") of the best wicker-work, partly built of clay in its lower parts ("bongo"), while the roof consists of reeds only ("shibki"), but of whatever material it may consist, it is warm and well adapted for domestic privacy—the whole dwelling shaded with spreading trees, and enlivened with groups of children, goats, fowls, pigeons, and, where a little wealth had been accumulated, a horse or a pack-ox.

With this character of the dwellings, that of the inhabitants themselves is in entire harmony, its most constant element being a cheerful temperament, bent upon enjoying life, rather given to women, dance, and song, but without any disgusting excess. Everybody here finds his greatest happiness in a comely lass; and as soon as he makes a little profit, he adds a young wife to his elder companion in life: yet a man has rarely



THE OPEN WATER OF LAKE TSAD.

more than two wives at a time. Drinking fermented liquor cannot be strictly reckoned a sin in a place where a great many of the inhabitants are pagans; but a drunken person, nevertheless, is scarcely ever seen. Those who are not Mohammedans only indulge in their "giya," made of sorglunn, just enough to make them merry and enjoy life with more light-heartedness.

Woods of dôm-palms, tamarinds, and the splendid bore-tree adorned the landscape between Tasawa and Gazawa, which latter town is itself situated in a thick forest. The reception here was of the usual kindly character, the little camp of the travelers was a regular market, but the restless struggle ever going on in these regions was too plainly illustrated by a troop of well-mounted horsemen going by, followed by a body of tall, slender archers, quite naked but for their leathern aprons.

A disputed territory, for the most part covered with forests, separates Gazawa from Katzena, which, like Tasawa, is the capital of a prov-

ince or state. These forests constituted the northern limit of the elephant. The whole region was once a bustling scene of life, with numbers of towns and villages, till at the very commencement of this century the Jhadi, or "Reformer," rose among the Fulbe of Gober, and, inflaming them with fanatic zeal, urged them on to merciless war-



GUINEA FOWL SHIRT



HEN-HOUSE.

fare against pagans as well as Mohammedans. A solitary colossal baobab, almost solely found near some dwelling-place of man, shot out from the prickly under-wood which thickly overgrew the once busy market-place of Dankama, now a deserted town.

Katsena was formerly a great city, ruled by sultans, who, although always in some degree dependent on the sultans of Bornu, were still among the most wealthy and conspicuous rulers of Negroland. Its circuit is between thirteen and fourteen English miles, and if only half its immense area were ever tolerably well inhabited, must have had a population of at least 100,000 souls; but at present, when the inhabited quarter is reduced to the northwestern part, there are scarcely seven or eight

thousand people living in it. The chief cause of this decline was the rise of Kano, and the emigration of the merchants and traders to the latter city. Yet the town is well situated and the province is described as being one of the finest parts of Negroland, being situated just at the water-parting between the basin of the Tsad and that of the Kwara, or Quorra. Thus, at a general elevation of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet, it enjoys the advantage of being at once well watered and well drained, the chain of hills which diversify its surface sending down numerous rapid streams, so that it is less insalubrious than other regions of this continent. Its productions are also varied and rich. The rapacity of the sultan unfortunately detained Barth for some time at this fallen city, and placed him in a position of great embarrassment. His resources were, at the best, trifling—indeed, almost nominal—added to which, the whole



party had been plundered in Asben, and it was long before he could satisfy the cupidity of the needy ruler.

A various but fertile and beautiful country of forests, pastures, gardens, cotton-plantations, fields of nome, date and palm-groves, brushwood, with fine monkey-bread trees, numerous villages and some towns, as Kusada, Kaferda, and Bechi, lay between Katsena and

Kano, the actual metropolis of Negroland.

Kano is a name, according to Barth, which excites enthusiasm in every traveler in these regions, from whatever quarter he may come, but principally if he arrives from the north. Barth's party started in the twilight, passing in the bush some herds of cattle remaining out in the pasture-grounds, and meeting

several troops of travelers, which made them fancy the capital to be nearer than it really was. They listened to the tales of their comely and cheerful companion, the "baba-n-bawn" of Tagelel, who detailed to them the wonders of this African London, Birmingham, and Manchester—the vastness of the town, the palace and retinue of the governor, the immense multitudes assembled every day in its market-place, the splendor and richness of the merchandise exposed there for sale, the various delicacies of the table, the beauty and gracefulness of its ladies. At times Barth's fiery Tunisian mulatto shouted out from mere anticipation of the pleasures which awaited him.

Barth's first acquaintance with the capital of Negroland was by no means agreeable. He was lodged in dark, uncomfortable quarters, was forbidden to leave till the sultan had seen him, was destitute of a single cowrie in cash, was pestered by numerous creditors, and was laughed at on account of his poverty by an insolent servant.

The population of Kano is estimated at 30,000. The principal commerce consists in native produce—namely, cotton cloth, woven and dyed in various colors.

The great advantage of Kano is, that commerce and manufactures go hand in hand, and that almost every family has its share in them. There is really something grand in this kind of industry, which spreads to the north as far as Murzuk, Ghat, and even Tripoli; to the west, not only to Timbuctoo, but in some degree even as far as the shores of the Atlantic—the very inhabitants of Arguin dressing in the cloth woven and dyed in Kano; to the east, all over Bornu, although there it comes into contact with the native industry of the country; and to the south it maintains a rivalry with the native industry of Igbara and Igbo, while towards the southeast it invades the whole of Adamawa, and is only limited by the nakedness of the pagan sans-culottes, who do not wear clothing.

The chief articles of native industry, beside cloth, are sandals, and other leathern work. There is also a large

trade in African produce—more particularly in the quro or kola-nut—as necessary to the negro as tea or coffee to us—in natron, salt, and ivory.

The province of Kano, which comprises a very fertile district of considerable extent, contains, according to Barth's computation, more than two hundred thousand free people, besides at least an equal number of slaves; so that the whole population of the province amounts to more than half a million, though it may greatly exceed this number. The sultan is able to raise an army of seven thousand horses, and more than twenty thousand men on foot. The tribute which he levies is very large, considering the state of the country, amounting, altogether, to about one hundred millions of kurdi, besides the presents he receives from merchants. His authority is not, however, absolute, as he is but a vassal to the sultan of Sokoto, and is also himself under a kind of ministerial council.

Although with little but difficulties in



THE SEGHKUM: LIP ORNAMENT.

MOUNTAIN CHAIN TIMO-TING.

prospect, it was, Barth says, with the same delight with which a bird springs forth from his cage, that he hastened to escape from out of the narrow, dirty mud-walls into the open country, on his way to Kukawa or Kuka. And it is a truly remarkable thing that, between the two cities of Cano and Kuka, a distance of upwards of three hundred miles, through the provinces of Gummel Khadya, Mashena, Bundi Nguru, Zurrikalo, Donari, Borzari, Manga Proper, Keleti Jetko, and Koyam, there is one continuous succession of towns and villages, with native orchards, gardens, groves, pastures, and cultivated land, with occasional forests or brushwood, and some rocky, barren, and desert tracts.

The chief incidents that occurred on this long but interesting journey were the reception of two Spanish dollars, the balance of an account with Mr. Gagliuffi, of Murzuk, and which our trav-

eler declares to have been certainly more valuable to him than so many hundreds of pounds would have been at other times; and the meeting, on the 24th of March, a richly-dressed and well-armed, but strange-looking person, accompanied by three men on horseback, likewise armed with muskets and pistols, and who informed him of the death of Mr. Richardson. Some days subsequently Barth paid a visit to the grave of the unfortunate traveler, and he found it well protected with thorn-bushes, and regarded by the people of the neighboring town of Ngurutuwa—"the place full of hippopotami"—with reverence. This place derives its name from being near the great river, with its lakes and swamps, called Yeou by Denham and Clapperton, but Komadugu Waube by Barth, and which are the home of hippopotami, elephants, lions, monkeys, antelopes, and various other wild animals.



HERD OF ELEPHANTS NEAR LAKE TSAD



VALLEY OF HENDERI SIGGESSI.

Barth's position at Kuka was even more unenviable than at Kano. The visit to that city was the great object of the mission, yet he appeared in it without a single companion, a dollar of money, or the means of making a present. No sooner installed at the vizier's, to whom he was at first conducted, than he was surrounded by claimants on the expedition, more especially the servants of the late Mr. Richardson. Luckily, the sultan, or sheikh, was a kind, benevolent man, and, after some detention at a city which is already known by the long detention there of a former expedition, and sundry excursions to the shores of the neighboring Lake Tsad, our traveler set off for Adamawa and the eastern branch of the Niger.

The country to the south of Kuka presented the same great peculiarity which gives to Central Negroland its fertility; a low country, in which occur numerous flat depressions, with black soil—called in Arabic, *ghadir*, in Kanuri, *firki*—and which are at certain seasons of the year so many lagoons. These plains were sometimes barren, and, for the most part, clothed with the *asclepiadea*, the common and characteristic weeds of the country, but at times they were interspersed with pasture-grounds, with cotton plantations, fields

of corn, *ngibbi* (*penisetum distichum*), and onions, and diversified by groves of *dôm-palm* and tamarind-trees.

At Mangal, some twenty-four miles from Kuka, brushwood began; but at Minter, in the same parallel, there were cattle, sheep, and goats. The fertile districts of Ude and Yele, which succeeded, were followed by a swampy region, with thick forests, abounding in wild fowl, after which rich corn fields and pastures continued to alternate with swamps, which were frequented by wild boar, all through the province of Ghamergha; the district of Uje, in the same province, being on the river Alaw, a tributary to the Tsad, is described as being one of the most fertile, densely inhabited, and best cultivated in Negro land.

This fine country, which extends some eighty miles southward of Kuka, is succeeded—in the district of Shamo, inhabited by the Marghi, a pagan tribe—by a vast forest, nearly sixty miles in extent. The principal trees were in the north; *cornus*-trees, *Bassia Parkii*, *gawo* and *kandil*, or *telha*; in the central portions the *karagu* became prevalent, and in the southern, *toso*, or *kaderia*, *gonda*, *kora-wa*, *kabuni*, *sindi*, and *paya-paya*, a species of *acacia*. The basis of the forest appears to have been granite, and its

vast extent was diversified by pastures and cultivated lands, with hamlets and villages, and fine lakes abounding in fish. This forest, which was full of elephants, constituted a disputed frontier region between Bornu and Adamawa, and it is backed to the east by a mountain range, which attains an average elevation of 2,500 feet, but having peaks of 6,000 feet.

A narrow rocky pass led the way out of this forest to Ūba, the northernmost Pullo place of Adamawa; and beyond was the district of Mubi, a pleasant territory of pasture-grounds, with patches of forest and corn-fields near the villages, interspersed with mountains. Crossing the Holma range, about 2,000 feet elevation, our traveler reached the district of Fali, somewhat similar to that of Mubi, and well watered by tributaries to the river of Demsa, or Mayo Tiyel (described as abounding in crocodiles)—altogether a fine and picturesque country, which is succeeded by the fertile plains of Benuwé, and which river Barth crossed at the point of its junction with the Faro, and at a distance of upwards of 200 miles from Kuka. From this point he prolonged his journey to Yola, a further distance of twenty-five miles.

Notwithstanding the strangeness and novelty of the country traversed, this

long journey was not marked by many incidents. On one occasion some naked pagans were discovered in the bushes on the banks of a river near Kofa, and the people who accompanied Barth wished to rush upon and capture them as slaves, but were prevented doing so by a Mussulman chief of Adamawa. Adamawa, it is to be observed, is a Mohammedan kingdom engrafted upon the mixed stock of pagan tribes—the conquest of the valorous and fanatic Pullo chieftain, Adama, over the great pagan kingdom of Fumbina; and in passing through the Mussulman village of Bagma, cheerfully enlivened by cattle, and where the size and shape of the huts testified to a climate quite different from that of Sudan; Barth relates:

The news of a marvelous novelty soon stirred up the whole village, and young and old, male and female, all gathered round our motley troop, and thronged about us in innocent mirth; and, as we proceeded, the people came running from the distant fields to see the wonder; but the wonder was not myself, but the camel, an animal which many of them had never seen, fifteen years having elapsed since one had passed along this road. The chorus of shrill voices—"geloba, geloba"—was led by two young wanton Pullo girls, slender as antelopes, and wearing noth-



KANEMBU CHIEF.



INTERIOR OF A MUSGU DWELLING.

ing but a light apron of striped cotton round their loins, who, jumping about and laughing at the stupidity of these enormous animals, accompanied us for about two miles along the fertile plain.

The simplicity of manners of the mountaineers of Mubi seems to have been remarkable. At Mbutudi, a village situated round a granite mound, and where violets—signs of a cooler climate—peeped from herbage that grew at the foot of the deléb-palm, a deputation of the inhabitants waited on our traveler, and they would almost, perforce, have had him settle among them.

He determined to ascend the rock which commands and characterizes the village, although he was fully aware of the debilitated state of his health. He was somewhat afraid of any great bodily exertion. It was certainly not an easy task, as the crags were extremely steep, but it was well worth the trouble, although the view over an immense expanse of country was greatly interrupted by the many small trees and bushes which are shooting out between the granite blocks.

After he had finished taking angles, he sat down on this magnificent rocky throne, and several of the natives having followed him, he wrote from their dictation a short vocabulary of their

language, which they call "Zani," and which he soon found was intimately related to that of the Marghi. These poor creatures seeing, probably for the first time, that a stranger took real interest in them, were extremely delighted in hearing their words pronounced by one whom they thought almost as much above them as their god, "Fete," and frequently corrected each other when there was a doubt about the meaning of a word.

The rock became continually more and more animated, and it was not long before two young Fulbe girls, also, who, from the first, had cast a kindly eye upon him, came jumping up to him, accompanied by an elder married sister. One of these girls was about fifteen, the other eight or nine years of age. They were decently dressed as Mohammedans, in shirts covering the bosom, while the pagans, although they had dressed for the occasion, wore nothing but a narrow strip of leather passed between the legs, and fastened round the loins, with a large leaf attached to it from behind; the women were, besides, ornamented with the "kadama," which is the same as the segheum of the Marghi, and worn in the same way—stuck through the under-lip—but a little larger. Their prevailing complexion was a yellowish

red, like that of the Marghi, with whom, a few centuries ago, they evidently formed one nation. Their worship, also, is nearly the same.

At length he left his elevated situation, and with a good deal of trouble succeeded in getting down again; but the tranquillity which he had before enjoyed was now gone, and not a moment was he left alone. All these poor creatures wanted to have his blessing; and here was, particularly, an old blacksmith, although he became a proselyte to Islam, who pestered him extremely with his entreaties to benefit him by word and prayer.

They went so far as to do Barth the honor, which he of course declined, of identifying him with their god "Fete," who, they thought, might have come to spend a day with them, to make them forget their oppression and misfortunes. The pagans, however, at length left him when night came on; but the Fulbe girls would not go, or, if they left him for a moment, immediately returned, and so stayed until midnight.

The eldest of the unmarried girls made him a direct proposal of marriage, and he consoled her by stating that he should have been happy to



GRANARY



SANDALS

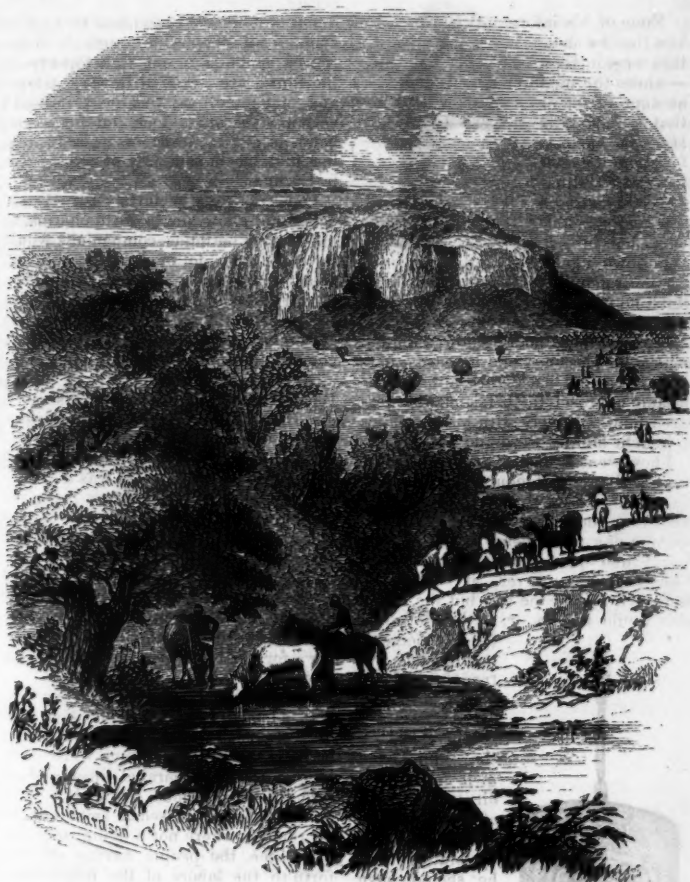
accept her offer, if it had been his intention to reside in the country. The manners of people, who live in these retired spots, shut out from the rest of the world, are necessarily very simple and unaffected, and this poor girl had certainly reason to look out for a husband, as, at fifteen, she was as far beyond her first bloom as a lady of twenty-five in Europe.

Our traveler's feelings of rectitude would not allow him to write charms, as his less punctilious companions would have had him do, or, he says, that instead of suffering as they did, from poverty, they might all have lived in the greatest luxury and abundance. It certainly was a sore trial to a man's conscientiousness.

At length, on the 18th of June, Barth reached the scene of his great discovery—the Bénuwé, or Eastern Niger.

At an early hour he left the inhospitable place of Sulléri. It was a beautiful fresh morning, all nature being revived and enlivened by the last night's storm. His companions, sullen and irritated, quarreled among themselves on account of the selfish behavior of Ibrahima. As for himself, he was cheerful in the extreme, and borne away by an enthusiastic and triumphant feeling; for that day he was to see the river.

The neighborhood of the water was first indicated by numbers of high ant-hills, which abound chiefly in the neighborhood of rivers: they were here ranged in almost parallel lines, and afforded a very curious spectacle. The party had just passed a small village, or rumde, where not a living soul was to be seen, the people having all gone forth to the labors of the fields, when the lively Mohammedu came running up to Barth, and exclaimed: "Gashi, gashi, dutsi-n-Alantika ké nan" ("look! look! that is Mount Alantika"). He strained his eyes, and saw, at a great distance to the southwest, a large, but insulated mountain-mass rising abruptly on the east side, and forming a more gradual slope toward the west; while it exhibited a rather smooth and broad top, which certainly must be spacious, as it contains the estates of seven independent pagan chiefs. Judging from the distance, which was pretty well known to him, he estimated the height of the mountain at about eight



ENCAMPMENT AT WAZA.

thousand feet above the plain, or about nine thousand feet of absolute elevation.

Here there was still cultivated ground, exhibiting at present the finest crop of masr, called "butali," by the Fulbe of Adamawa; but a little further on they entered upon a swampy plain (the savannas of Adamawa), overgrown with tall, rank grass, and broken by many large hollows full of water, so that they were obliged to proceed with great caution. This whole plain is annually (two months later) entirely under water. However, in the middle of it, on a little rising ground, which looks as if

VOL. X.—21

it were an artificial mound, lies a small village, the abode of the Bènuwé.

It happens but rarely that a traveler does not feel disappointed when he first actually beholds the principal features of a new country, of which his imagination has composed a picture from the description of the natives; but, although Barth says that he must admit that the shape and size of the Alantika, as it rose in rounded lines from the flat level, did not exactly correspond with the idea which he had formed of it, the appearance of the river far exceeded his most lively expectations.

None of his informants had promised him that he should just come upon it at that most interesting locality—the Tépé—where the mightier river is joined by another of very considerable size, and that in this place he was to cross it. His arrival at this point was a most fortunate circumstance. As he looked from the bank over the scene before him, he was quite enchanted, although the whole country bore the character of a desolate wilderness; but there could scarcely be any great traces of human industry near the river, as, during its floods, it inundates the whole country on both sides. This is the general character of all the great rivers in these regions, except where they are encompassed by very steep banks.

It was Barth's intention to have explored this interesting region; to have investigated the basin of his newly-discovered river, and to have penetrated into the fertile regions which extend to the southward; but, most unfortunately for the cause of knowledge, the sultan took offense at his presence, or was jealous of his proceedings, and ordered him back, when laid low with sickness, after only a few days' rest in this inhospitable city. Although extremely weak, our resolute explorer effected his journey back to Kuka in safety, and being most kindly and hospitably received by the ruling powers, he was enabled to pass the rainy season of 1851 in comparative comfort, although not in the best situation for a European constitution.

THE POET'S BLESSING.

AS I walk'd the field among
 List'ning to the skylark's song,
 Toiling mid the furrows there
 Stood a man with silver hair.

"Blessings," cried I, "on the soil
 Thus hallow'd by such pious toil,
 And blessings on the wither'd hand,
 Still casting seed upon the land!"

But his grave looks seem'd to say,
 "Poets' blessings! what are they?
 They, like adverse Heaven's scorn,
 Bring me flowers in place of corn."

"Friend, the lays a poet showers
 Shall not wake too many flowers,
 They'll but edge thy corn with roses,
 For thy little grandchild's posies."

THE CAMP AND THE FIELD.*



NO war has ever occurred that so called out the latent resources, and developed the national characteristics of the people, as the Mexican war. It was a contest between two distinct races. On the one hand was a small force, mostly made up of undisciplined volunteers of the unyielding Anglo-Saxon race; and on the other, a host of thoroughly-disciplined and war-bred soldiery, elated with former success, and confident in their overwhelming numbers—being more than ten to one against the undaunted volunteers. The Mexican army, made up of the mixed race of Spanish and Indian blood, fought upon their own soil, in the defense of their own country and homes; and were prompted by every principle of patriotism to exert every nerve to exterminate the foreign invaders—"the barbarians of the north"—from their land. But, with all the disadvantages against them, our little heroic army demon-

strated to the world the superiority of the stock whence they sprung.

The first volunteer forces, which, in obedience to the requisitions on the different states, hastened to the reinforcement of General Taylor, were made up of altogether different materials from those troops who were sent to the country towards the close of the war.

The first were impelled by generous and not mercenary motives. They were the culled men of the country; and were mostly young men—the majority of them from the best ranks of society—men of education and refinement. Gentlemen were as often found in the ranks, with musket or rifle on shoulder, as amongst the officers; and not unfrequently was it the case, that the private, on duty as sentinel, saluted his commanding-officer, whom he would scarcely have recognized at home. They were brave, proud-spirited fellows, with just vanity enough to feel that all the

* *Chile Con Carne*; or, *The Camp and the Field*. By S. COMPTON SMITH, M. D. New York: Miller & Curtis, 1857

eyes and hopes of the country were fixed upon them. And each individual had a due sense of his responsibility to his country, and counted himself, and justly so, a host in himself. Such were the rifle-regiments of Texas and Mississippi, the infantry and rifle-regiments of Louisiana from the South, and the forces raised in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio from the North. It is also true that many other volunteer-regiments, which arrived in the country soon after the taking of Monterey, were made up of good materials; and, in the majority, were well officered.

Of all the southern volunteers of General Taylor's division, the Mississippians and Texas Rangers most distinguished themselves. They were in all the battles of that line, after those of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. At Monterey and Buena Vista, these gulf-lant troops were cruelly cut up. Hardly one-tenth of the members of those regiments returned to their homes—and those with shattered constitutions. The first Rangers from Texas were the genuine, brave, and hardy pioneers of that young and rising state. They were the men of Goliad and San Jacinto

—men whose greatest sport was an open prairie-fight with the untamable Comanches. They had measured arms with the Mexicans, and had a just appreciation of them. They knew their weakness, and how to take advantage of it.

Nowhere, perhaps, could one find such an assemblage of extraordinary and eccentric characters, as were to be met with in a Texas Ranger company. Here, men from all ranks and conditions of society were brought into contact.

Here was the old, scarred hero of many a sanguinary Indian fight, whose head, for many months at a time, had not known the shelter of a roof, but whose only covering had been the "blue vault," and whose only food, such as his trusty rifle had furnished him.

His hardy half-breed horse is to him not only confidential friend and companion, but almost wife and children, also. All his affections—the rough-looking, hardy man has a warm heart and kindest impulses—are placed upon him; for his intelligent little animal has shared with him all his dangers, hardships, and privations.

The genuine Ranger may always be



distinguished from the quasi-Texian, by the animal he rides. He is generally a cross of the mustang of the Texas plains with the Kentucky or Virginia blood-horse. He possesses all the fire and endurance of the one, combined with the docility, intelligence, and speed of the other; or, rather, all the best points and characteristics of the two races are more perfectly developed in the half-breed horse of the Texas Ranger.

The true Texian, under all circumstances, and at all times, whether on a march or in camp, is more regardful of the convenience and comfort of his steed than of himself. He will go hungry, if need be, that his horse may be fed. He will freely give him the contents of his water-gourd, and suffer from thirst himself, rather than his equine friend and comrade should be permitted to feel it.

In a company of several hundred men, like a volunteer regiment, made up of individuals from every grade and class of society, from the statesmen and founders of a republic to the humble member of the "finest pisantry;" where wealthy planters and professional men, students, and clerks fresh from the counting-house, backwoodsmen and Indian-fighters, adventurers and men of "no visible means" are congregated together, and where is represented every profession, and almost every country, it would be natural to suppose that every phase of human nature would be encountered. Perhaps this was more particularly so with the *First Texas Rifles* than with any other volunteer organization in our army. There is no place like an army to develop the peculiar traits of each individual. Selfishness, generosity, and all the best and worst features of the human heart here reveal themselves. A few months' companionship in camp makes men acquainted with each other than a lifetime spent together under any other circumstances.

The Rangers had not been long settled in camp, when it was observed that little circles and associations were springing up amongst men of similar tastes and education—a mutual attraction and affinity of minds of congenial elements.

Captain Cheshire, from Eastern Texas, had fitted up a large tent for the accommodation of those who felt piously inclined: whence, on a calm moon-

light night, the melody of psalm-singing, sermonizing, and prayer resounded over the camp. The chief orator, on these occasions, was an orderly-sergeant, Fry. He was a decided character, and deserves a passing notice. The Sergeant was the tallest man in the regiment, being six feet nine, in his stockings, and was slim and straight as an Indian; long favored, with blue eyes, and pleasant countenance, and a nose of huge proportions. Whether he belonged to the Methodist, Baptist, or Universalist persuasion, could not be ascertained from his discourses. One thing, however, was certain, if he was a Methodist, there was not much *method* in his eloquence. He never touched upon doctrinal points; and when not holding forth to his congregation, there was nothing of the parson in his manner, unless it was his general good-nature, and friendly smile, and word for every one he met. The Sergeant declared "he had volunteered to look after the spiritual interest of the boys. That he meant to serve the Lord: but, if duty required him to shoot Mexicans, why, he thought he could do so, and look to heaven with a clear conscience." He was one of those pious soldiers, who could trust to Providence, but chose to take care of his own powder.

The Sergeant was a prominent member of the "*Kangaroo Club*." This was a moonlight association got up by the young bloods of the regiment. Each member of this club was called upon, in turn, either to sing a song, or tell a good story; the forfeit or penalty for declining was, to take the place of some other member at his regular turn of guard-mounting.

The place of meeting of this club was on the plain, a short distance beyond the limits of the camp. Here they would form a circle on the ground, à la Turk, with a large canteen, labeled "*brandy*," in the centre of the group. This was christened the "*Fount of Inspiration*." When a guard had been placed around the outside, to keep out the uninitiated, the meeting was called to order. First in the programme of proceedings is the introduction and initiation of candidates. One is introduced at a time. He is invited, with much formality, to take a seat in the circle, when the president directs the fount to be passed to the new-comer. The Kangaroo, seated at his right hand,



steps to the centre, and, taking the canteen of liquor by the strap, returns to the side of the candidate. First shaking it well, to his ear, to ascertain that it is full, he slowly draws the stopper, and applies his nose to the bung, to test the quality of the contents. Apparently not satisfied with this inspection, he next places it to his lips, and, throwing his head back as if to see the moon, takes a long hearty draught. Slowly bringing his head forward again, he lets the canteen gradually subside upon his lap; and then, inhaling a long breath, rounded off with an audible smack of approval, proceeds to pronounce an eulogium upon "that most excellent and extra cognac," and desires to know of the president "where such good liquor is to be found."

The candidate for Kangaroo honors is very impatient, waiting all this time for his share of the good stuff. But he is doomed to disappointment; for no sooner does he reach out his hand to grasp the canteen, than the next right-hand man snatches it away; and thus, with similar pantomime as at first, it makes the round of the circle of Kangaroos. The candidate watches its passage with fear and trembling, lest

when it should finally get round to him, his share would be but small. Already his throat is parched, and he begins to "spit cotton." He is actually suffering a sort of martyrdom, when, at last, the vessel reaches him. He greedily places it to his lips, nor stops to taste, till he has imbibed several swallows; when, bah! he finds he has been most egregiously sold. He has been drinking the brackish water of the lagoon!

The Kangaroos, who have been maintaining the utmost gravity up to this moment, now give vent to a general shout of merriment: and the half-vexed, half-laughing candidate is duly proclaimed a genuine Kangaroo, and called upon for his song or story.

Jimmy Byrne—or, as he was more familiarly known in the regiment, by the name of Brian O'Linn—was a "character," and a good deal of a genius in his way. He was also, as his name indicates, a native of

"The swatest isle of the ocean."

Jimmy was a lively little fellow, always full of fun and frolic, and at all times ready with a song; indeed, music seemed to flow spontaneously from his lungs. Sometimes, even when on our

regimental drill, he would provoke a general concatenation of laughter along the line, by an involuntary troll of a verse of his favorite song:

"Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
So he got him a sheep-skin and made him
a pair;
With the woolly side out, and the skinny
side in,
'They're a snug pair of breeches,' says
Brian O'Linn."

Jimmy had taken it into his head that he was a wonderful shot, though, to tell the truth, a hod had oftener graced his shoulder than a rifle. With the latter instrument in his hand, he was fond of making excursions from the camp, and fancying himself a perfect Nimrod.

On one occasion, just at night, after being absent all day, Jimmy made his appearance, with a countenance full of impotence, and bursting with anxiety to communicate some wonderful piece of information.

"Well, Jimmy, have you met St. Patrick to-day?" inquired Capt. Bennett, "or have you had a rencontre with the Mexican army?"

"Nather one nor the other, captain," replied Jim, with his big gray eyes distended nearly out of their sockets. "But, captain, tell me, if yer plaze, sur—are there any lions in this country?"

"Any what?"

"Any lions, captain."

"Lions! Why, no; not that I am aware of," says the captain. "Jimmy, have you had a fight with lions to-day?"

"Not exactly a fight, sur; but sure's me name's Jim Byrne, I had a *sight* of one of the — crathurs."

"Are you sure it was a lion?" asked the captain. "Maybe it was a skunk, Jimmy."

"*Skunk!*" contemptuously repeated Jimmy. "Do you take me for a fule, entirely, captain? Haven't I seen the piothers of the bastes? and don't I know a lion sure? It's meself, captain, has seen a rale genewine lion to-day."

"Well! why did you not shoot it?" smilingly demanded the captain.

"Why didn't I shoot it! sure it's the — ould iron as wouldn't shoot straight at all, at all. Now, captain, jewel, will yer be so kind as to be afther giving me the loan of yer big two-barriled gun, yonder, and let me give the crathur another hunt to-mor-

row? Be the powers, its meself 'll bring yer a rale lion, or you may put me on guard every day for a month, sure."

The next morning, while his countryman, Jimmy Tweed, was rattling off his lively, wide-awakening notes of the *reveillé*, Jimmy Byrne, with the captain's double-barreled deer-gun on his shoulder, *à la militaire*, was seen marching out of camp, on his way to "beard the lion in his den."

As the regiment was drawn up for the regular afternoon drill, our little Hibernian hove in sight, a long distance off, on the prairie. He seemed to be heavily loaded with something, and advanced but slowly towards camp. The drill was over by the time that Jimmy had arrived; and as he entered the lines on one side of the camp, before the men had returned from the parade-ground, on the other, Captain Bennett and myself, who occupied the same tent together, were the first to meet him.

Jimmy came up, and, throwing the huge carcass of a yellow wolf upon the ground before us, straightened himself to his full height, threw back his shoulders, and, with the air of an Alexander, when he had conquered the world, pointed to the disgusting animal, and exclaimed:

"See there, now, Captain Bennett! do ye call that a skunk? It's meself that takes the liberty to tell ye it's a rale, thrue lion."

This adventure had nearly proved the death of poor Jimmy, and he never heard the last of his *lion-hunt*. He was now christened "Brian the lion killer;" and, in spite of his reiterated assertion of "sure, and didn't I know meself, all the time, that it was a wolf," he could not escape the jibes and jokes of his comrades. Some time passed away before Jimmy could prevail upon himself to undertake another hunt.

One day, however, he had been absent for some hours, and, on returning to camp, had not a word to say to any one he chanced to meet, but walked directly to the colonel's tent. The colonel was writing at his table, when he was aroused by the entrance of Jimmy, hat in hand. He at once perceived a request expressed in the comical face of the little Irishman, and good-naturedly inquired "what he would have?"

"Colonel, if you plaze, sur, and if it



would not be axin' too great a favor, sur—will yer lend me the loan of your nagur's horse for a bit."

"Why! what do you want with my boy's horse, my good fellow?"

"Well, you see, colonel, betwix yer honor and Jim Byrne—that's meself, yer know—I've just shot a big deer out yander a bit, and I thought, mayhaps, as ye'd like a quarther of that same, ye'd be afther givin' me the loan of yer nagur's horse to bring it into camp, just."

"O! very well, very well, my good man," replied the colonel; "you are welcome to the horse, but remember the orders, and never let me know of your ever shooting any of the cattle of the Mexicans."

"Indeed, sur, yer may trust me intirely for that. It's not meself would shoot one of the innocent crathurs at all."

Mounting the horse of the colonel's servant, Jimmy was soon bounding away over the prairie. After a while he was seen returning with the horse loaded down with the beef of a yearling calf, skinned and neatly cut into quarters. However, in his haste to dress the animal, he had left the entire tail attached to one of the quarters.

He bent his course, first, to Col.

Johnson's tent. That officer was standing outside as Jimmy arrived, and, untying one of the pieces, asked, "where would he have it laid?"

The tail attracted the eye of the colonel, who sternly demanded—

"What have you here, sir?"

"It's the deer, yer honor," replied Jimmy, with a scrape of the left foot, and his hand to his cap. "It's the deer that I tould yer honor I'd bring yer a quarther of."

"What kind of a deer do you call *this*?" cried the colonel, as he reached out his hand and took hold of the long tuft of hair at the end of the tail.

"Answer me, sir; what kind of a deer have you here?"

"What kind! yer honor," replied Jimmy, with an honest, child-like simplicity of countenance—such only as an Irishman can assume on an occasion. "I'm sure I don't know, yer honor, not being much varsed in the crathur; but I belave they call it the *slow kind*."

The colonel had not another question to ask, but thanked Jimmy for the *venison*, and acknowledged, to himself, that he had received new light in relation to the natural history of the *genus cervus*.

This affair was no sooner made known, than the little hunter was immediately reinstated in public opinion, and the little mistake of the lion was overlooked, in consideration of the general service he had rendered in classifying a species of game, the most abundant, of all others, in the vicinity of the camp.

On the mustering out of the regiment, Jimmy Byrne was "promoted"—to use his own words—"to the command of a wagon and a five-mule team." He continued faithfully in this employ, till the poor fellow was murdered by Urrea's party at the time of the massacre of the train near Marin. Peace to his memory!

The regiment from North Carolina came to the country towards the close of the war.

My own introduction to these new levies says, Dr. Smith, "occurred in this wise: I was on the road to Camargo, when, one pleasant morning, having passed Punta Aguda, I observed a small grassy glade, a little distance from the wagon-track. Its bright verdure tempted me to turn aside, that my horse might refresh himself upon its rich herbage.

The train, consisting of some two hundred wagons, escorted by Texas Rangers, had filed past me, as I lay upon the ground, enjoying the apparent gusto with which my steed cropped the juicy grass.

I lay thus—half asleep, half awake—when the sound of voices approaching along the road, from the opposite direction, attracted my attention:

"Now them's Texas Rangers, be they?"

"Yes; so the teamsters said."

"Wal! I'll be smoked in a tar-kill, ef they ain't jest like anybody else, arter all; only they don't wear soger-close, like us. But did ye mind—they straddle mighty nice hosses!"

"That's a fact, Jo! and the fellow that driv that big yaller mule-team said that them 'ere Teyxans got eighteen dollars a month!"

"Eighteen dollars! whew! wal, that's a heap of money, anny how!"

"I say, dad!" now chimed in a voice I had not heard before, "what wages do'ee think we're goin' to git?"

"Dunno, Sam! but I b'lieve about seven dollars a month, and the vittles thrown in."

"O, —!" replied Sam; "a fellow mought a' done nigh as well as that down in the old piney-woods, a scraping and totin' tar-pentine."

"I s'pose we mought, Sam; but you know, sonney, there's no glory to be had thar."

"— the glory! I say, dad; I goes in for the dollars—the real shiners—I does! — green, we wos, to come 'way out to this — of a place to be shot at by Injuns and Mexekins! For my part, ole hoss, I only wish I wos once more on t'other side o' Tar river. I've seen glory enough already, in this — thorny country—I have! Why! yer can't put yer foot down without stickin' a — thorn through it—it's all thorny. Every tree I've seed yet has thorns on it; even the dodratted frogs and grasshoppers have horns; and it's the thorniest, horniest country on airth! — it, I say."

I had heard enough to excite my curiosity to know who these men were; so, throwing the bridle of my horse over a cactus plant, I stepped out to the road to reconnoitre.

From some words they dropped, however, I had no doubt of the state that had the honor to be represented by them.

As I stepped into the dusty wagon-track, I encountered three as strange objects as ever met my gaze. They were an old man, and two long-legged, long-armed, scrawny, *old-looking* boys! The three figures were accoutred alike, in bran new suits of soldiers' fatigue uniforms; but more unsoldier-like objects I never beheld.

The old man's overalls, which were a world too wide and too long for his skinny corpus, were rolled up above his bare, tan-colored knees, while the jacket came below the hips, and was buttoned up full in front, throwing the old fellow's head back at a fearful angle, with his sharp, bony chin pointing to the zenith. His blue fatigue-cap hung low down on his little bottle-shaped head, and rested by its rim on a huge pair of leathery ears, which stood out in most grotesque relief from his head. The cap, like the rest of his dress, was intended for a much larger man, and fitted to his caput like a corn-basket to the top of a horse-post. Upon the whole, he reminded me of the old plantation song about—

"A bull-frog dressed in soldier's clothes

The dresses of the boys were as much too scant for them as the old man's was too large. Their scrawny extremities protruded from them in ungainly contortions, and bore no small resemblance to the "lite-wood knots" of their native "piney-woods."

As I moved out into the road, these men made a sudden halt, and, throwing their bright, new regulation muskets into a clubbing position, demanded, in an excited tone,

"Who be you?"

"A friend," I replied, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter at the truly comical figures before me. "Put down your guns, men, I won't hurt you."

"Wal! now I'm darned ef I didn't take ye for a — Mexekin, and no mistake!" said one of the boys.

"Mister! du you belong to that long string of waggins that's jest driv by?"

I replied that I was accompanying the train.

"Wal, now, then, stranger, I reckon yer mought tell us ef it's a fact that all these 'ere waggins and mules belong to Gineral Taylor?"

I assured them most seriously that such *was* the fact.

"And does he buy all the vittles, and pay the wages of all the sogers he keeps?"

"Most assuredly," I replied.

"And does he own all them 'ere steamboats we seed on the Ryo Gran?"

"Of course he does; he owns them all."

"Wal, all I've got to say about it then, boys," exclaimed the old man, throwing up his huge, bony hands, and giving his cap a tilt upon the back of his little head, "all I've got to say about it is, he is the goldarndest richest ole coon I ever hearn tell ov, that's all! Kurnul Johnsin, 'way down on 'Tar river, with all his sloop-loads of tar, tar-pentine, and shingles, can't hold a light'ud knot to him—he can't!"

"Yes, dad, and that an't all, either—they du say that the ole Gineral has got one ov the biggest plantations on all the Marsissippi, with hundreds and thousands ov niggers to boot; and the way the kinkies tumble out the sugar, and cotton, and sich, is a sin to old David Crocket!"

Being appealed to, I also corroborated this last statement.

"And now," said I, "having given you all the information you have re-





quired, will you be so kind, gentlemen, as to tell me where you are from?"

"O' we're from ole Varginny: but that whole sward of fellows coming yander, they're from Nor' Carline, close on the Varginny line."

This was precisely the answer I expected to get, for I have yet to see the North Carolinian from the "piney-woods" who does not hail from "Varginny," or "close upon the Varginny line." They are as rare as Virginians who are not members of "the first families."

By this time, the main body of this new regiment of "during-the-war-men" came straggling up. So, bidding my piney-woods friends good-by, and recommending them to keep a sharp look-out for the — *Mexekins*, I returned to my horse, and remounting, soon rejoined the train.

The old, homely adage, "It takes all sorts of people to make a world," may, with very little alteration, be applied to the composition of an army in the field; for, truly, it takes many varieties of men to make up its complete organization.

The soldier—he who carries a knapsack strapped to his back, like Pilgrim's

load of sin, and the musket upon his shoulder, with the cotton haversack, the receptacle of the day's scanty fare, under the left arm—who, in regular routine, takes his turn at guard-mounting and fatigue duty—who has neither will nor soul of his own, but must yield in slavish obedience to the tyrant, Discipline—whose law is the whim or caprice of some petty upstart officer—who at the word of command must unflinchingly bare his breast to the iron storm of the battle, and pour out his life-blood without a murmur—this man is but one ingredient that goes to make up the unit of an army.

There are the numerous employés of the quartermaster and commissary departments; the artisans, the teamsters, and mule-drivers; the clerks, factotums, and servants; the contractors, speculators, and letter-writers, as well as the black-legs, whisky-sellers, and pick-pockets, with their coadjutors, the courtizans of the camp—all these elements form important components of the great whole.

The last named gentry, the gamblers, did not confine their operations to the garrisoned towns and the permanent camps, but were frequently found ac-

companying the trains, as they passed to and from our dépôts, often in the capacity of teamsters.

In some secret corner of their wagons, the monte-bank, the faro-box, and the roulette-cloth, with its gilded figures and emblazoned eagle, the keno-urn, or the wheel of fortune, were snugly stowed away, side by side with the whisky-keg, to be placed in tempting array upon the tail-boards of their wagons on arriving at the first camping-ground for the night. These men could accommodate themselves to any change of circumstances, or any ostensible occupations, in order to carry on their game of plucking the poor soldier.

On one occasion, says the Doctor, I was accompanying a train-escort, and we had encamped at the stream of Papa Gallios. There was along with us, a Sergeant K., of the 16th regiment, one of the new levies. The Sergeant had served with the 1st Ohio regiment, and was at the taking of Monterey. He had returned home, and afterwards enlisted in the new regiment, and was now again on his return home, on a sick furlough. Being, as he expressed it, but a passenger, and without a mess, I had invited him to join with me, and share my tent.

As usual, a monte-dealer had opened his bank, and was calling upon the votaries of fortune to sacrifice at her shrine.

The Sergeant observing that, as he had not money enough to take him home he would try his luck at the game. Accordingly, he left me, and wended his way towards the circle, which had gathered around the gambler. I turned into my blankets, and soon forgot all things about me, in pleasant dreams of home.

About midnight the Sergeant returned with his handkerchief filled with gold; I should think, from its weight, he had over a thousand dollars.

"Here, doctor!" said he, "I am in luck to-night; I've almost burst up that fellow's bank!"

"How much have you won?" I asked carelessly; for, in fact, I was too sleepy to take much interest in his good luck.

"I don't know exactly; but as he had about fifteen hundred dollars in his bank, and the other boys were not betting much, and there is but a precious little of it left, I should think I've about got the fellow's pile! By heav-

ens! I'll return and make a finish of him!"

"But sergeant! come back a moment; a word with you before you go."

"Well! what is it! Talk fast," said he. "He's playing against luck, and, if I don't get back soon, the boys will have used him up. One or two antics more, and I'll not leave a dollar in his bank."

I perceived that the free whisky of the gambler was doing its work on the brain of the sergeant: and knowing that the knave would soon have the advantage of him, and carry the *good luck* over to the bank, I persuaded him to deposit a portion of his winnings with me, as he would not require a very heavy stake to finish the game, now so near its close.

"By Jove! you're right, old fellow!" said he, "help yourself; but don't be greedy, leave me enough to finish him up genteelly."

He laid the handkerchief again upon my blanket, and, gathering up several handfuls of the heaviest pieces, I slipped them under my bedding. It was too dark for him to observe how frequently my hands returned to the charge; but at last, growing impatient, he snatched up what remained, and returned to the work.

But it seemed that, in his brief absence, the fickle goddess had deserted her friends of the earlier hours of the night, and had now gone over to the dealer. His pile had evidently increased.

"I go an eagle on the 'corona,'" cried the sergeant, as he threw the gold piece on the pile of papers that picture represented, and watched the run of the cards. The espada won, and the ten dollars were added to the bank.

"Well, then, here's two eagles more on the horse!" But the horse, too, had become unlucky, and carried the gold to the wrong side of the board. Again and again the sergeant sees his gold pieces swallowed up in the all-devouring bank.

A fresh application to the free drink, and he, determined to recover the ground he has lost, now ventures ten eagles on a card. The banker coolly shuffles off his papers, his own lucky card turns up, and he gathers the money to his own pile.

So the game continued till the Ser-



gent had lost the last piece I had left in his handkerchief. Again he returned to me, much excited, and demanded the whole of the money I had retained. He was confident he could yet break the bank. I saw it was useless to endeavor to dissuade him from further ventures against the cunning gambler; he was now in for it, and nothing short of the loss of the last cent he possessed would recall him to reason. I, therefore, pretended to hand over to him the whole of what remained of his money, but really reserving more than the half of it.

As the guards were being relieved for the last time in the morning, the Sergeant returned, and, entering the tent, awoke me with the request for the loan of an eagle or so.

"Hillo! is that you, Sergeant?"

"Yes," said he, in a half serious, half comical tone of voice, "what is left of me—can't you lend me a few anties against that cursed monte-dealer?"

"What, my dear fellow! has the luck gone the wrong way at last?"

"Yes! yes!—That monte-fellow is the very devil for luck. He has cleaned me out completely—not even left me a dime for morning bitters. I am not

alone, however; he has whipped out the crowd. Why! would you believe it, that fellow has won over three thousand dollars to-night!"

I consoled the poor fellow with the assurance that I might have told him as much; and showed him the folly of not remaining content with what he had won in the early part of the night.

"But come, now, a truce to preaching, lend me ten dollars?"

"No, Sergeant, you have lost enough already, and I will not loan you a cent. Lie down and get a nap; 'tis almost *reveillé* time."

"Well, then, here goes for it!" and, stretching himself upon the blankets, he was soon snoring like a high-pressure steamboat.

On our arrival at Camargo, we found the steamboat "Rough and Ready" fired up, and ready to start down the river to Matamoras. My friend, the Sergeant, hastened to the office of the quartermaster, and obtained his transportation papers; and, on his return, came to bid me good-by, with a very lugubrious expression of countenance.

"Doctor," said he, "it's likely I may never see you again; but would it be too great a favor to ask of an old friend

—the loan—of—say—five—dol-lars, or so? It's a long way between here and Ohio, and you know I've not the first red cent for the—extras!"

"Well, Sergeant," said I, "promise me, upon the honor of a soldier, that you will not bet a dollar of it upon monte, or any other game, and I will advance you money enough to take you home like a gentleman, and something handsome left when you get there."

"I'll promise you anything you ask, my friend," said he, grasping my hand; "but I will be grateful for a small amount; five or ten dollars is all I will accept."

"But do I understand you to accede to my terms?"

"Yes, yes! Doctor; I promise, upon the honor of a gentleman, not only not to bet on a card during my voyage home, but never again to indulge in the vicious and ungentlemanly practice—so help me—heaven!"

"Enough said, Sergeant; here, hold out your hands—both of them—so, there!" and I proceeded to count out leisurely, piece after piece, the gold I had pocketed of his winnings, till I had piled upon his outstretched palms over six hundred dollars.

He stood lost in amazement, till I had counted out the last eagle; then, dropping his hands, and scattering a golden shower of doubloons, eagles, and double-eagles upon the ground at our feet, refused to accept a single dollar till I had explained the mystery. When I at last bade him farewell, he was in comfortable possession of one of the best state-rooms of the "Rough and Ready."

I have never since met the Sergeant; but, if this should chance to meet his eye, he will, no doubt, smile to see himself in "print," and pardon a friend of the olden times for the liberty he has taken with him.

THE HUSBAND'S FRIEND.



I WISH, ladies and gentlemen, that you knew my Uncle Savory—he is such an excellent fellow—such an adept at composing (for it is nothing less) a salad, brewing a jorum of punch, or filling the chair at a club dinner. His eye is as bright as the Bude-light, while his face looks like a map of good hu-

mor, every wrinkle being the boundary of some merriment. He promises to be as fat as a butter firkin, though my grandmother has a picture of him when he was as slim as a threescore and ten spinster. He was in love at that time, and this very likeness was intended as a gift to his *dulcinea*. Luckily, uncle found

her out before he had so far committed himself as to present her with his *effigie*.

She jilted him most shamefully, and Uncle Savory took his disappointment so seriously to heart, that he became misanthropical, and retired from the world with no other companion than a bottle of Irish whisky and a German tobacco-pipe. He remained in a state of seclusion for eight and forty hours, and was for years as broken-hearted a man as love ever subjugated. He resolved to avoid the chances of a second attachment; so gave up housekeeping, took lodgings, dined promiscuously, drank moderately, retired to rest whenever it suited his humor, and exercised the enviable privilege of letting himself in by a latch-key.

There is a little club called the "Ringdoves." It derived its name from the members being all married men, with one exception, and that one was my Uncle Savory. The "Ringdoves" hold their meetings in one of the out-of-the-way corners of the metropolis, and are famous for nothing but their tendency to good-fellowship and decided aversion to early hours.

Uncle Savory was very popular with this set of roysterers; he was not given to jeer at matrimony, sang a very tolerable song, and never rose from the table until every one else had departed. In fact, he might be considered as the thong which bound together those convivial *fascies*; and whenever the gout held him at home by the toe, the "Ringdoves" seemed another set of beings, or, as one of them remarked, "They all seemed *at home*," which, according to their illustration of that popular phrase, signified that they were insufferably dull.

The consequence of this popularity of my Uncle Savory was a world of misrepresentation; and a few weeks since, the malignity to which he was exposed brought him into such a state of despondency that he was actually detected drinking a tumbler of undiluted *filtered water*—mark the peculiarity of his disorder—the water was actually *filtered*!

As I shall not be able to frame an apology for my uncle thus degrading himself, I will merely detail the persecution which induced this pitiable physical and moral prostration.

Women (goddesses that they are!) have a logic peculiarly their own. With

them it is an axiom, "that their *own* husbands can do no wrong but at the instigation of others."

I have said that the "Ringdoves" were married men, and, consequently, received from their respective spouses the benefit of the aforementioned immunity—alloyed, however, by the infliction of those "pains and penalties" which wedded ladies know how to administer so admirably.

Reader, you must fancy the return home of Mr. Brown, of the "Ringdoves," and a colloquy something like the following:

"Oh, it is you—nice time to come home, Brown—past one—and the fire out."

"My dear, I'm ashamed—"

"Oh, nonsense."

"I am, indeed. Is that the boot-jack?—but I couldn't get away; and—ugh!—curse the boot!"

"Not get away! you talk like a child. There, don't drink cold water in that manner—you had better take a couple of *Cockles*! There's two striking."

"Two! Really, my dear, I'd no idea of the time. Is my night-cap on your side?"

"Here!"

"Well, you needn't throw it into the ewer. You're angry."

"Angry—isn't it past two?"

"It wasn't my fault. There was Jackson, and little What's-his-name that keeps a pony, and Savory."

"Savory!—that man ought to be ashamed of himself; he never goes home. I should like to tell him a little of my mind."

"He's my fri—end—my dear—and puts—less—oil in his—punch—"

"He's a perfect nuisance, and oughtn't to associate with married men. Brown!—Brown! Why, you're snoring!"

During the above, Mrs. Jackson may be also indulging in a soliloquy, and a fancy portrait of her husband's friend—Uncle Savory.

"Two o'clock! Jackson's with that Savory again. What a brute that fellow must be—how Jackson can degrade himself by making a friend of such a low—red-haired—I hate red hair—red-faced—tipsy—I wonder if he's ever sober—abandoned *roué*. Jackson never used to go on in this way till he knew Savory—quarter past two—that Savo-



ry's a villain. I wonder what he has been—a gambler—a smuggler—(that's Jackson's step! No it isn't)—a pirate—a spy—(there's a cab. No, it has stopp'd next door)—a forger—a pardoned convict. Gracious me! Can anything have happened to Jackson? Has that Savory been playing tricks with him? Has— Oh! there he is. I'll look up the liquor-bottle, let him in, and tell him what I think of his friend Savory."

These scenes are not altogether imaginary;—the phraseology alone partakes of the ideal, but every lady of every member of the "Ringdoves" looked upon Uncle Savory as their husband's friend, and abused and misrepresented him accordingly. Poor uncle! little did he think that whilst he listened to the eulogy of first one and then the other of the "Ringdoves" and felt the blood in his heart bubbling with honest pride at their commendations of his salads and punch, his songs and admirable conduct in the chair, that their fairer and better moieties were loading him with "curses not loud but deep," as the primary cause of the consumption of rushlights and connubial absenteeism.

The veil was at length removed from his eyes towards the heel of as pleasant an evening as ever gathered upon the

orgies of the happy fraternity of the "Ringdoves." Jackson twitted Brown with being a nightly auditor to a private lecture on the "conjugal duties;" Brown retaliated upon Briggs, whose laugh was the loudest at the marital penance of his fellow "Ringdove;" Briggs revenged himself upon Dobbs, who had been betrayed into an expression of sympathy for his nocturnal snubbings; Dobbs filliped Smith; Smith grilled Jones; Jones roused White; and so on, until each member of the club had confessed to keeping "a gray mare," and laughed heartily at his own domestic thralldom. Uncle Savory was paralyzed; for every man had ended his acknowledgment with the same harrowing assertion—

"My wife says it's all Savory's fault!"

He had fancied himself indifferent to the opinion of the world in general, and of the fairer portion in particular; but now that he heard himself a by-word by men's hearths—a social vampire that was feeding upon the domestic felicity of a dozen hearts, he felt the punch become ice in his bowels, and the fragrant fumes of his beloved weed change to the unsavoriness of an expiring candle.

The last "Ringdove" had departed, and still my uncle sat with an empty jug before him; and it was not until the waiter, surprised at the phenomenon of his abstinence, informed him that it was three o'clock, that he

laid down his long-exhausted pipe, and retired to his lonely chambers.

How desolate appeared his condition! He would have given half that he was worth for one of those curtain lectures of which he had heard so much during the past evening; but there was nothing sitting up for him but a little night lamp that



burned as steadily as though it were upon the altar of a Romish saint. If it had only sputtered, my Uncle Savory would have been gratified.

No, he was alone! No angered voice, yet gentle in its anger, reproached him for the lateness of his return, or excused his regretted absence by the attractions of some husband's friend. He felt the whole weight of the convivial delinquencies of the club rested upon his devoted name, and he shuddered at the conviction. Uncle Savory doats upon children. In the humor he was in, the strangest fancy found ready admittance into his brain, and he imagined that all the infant "Ringdoves," in their prayers for protection, were taught to lisp his name in conjunction with that of the wicked one. He thought he heard the angered mother threaten her perverse child to "send for Mr. Savory;" and then he recalled the visions of his early love, and began to speculate upon the possibility of his heart sprouting again.

The latter idea acted as a sedative, and he became sufficiently calm to mix a small glass of brandy and water, and resort to his old friend, the meerschaum.

The twittering of the house-sparrows at length warned him of the daybreak, and he crept into bed with a very confused head, the result either of drinking or reflection—my own opinion leans to the former supposition.

For some evenings the "Ringdoves" saw nothing of my Uncle Savory, and the only information they could gain of him was from a small piece of paper which they found wafered on his door, inscribed with this laconic sentence—"Gone out;"—but where?—that was the mystery; and serious thoughts were entertained of advertising the missing gentleman, when, to the great relief of the little community, Uncle Savory made his appearance at the Thursday's meeting.

Many were the inquiries as to the cause of his absence, but upon this point he refused to satisfy them; and as his wonted humor diffused its influence amongst them, they soon ceased to care for the past in the enjoyment of the present. The fact is, that my uncle had stolen quietly down to Gravesend, in order to argue over in his own mind what he ought to do in his present state of feeling. At first, he inclined to matrimony; but recollecting what a violent change it would necessarily produce, he gave up the pleasing dream, and set to

VOL. X.—22

work to free himself from the odium attached to a husband's friend. The plan he decided upon was a simple one, and accident enabled him to execute it at much less trouble and inconvenience than he at first anticipated.

It so happened that Mrs. Brown had issued invitations for a tea party, on the evening succeeding my uncle's return, and he learned with extreme delight that the visitors included all the wives of the "Ringdoves." A little *badinage*, cleverly introduced by Uncle Savory, induced every husband to promise to attend at the club and abandon the tea-table—a resolution which was strengthened by the assurance of my uncle that he should consider their presence on the ensuing evening as a personal obligation to himself.

The morrow evening came, but not Uncle Savory, and numerous were the conjectures of the "Ringdoves" to account for his absence. As I have no wish to keep the reader in suspense, let me beg of him to conceive the drawing-room of Mrs. Brown, crowded with the wives of the "Ringdoves," and at that point of time when the marital misdeemeanors were the universal subject of conversation.

"Of course you have heard of Savory?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"What! *that* fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs.

"A little imp!" said Mrs. Jackson.

"The greatest nuisance that I know," remarked Mrs. Briggs.

"That—what shall I call him," continued Mrs. Brown, pausing for a word sufficiently comprehensive to express the fullness of her disgust—"That—that—*friend* of my husband—"

"And mine!" said Mrs. Briggs.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Jackson—"that *friend* is the tempter—the Mephistophiles that leads my poor J. into late hours and incipient intoxication."

Briggs, Dobbs, Jackson, etc., were declared to be equally victims.

"I do believe if I were to see that wretch," said Mrs. Brown, "that I should—" here she paused to peruse the inscription on a card which the servant had just delivered to her—her lip whitened—the bird of Paradise in her turban shook as with an ague as she gasped out the name of

MR. ROGER SAVORY.

Had a bomb-shell been suddenly dropped into the tea-urn, the party could not have been more panic-stricken—a feeling that was not allayed by the entrance of my uncle—the universal bugbear, the “Spring-heeled Jack”—to their domestic quiet.

My uncle paused at the door—he bowed—(he is celebrated for his bow), Mrs. Brown rose and hinted—mind only hinted—a curtsy.

“I am afraid that I am an intruder,” said my uncle in the blandest of tones; “but”—and he paused.

“O dear no!” replied Mrs. Brown, “pray”—(her conscience smote her as she uttered the request)—“pray be seated.”

“Thank you,” said my uncle, depositing his goodly person in a chair. “I expected to have found Mr. Brown here.”

“Here!” answered the lady, “surely, Mr. Savory, you could not have expected Mr. Brown had returned home—at—this—early—hour.”

Mrs. Jackson had been bursting to speak. “Perhaps, my dear, Mr. Savory knows his own attractions; and considered it probable that, as he was away, Mr. B. might have thought of his wife and friends.”

It did not coincide with my uncle’s purpose to understand the drift of Mrs. Jackson’s remarks—he therefore smiled.

“My object in calling,” he said at length, “was to leave my address in Paris.”

“In Paris!” exclaimed the ladies simultaneously.

“In Paris,” continued my uncle. “I leave town in three hours; and I fear it will be—years—(here my uncle blew his nose grievously)—ere I return to my native land.”

A beam of pleasure stole over every countenance in the room.

“Pray, take a cup of tea,” said Mrs. Brown, “as you are going to travel, it may, perhaps, be agreeable.”

“You are very kind,” answered my uncle; and drawing his chair to the table, he accepted the proffered beverage.

By degrees he contrived to lead the ladies into conversation; and by touching upon those topics only which he conceived to be most acceptable to them, contrived to prolong his visit until within half an hour of the time he had named for his departure. He rose, and gracefully took his leave, requesting that his best wishes might be conveyed to the absent husbands. The ladies declared that Mr. Savory was anything but a disagreeable man.

No sooner had the street door closed upon my uncle, than he threw himself into a cab, and ordered the driver to convey him to the locality of the “Ringdoves.” He rushed into the room, as though breathless from exertion, and tendered a thousand apologies for his unavoidable absence, ordered in a bowl of punch as a peace-offering, and commenced a *fusillade* of jokes that soon set “the table in a roar.” The clock chimed three as the merry roysterers turned into the street, each voting Uncle Savory “the best fellow in the world.”

The result was exactly what my uncle anticipated. Not one wife would admit the old excuse—“It was that Savory!”

“Savory, the agreeable gentleman who was then snoring in the Dover coach? Impossible!”

From that night all the ladies were convinced that my uncle was an injured innocent, and the “Ringdoves,” fearful of exciting more illiberal suspicions, never sought to palliate their delinquencies by the mention of the name of their “friend Savory.”

LOVE.

TAKE back your gold, and give me love—

The earnest smile,
The heart-voice that can conquer pain,
And care beguile.

Take back your silver, whence it came—

It leads to strife;
A woman’s nature feeds on love—
Love is its life.

Take back your silver and your gold—

Their gain is loss;
But bring me love—for love is heaven—
And they are dross.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S is one of those reputations which occupy a peculiar position. He is at once very famous and very little known. Everybody is familiar with the name, and few with the man. Yet one so renowned deserves to be better understood; a reflection which I hope will justify me in having undertaken to write about him now.

His family was ancient and knightly, though it did not make its appearance in the peerage till the suspicious epoch of James I. The first Earl of Chesterfield fought for the king in the civil war. The second earl is only remembered by the fact, that Dryden dedicated a translation to him, for which he seems to have returned those solid acknowledgments which it was the fashion to make, and not the fashion to refuse. The third earl was a gloomy, saturnine Jacobite, as unlike his son as possible. "He had neither the will nor the power to teach me anything," says our Philip Dormer, the fourth earl. But the lady whom he married brought in a flow of brilliant blood, to which her son, the famous earl, owed an immense deal of his talents. She was a Saville, a daughter of that eminent Marquis of Halifax, whom Macaulay describes so well. Halifax's writings are extant—not nearly so well known as they ought to be—and one is struck in reading them with the similarity of talent between him and his grandson. There is the same worldly wisdom and piquant shrewdness, the same good-nature and graceful vivacity, the same pointed smart sayings. Young Philip was born in London in 1694, and brought up in the house of his maternal grandmother. At the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge, where he staid two years. He and his set were called the "Witty Club" there; for Lord Stanhope, as he then was styled, was very precocious. He was early noted for his cleverness and his wildness, for blending literature and dissipation together. It was the jolly time of Queen Anne, when a certain convivial tone pervaded English life. One famous political club took its name from Kit-Kat pies; another, equally famous, from October ale. The Secretary of State opened as many

bottles of Burgundy as he did dispatches. Poor Pope found that his health could not stand the literary life—that you could not perfect your taste without ruining your nerves.

Whatever gay young men were doing, we may be sure Lord Stanhope was doing. But he was not a common "fast man;" a character, indeed, apt to be a fool, in that time as in this. He was fond of letters, and he was ambitious. He was a well-balanced character; took pleasure and work in fair proportions, like wine and water. Throughout life he preserved this kind of medium. It was a favorite maxim of his, that business and pleasure mutually assisted each other. In fact, he was in pleasure exactly what a practical man is in business; he kept accounts square—knew that if you overdraw on your health Nature will dishonor your bill—and was prudent in the midst of excesses. This is the man-of-the-world's point of view, and Chesterfield very early had the philosophy of it complete.

In 1714, he passed his summer at the Hague. That August Queen Anne died. The Tory ministry of Oxford and Bolingbroke was scattered to the winds. Swift departed gloomy and fierce to Dublin. In came the house of Hanover, in the person of George I. The Whigs were in their glory when the new Parliament met in 1715, and nothing was talked of but impeachments of the late ministry, Jacobite plots and intrigues, England's honor sacrificed to France by the recent peace of Utrecht, and so forth. The Stanhopes were very busy in politics just then; and Lord Stanhope was brought in for a Cornwall borough before he was of age.

I have said that the old earl, his father, was a Tory and Jacobite; nevertheless, the son came in as a Whig. In those days a thorough going Tory usually held notions about the divine right of kings, the sacredness of their persons and prerogatives, the house of Stuart, and the memory of Charles the Martyr, such as a man like Chesterfield could no more hold than he could have held the doctrines of the Brahmins. He had no sentiment, no romance. He did not care for the white rose; he

had no feeling for traditions, which are the very life of Tory politics. He viewed politics as he did everything else—from the worldly shrewd point of view.

Now the Jacobites were, with few exceptions, men of quite a different stamp; sincere high churchmen, or jolly obstinate country gentlemen, such as the man of whom Fielding said, that he was afraid his land would be sent over to Hanover. Their weak points were such as a man like Chesterfield saw at a glance; their good points were far above his level. For the essential feature of the eighteenth-century man was KNOWINGNESS; he suspected and derided enthusiasm; and Chesterfield was an eighteenth-century man all over. Accordingly, we need not wonder at the side he took; and as he was young, lively, and audacious, he took it decidedly.

The *Parliamentary History* tells us, that in his maiden speech, on the articles of impeachment of the Duke of Ormond, he said, "*That he never wished to spill the blood of any of his countrymen, . . . but that he was persuaded the safety of his country required that examples should be made of those who had betrayed it in so infamous a manner.*" This was pretty strong. One of the opposite party, finding the young gentleman so vehement, hinted to him that they were aware he was not of age, and had no right to be speaking at all. He took the hint, and departed to Paris.

No doubt French influence had a great effect on Chesterfield, and especially in imbuing him with that profound regard for elegant manners which distinguished him through life. The long reign of Louis XIV. was just coming to an end; and the whole epoch had been one of social brilliance in France—of good talk, happy wit, polish, and pleasure. In these matters the French were ahead of us; because for a great part of the seventeenth century we had been intent on far higher matters. The civil war had broken up our social life; the land had been full of Puritans and sectaries, who despised the Graces as much as they did the Muses.

The effect of these events lasted, of course, long after the events themselves. The restoration brought us a court, which, though it imitated France, did not so thoroughly catch its manners as

it did its morals. The Queen-Anne literature, the essays of Addison and Steele—graceful in treatment as they were excellent in purpose—were now working a change, yet the change was working slowly. And when the house of Hanover came to the throne at the period now before us, English life in the highest quarters was comparatively rude. Ladies of rank wrote sentences which their great-great-granddaughters would now scarcely venture to read out loud. A maid-of-honor, under the first George, was a good judge of a cask of ale. When one opens *Sir Charles Grandison*, one finds Richardson's model heroines using such phrases as "hang it" and the "deuce." Chesterfield was full of the superiority of French society to our own; he admired it, and it in return admired him. We have several testimonies to their regard. His French was praised by Fontenelle, as was his wit by Pope, his speeches by Horace Walpole, and his manners by everybody.

He early belonged to the court of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., as gentleman of the bedchamber. For the next few years we find him attached to that court; voting occasionally and speaking in parliament, and devoting himself to society and to literature. He knew all the able men of the day; corresponded with Swift, and visited Pope at Twickenham. Young, of the *Night Thoughts*, celebrated him in his exquisite epigram, when, called on for an *impromptu*, he borrowed his diamond, and scrawled,

"Behold a miracle instead of wit;
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ."

Occasionally he went down to Derbyshire, and moped among his ancestral trees. He had no love for the country; he despised daisies and buttercups as only fit for the raptures of milkmaids. He liked St. James' Street and White's, the gay glitter of a drawing-room, the tender green of a gaming table—not meadow and stream. "There are no tolerable winter quarters," he says, "but Paris and London." Of all pleasures, society was his favorite; and society soon welcomed him as its greatest ornament.

At thirty-two he succeeded to the earldom; the year after (1727), George I. died. The year after that, Chester-

field went to the Hague, as ambassador to Holland. He was fond of play; and the frugal Dutch liked the man who lost his money—as he did everything in life—with a good grace. But he had every requisite for a diplomatist. Quite apart from his manners, he had substantial talents and sense; and his manners were fascinating.

There is a curious paragraph in one of his letters to Lady Suffolk at this time which illustrates his humor: "You must know," he says, "that last Sunday I treated the people here with an English christening, in my chapel, of a black-a-moor boy I have; having had him first instructed fully in the Christian religion by my chaplain, and examined by myself. The behavior of the young Christian was decent and exemplary; and he renounced his *LIKE-NESS* with great devotion." This pleasantry was habitual to him, and greatly contributed to his success. He performed his embassy successfully, got the Garter, and was made steward of the household; but after his return, in 1732, he voted against Walpole's Excise Bill, and was dismissed from his place. Next year he married Melosina de Schulenberg, a natural daughter of George I.

He was now a member of perhaps the most brilliant of all modern oppositions—the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's ministry. Bolingbroke's stately and witty eloquence, Pulteney's scarcely inferior talent, talkers and writers the best in England, were all arrayed against Sir Robert and the court. The incessant cry was, that the country was being ruined by corruption at home, and sacrificed to Hanover abroad. Chesterfield was at this time personally hateful to George II. Hanover was the tender point to touch the monarch on, and Chesterfield, accordingly, made the most of it. In a paper of the time, called *Fog's Journal*, he wrote (among other things) an essay on the German princes and their armies, which is a very good specimen of his talents in this kind of way; indeed, it would not dishonor the name of Addison.

Chesterfield spoke in the Lords pretty frequently, and with the success which attended him in most things. Parliamentary reporting was then in its infancy. We have, however, one speech of his at length, that which he made, in 1737, against the bill for submitting

dramas to a censorship; and it justifies his reputation by its lucidity, its elegance, and its strokes of pleasantry.

For the next few years he was still in opposition. At last Walpole's long reign ended; and now the patriots, who had turned him out, could not agree among themselves, and could not retain power. Lord Granville's administration (commonly called the *drunken administration*, from that very able man's love of Burgundy) did not last long. A coalition government was established by the Pelhams, to whom Chesterfield was related; and in the ever-famous year '45, he again went as ambassador to the Hague, and in August to Dublin, as lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

His lord-lieutenancy of Ireland was a bright spot in his life. The times were very trying. A rebellion was on foot, of which no man could estimate the danger, and a rebellion which naturally looked to Ireland for sympathy and aid. Chesterfield delighted everybody by his affability; managed everything without fuss, without show; took care of all proper precautions. Two capital and characteristic anecdotes belong to this period. "Your excellency's coachman," reported a solemn person to him, "goes to mass!" "Does he?" said Chesterfield; "*I'll take care he does not drive me there!*" Another time, an official came rushing into his room in the morning. "*They're rising in Connaught!*" He looked at his watch: "*Well, sir; it's nine o'clock, and they ought to be.*"

He plumed himself on this polite coolness; and, joined to this tact, suavity, and real good sense, it made him one of the most popular lord-lieutenants Ireland ever had. Some may think, perhaps, that these sayings were made for the events, rather than produced by them; no doubt this is the case with many *bons mots*, but Lord Chesterfield's rest on very good authority. And as we are on this point of his colloquial wit, let us look at one or two more of them, gathered from his biographers, and from the lively pages of Horace Walpole.

Somebody told him that the famous singer, the *Viscontina*, said she was only twenty-four. "*She means twenty-four stone, I suppose,*" he replied. On one occasion he had to lay before George II., for signature, the patent of appointment of a man whom the king detested.

George II. paused over it, and then exclaimed angrily, "I'd rather give it to the d—l." "With all my heart, your majesty; but you observe that it is addressed to our right trusty and well-beloved COUSIN!" He made a very clever *impromptu* in verse. Sir Thomas Robinson, who was an immensely tall man, challenged him to write on him. Chesterfield wrote:

"Unlike my subject now shall be my song;
It shall be witty, and it *sho'n't* be long."

One of his clever sayings sprang out of a very clever little bit of his private diplomacy. There was a certain Lord R— of that time, who was fond of dabbling in amateur surgery, and who fancied that he shone especially in the use of the lancet. The party were very much in want of a vote, and away went Chesterfield to Lord R—. Of course his health was naturally inquired after. "Why," says Chesterfield carelessly, "I'm rather out of sorts to-day; a slight oppression of the head—fullness." Lord R— was all attention, and instantly suggested blood-letting. "You think it necessary? I have heard so much of your lordship's skill, that I should be glad if you *would* try your lancet on me." So he bared his arm, lost the usual *quantum*, and, after binding it up again, he asked (with the inimitable easy air which we can fancy) whether his lordship "was going to the House that afternoon?" Lord R— had not intended; was there anything going forward? Of course Chesterfield carried him down in triumph; and he told his friends afterwards that he had "*BLED for the party*," which was more than any of them could say.

After leaving Ireland he was made Secretary of State, which high post—the highest he attained—he held for about two years, from 1746 to 1748. During this time an event happened, which, if Chesterfield had never written a line, would have indissolubly, as it has painfully, connected him with our literary history. It is the most painful part of his life, but it must not be passed by.

Of course a man of that rank, who had written in periodicals, defended the interests of dramatic authors in the House of Lords, and who was famous, far and wide, for wit and courtesy, was looked up to by literary men as a patron. Patronage was just going out, but had

not gone; and it was still not unusual for writers to receive gifts from lords, as Dryden had received one from Chesterfield's own grandfather.

One writer of that time, just beginning to be known—a burly, honest, melancholy man, in whose massive face noble genius, and piety, and deep religious sentiment struggled through the traces of poverty, of sorrow, and disease—a rusty, uncouth mortal, to the careless eye, but who, in proper company, woke up into a giant of wit, eloquence, and insight—visited the house of Lord Chesterfield in 1747. Samuel Johnson (for he was the man) was fifteen years younger than Chesterfield, and consequently now thirty-eight. He had not written *Rasselas*. He was just planning the *Dictionary*. His fame was not made. He had published the *Life of Savage and London*. But he was still not an established man; and as for Boswell—Boswell was then a little boy, scarcely breeched, and, I suppose, playing about the grounds of Auchinleck.

Johnson came to Chesterfield to solicit patronage for his *Proposals for a Dictionary*. We know, from Johnson himself, that Chesterfield at some time gave him £10. But what neglect he showed him, or how he slighted him, cannot now be accurately known. Johnson tells little about it, and Chesterfield nothing at all. Certain it is, that Johnson took deep offense; and seven years afterwards—when the *Dictionary* was coming out, and Chesterfield, long retired from politics, yet still writing essays occasionally in the *World*, wrote two in support of the forthcoming work—Johnson addressed that immortal letter to him, which Boswell teased him into giving him at a later period, and which everybody who calls himself a man-of-letters ought to have by heart.

This business is still involved in some mystery. The doctor was proud, and the noble was too fastidious on the score of personal refinement. But it has been justly argued that Chesterfield's health was then bad; that the deafness, which vexed him more or less all his life after, was coming on; and that Johnson in 1747 was a man with different claims to regard from the Johnson of twenty years later. In this twilight I must leave it. Our veneration for the memory of Dr. Johnson—one of the

wisest as well as the best of Englishmen—secures our respect for any view of an event which he chose to take. At best, Lord Chesterfield was but a good-natured, very able, and brilliant man-of-the-world; yet that he was fundamentally good-natured I do believe, and I hope that he acted from error rather than design on this occasion.

Next year, '48, he gave up the seals of his secretaryship, partly from bad health, partly, because the great Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, did not behave well to him, and interfered with the patronage of his office. It is highly characteristic of him, that the very night he left the government he made his appearance at the gaming-table at White's. In office he never touched a dice-box.

Up to this time Chesterfield had generally lived in Grosvenor Square, or in the well-known Chesterfield House, which still belongs to his representatives; and where the rich and classic apartments, with their books and their busts, in which he enjoyed the lettered luxury of his rank, are still preserved as he left them. But now, on retiring from active public life, he bought and improved a villa at Blackheath, which was the favorite dwelling of the remainder of his prolonged days. Here he had a garden, of which he was fond; here he tended his apricots, and read his books; and wrote many of those letters to his son, by which he best is known, and will always be best remembered, and which are very interesting illustrations of the eighteenth century.

This son was born when Chesterfield was at the Hague, in '32, the year before his marriage, and was sixteen years old when he gave up the secretaryship. As his wife had no children, he felt an intense interest in his land; and it is a great sign of Lady Chesterfield's good-nature and affection for her husband, that she shared this interest with him. Whatever else we may think of the matter, I suppose we shall agree that, having the boy, it was his duty to do the best he could for him; and it is certain that, if young Philip had been the lawful heir to the title (instead of what he was) twenty times over, the father could not have been more anxious about him, or taken more pains with him.

He sent him to Westminster School; then sent him on the Continent, with an

eminent scholar for his tutor; then to Leipsic, to learn German; next to Paris, to be polished. The following passage from a letter of his to a French lady of high rank shows us what his design was:

"As I am infinitely fond of this child, and shall take a pride in making something of him, since I believe the materials are good, my notion is, to unite in him what I have never yet met with in any one individual, I mean, what is best in both nations. For this purpose I intend him his learned Englishman, who is likewise a man of sense, for the solid learning I would have him possessed of; and his French afternoon tutor, to give him, with the help of the companies into which he will introduce him, that ease, those manners, those graces, which certainly are nowhere to be found but in France."

In fact, he aspired to make the boy a complete man, according to his notions of what such a character was, a person fitted to shine and triumph in the high places of the world. And we learn the world of that day by seeing how he set about it.

Certainly he spared no pains. There are nearly four hundred of his letters to him extant, beginning with little Latin ones, to teach him Latin as a youngster; and French ones, to teach him French; and elementary instructions in geography and history. As Secretary of State, he wrote many; and all through life he went on. With the letter to Montesquieu, or the letter to Voltaire, off went the letter to Philip Stanhope. He taught him all he knew about men and business; wrote freely and copiously of the characters and politics of that time, which alone would make these documents of high value. As soon as the boy was old enough, he got him into the diplomacy, and he strained every nerve of his interest and connection to push him forward.

In the first of the objects I mentioned just now he succeeded. Philip Stanhope became a man of solid attainments and good sense, but as for the *polish*, there a deficiency seems to have been early perceptible; the grain was good, but the surface was dull. Chesterfield labored to give him external brilliancy as a sculptor works at his marble. He writes again and again on the subject.

These letters, intended to form the lad's manners and graces, suggest various reflections. It is an obvious remark, that he insists with immense earnestness on points, not the highest

which can employ a rational being's attention. But we must remember, 1st, that he was addressing a person whom he thought already possessed of a love of the solid excellences of life, and with a view to a special deficiency in him; 2d, that he was addressing a person destined to a particular career, to shine in the great world, such as the great world then was in Europe.

We must be fair to Lord Chesterfield. It would be perfectly silly to class him, on account of all this stress upon the graces, with a man like Brummell; for these graces with him were *means* to an end, and the end was social consequence, or political power. He wanted his son to be a great personage; and he argued that these were the arts by which that success was attained. It was a practical view. Chesterfield set no extraordinary value on kings or potentates, on birth or rank.

As for the latter, he rather laughed at men who plumed themselves on pedigree; and one of his essays in the *World* is against them. His own descent was excellent; yet he hung up two portraits among those of his ancestors, one marked Adam de Stanhope, the other Eve de Stanhope, to quiz the vanity of birth. But he knew that the world was governed by kings, potentates, and men of family, and that they in their turn were governed by men of tact and address; and he wanted his son to be conspicuously a man of tact and address.

If you had got Chesterfield quietly in a corner, in a serious mood, let us say on a gray day at Blackheath, with the scud coming up the sky in a sea-breeze, and had said to him, *What is the chief end of man? Is it the chief end of man to shine in Newcastle House, or to make the Prince of Wales laugh at a stupid party?* he would have shrugged his shoulders, and said, "These are all vanities; but such is the world, and we have to act in the world as we find it—*Que voulez-vous?*" There was no doubt a whole world of feelings lying deep in his nature which he never gave utterance to. Unquestionably, he was no trifler. He distinctly predicted the French Revolution in one of his letters some forty years before it began.

His judgment of men and books was sound. When Hume's works began to appear, he saw their merit; when Robertson's first history came out, he de-

clared its excellence. That, with so much solid ability, he should have joined such a regard for superficial attractions, shows us a great light into the character of those times, but should not induce us to underrate him. In fact, to judge of any man, we must try and put ourselves in his position; we must make up our minds to take him as he is. Chesterfield was not John Knox. A geranium is not a lily. Why should I quarrel with the lily because it is not a geranium, or *vice versa*? To do so, won't help me one whit to *understand* either of them; but it will very probably make me notably unjust to the one I do not happen to like.

No doubt that was an artificial period; and Chesterfield was too thoroughly a man-of-the-world not to bear deep traces of the world to which he belonged. There was little earnestness in that age. Poetry was at a low ebb; and the poetry of an era is always the best index of its state of sentiment. In Richardson's novels, there is much mawkishness and cant; in Fielding's, there is a great deal of coarseness, and a disposition to excuse everything in characters not utterly *worldly*, which shows that utter worldliness was exceedingly common and fashionable. Low theories of human nature were in vogue; theories which undervalued all worth in man and woman; which taught that self-interest was the mainspring of mankind; that "everybody had his price," and so on; and we know that there is a direct connection between low theory and low practice. That Chesterfield refined social life is certainly true; but, of course, his development of the truths that belong to the doctrine of manners, bore the color of the period in which he lived.

The manners of Europe evidently took their rise in feudalism. It was in the bosoms of the old feudal castles that that chivalrous loyalty to women, that regard for rank and age, that respect for one's own dignity, which is indissolubly connected with a respect for everybody else's, gradually formed itself. When the Black Prince waited behind the chair of the King of France, after the battle of Poitiers, he embodied the whole sentiment in one beautiful act of courtesy. What the ancient gentlemen did spontaneously, and half-unconsciously, Chesterfield would have wished a later and less simple age to do deliberately,

artistically—and, though partly from good feeling, still partly, also, from policy, and for the sake of its convenience. Yet it is too much to expect a man to be beyond his age altogether; and good breeding is so immense a gain to social life, that the man who does anything for it should be affectionately remembered.

Upon the whole, his plans for his son proved failures. Philip Stanhope had but a poor success in Parliament; was never conspicuous for the charm of his address, and rose no higher in his profession than to be British Envoy at Dresden. He was but thirty-six when he died; and Lord Chesterfield, now old, infirm and melancholy, first heard that the grave had closed over so many ambitious hopes and plans, from a lady whom his son had married without consulting or informing him, and who presented herself to the old peer with two sons. The blow must have been terrible. But we learn from the letters which Philip Stanhope's widow printed, that the good-natured old man, at extreme age, was as interested in the grandsons as he had been in the son, and anxious about their educations.

He lived for five years after this event; kept out of society by his decayed health. "Tyrawley and I," said he, once, "have been dead these two years, but we don't want it to be known." At last, the end came, in London, when he was in his eightieth year.

His last scene was one of the most characteristic of all. Half-an-hour or so before his death, the servant opened

his bed-curtains, and announced his friend, Mr. Dayrolles. The old earl moved his head, and his last words were, "*Give Dayrolles a chair.*" This was the latest gleam of that sleepless courtesy for which he had been famous through life; and it is with a strange mixture of humor and tenderness, and many serious reflections upon the age and the man, that one contemplates it.

He died in 1773. He had been born only a few years after the death of Charles II., and he died several years after the birth of George IV., so that he forms a link between the fine gentlemen of those two epochs; and he certainly had more elegance than the earlier of the two sets, and much more wit than the later of them.

He was, in fact, the last of an old school. He had not been twenty years in his grave, when the troubles which he had predicted broke forth in Europe. A period of tumult came on; Europe was shaken to its foundations, in an age of great passions, great crimes, great ideas, and great action. The unhealthy stillness was broken by a thunder-storm. We now have, with all our faults, a greater earnestness, a higher literature, larger human sympathies, than the men among whom Chesterfield lived could boast. But we shall do well to remember that he, too, after his fashion, represented excellences which ought not to be forgotten, and ideas which will always be true; and I confess that I, for one, cannot turn away, without kindly feeling and admiration, from contemplating the memory of PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE.

OUR LADY.

OUR lady lives on the hillside here,
Amid shady avenues, terraced lawns,
And fountains that leap like snow-white deer,
With flashing antlers, and silver fawns;
And the twinkling wheels of the rich and great
Hum in and out of the high-arched gate;
And willing worshippers throng and wait,
Where she wearily sits and yawns.

I remember her pretty and poor—
Now she has servants, jewels, and land:
She gave her heart to a poet-wooer—
To a wealthy suitor she bartered her hand.

A very desirable mate to choose—
Believing in viands, in good port-juice,
In solid comfort and solid use—
Things easy to understand.

She loves poetry, music, and art—
He dines, and races, and smokes, and shoots;
She walks in an ideal realm apart—
He treads firm ground, in his prosperous boots:
A wise design—for you see, 'tis clear,
Their paths do not lie so unsuitably near
As that ever either should interfere
With the other's chosen pursuits.

By night, as you roam through the rich saloons,
Where music's purple and crimson tones
Float, in invisibly fine festoons,
O'er the buzz and hum of these human drones,
You are ready to swear that no happier pair
Have lived, than your latter-day Adam there,
And our sweet, pale Eve, of the dark-furrowed hair,
Thick sown with glittering stones.

But I see, in the midst of the music and talk,
A shape steal forth from the glowing room,
And pass, by a lonely cypress walk,
Far down through the ghostly midnight gloom,
Sighing and sorrowful, wringing its hands,
And bruising its feet on the pointed sands,
Till, white, despairing, and dumb it stands,
In the shadowy damp of a tomb.

The husband sprawls in his easy-chair,
And smirks, and smacks, and tells his jest,
And strokes his chin with a satisfied air,
And hooks his thumbs in his flagreed vest;
And the laugh rings round, and still she seems
To sit smiling there—and nobody deems
That her soul has gone down to that region of dreams—
A weary, disconsolate guest.

Dim ghosts of happiness haunt the grot—
Phantoms of buried hopes untold—
And as her memories strow the spot
Where her young heart's love lies coffin'd and cold,
With her burden of sin she kneeleth within,
And kisses, and presses, with fingers thin.
Brow, mouth, and bosom, and beautiful chin
Of the dead that groweth not old.

He is ever there, with his dark wavy hair,
Unchanged through years of anguish and tears;
His hands are pressed on his passionate breast,
His eyes still plead with foreboding and fears.
O, she dwells not at all in that stately hall!
But, day and night, 'neath the cypresses tall,
She opens the coffin, uplifteth the pall,
And the living dead appears!

UNCLE JOSH.

JOSH CRANE was a Yankee born and bred, a farmer on Plainfield Hill, and a specimen. If some strange phrases were grafted on his New England vernacular, it was because for fifteen years of his youth he had followed the sea; and the sea, to return the compliment, thereafter followed him.

His father, old Josh Crane, kept the Sanbury grist-mill, and was a drunken, shiftless old creature, who ended his days in a tumble-down red house a mile below Plainfield Centre, being "took with the tremens," as black Peter said when he came for the doctor—all too late, for the "tremens" had, indeed, taken him off.

Mrs. Crane, our Josh's mother, was one of those calm, meek, patient creatures, by some inscrutable mystery always linked to such men; "martyrs by the pang without the palm," of whom a noble army shall yet rise out of New England's desolate valleys and melancholy hills, to take their honor from the Master's hand. For years this woman lived alone with her child in the shattered red house, spinning, knitting, washing, sewing, scrubbing, to earn bread and water, sometimes charity-fed; but never failing at morning and night, with one red and knotted hand upon her boy's white hair, and the other on her worn Bible, to pray, with an intensity that boy never forgot, for his well-being forever and ever; for herself she never prayed, aloud.

Then came the country's pestilence, consumption, and, after long struggles, relapses, rallies, all received in the same calm patience, Hetty Crane died in a summer's night, her little boy asleep beside her, and a whippoorwill on the apple-tree by the door sounding on her flickering sense the last minor note of life.

When Josh woke up and knew his mother was dead, he did not behave in the least like good little boys in books, but dressed himself without a tear or a sob, and ran for the nearest neighbor.

"Sakes alive!" said "Miss" Ranney. "I never did see sech a cretur as that are boy in all my days! he never said nothin' to me when he came to our folks's only jest—Miss Ranney, I guess you'd better come cross lots to

see mother, she don't seem to be alive.' 'Dew tell!' sez I, an' so I slipt on my Shaker bunnet jist as quick's I could, but he was off, spry's a cricket, an' when I got there he was a settin' the room to rights, he'd spunked up a fire, and hung on the kittle; so I sed nothin' but stept along inter the bedroom, and turned down the kiver, and gin a little screech, I was so beat, for sure enough Hetty Crane was dead an' cold. Josh he heerd me, for he was clos't onto me, and he never spoke, but he come up to the bed and he put his head down and laid his cheek right along hers, and 'twant no redder'n her'n, an' staid so 'bout a minnit; then he cleared out and I never see him no more all day, but Miss Good'in she come in, and she said he'd stopped there an' sent her over.

"Well, we laid out Hetty, and fixed up the house, and put up a curtain to her winder, and Miss Good'in she'n I calkerlated to set up all night, and we was jest puttin' a mess of tea to draw, so's to keep lively, when in come Josh, drippin wet, for the dew was dreadful heavy them August nights, and he said nothin' more'n jest to answer when he was spoke to, and Miss Good'in was a real feelin' woman, she guessed he'd better be let alone; so he drink't a cup of tea, and then he started off into the bedroom, and when she went in there, 'long towards midnight, there he was, fast asleep on the bed beside of the corpse, as straight as a pin, only holdin' on to one of its hands. Miss Good'in come back cryin', and I thought I should 'a boo-hoo-ed right out, but I kinder strangled it down, and we set to work to figger out what was a goin' to be done with the poor little chap; that house of their'n, that old Josh had bought of Mr. Ranney, hadn't never been paid for, only the interest money whenever Miss Crane could scrape it up, so't that would go right back into husband's hands, an' they hadn't got no cow, nor no pig, and we agreed the s'lectmen would hev' to take him and bind him out.

"I allers mistrusted that he'd waked up, and heerd what we said, for next morning when we went to call him he was gone, and his shirts an' go-to-meetin's, too, and he never come back

to the funeral, nor a good spell after.

"I know after Hetty was buried, and we'd resolved to sell what things she had to get her a head-stone, for Mr. Ranney wouldn't never put in for the rest of his interest money, I took home her old Bible and kep' it for Josh, and the next time I see him was five and twenty years after, when he come back from sea-farin' an' settled down to farmin' on't, and he sot by that Bible a dredful sight, I expect, for he gin' our Sall the brightest red an' yellor bandanner you ever see; she used to keep it to take to meetin'!"

"Miss" Ranney was certainly right in her "guess." Josh had heard in that miserable midnight the discussion of his future, and, having a well-founded dread of the selectmen's tender mercies, had given a last caress to his dead mother and run away to Boston, where he shipped for a whaling-voyage, was cast away on the Newfoundland shore after ten years of sea-life, and being at that time a stout youth of twenty, sick of his seamanship, he had hired himself to work in a stone-yard, and by the time he was thirty-five had laid up enough money to return a thrifty bachelor, and, buying a little farm on Plainfield Hill, settle down to his ideal of life, and become the amusement of part of the village, and the oracle of the rest.

We boys adored Uncle Josh, for he was always ready to rig our boats, spin us yarns a week long, and fill our pockets with apples red and russet as his own honest face. With the belles of the village, Uncle Josh had no such favor; he would wear a pig-tail in spite of scoff and remonstrance; he would smoke a cutty-pipe; and he did swear like a sailor, from mere habit and forgetfulness, for no man, not professedly religious, had a diviner instinct of reverence and worship than he: but it was as instinctive in him to swear as it was to breathe, and some of our boldly speculative and law-despising youngsters held that it was no harm in him, any more than "gosh" and "thunder" were in us; for really he meant no more.

However, Uncle Josh did not quite reciprocate the contempt of the sex; before long he began to make Sunday night visitations at Deacon Stone's, to "brush his hat o' mornings," to step spry, and wear a stiff collar and stock,

instead of the open tie he had kept, with the pig-tail, long after jacket and tarpaulin had been dismissed the service; so the village directly discovered that Josh Crane was courting the school-mistress, "Miss Eunice," who boarded at Deacon Stone's. What Miss Eunice's surname might be I never knew, nor did it much matter; she was the most kindly, timid, and lovable creature that ever tried to reduce a district school into manners and arithmetic: she lives in my memory still, a tall, slight figure, with tender brown eyes, and a sad face, its broad lovely forehead shaded with silky light hair, and her dress always dim-tinted, jaded perhaps, but scrupulously neat and stable.

Everybody knew why Miss Eunice looked so meekly sad, and why she was still "Miss" Eunice: she had been "disapp'inted;" she had loved a man better than he loved her, and, therein copying the sweet angels, made a fatal mistake, broke her girl's heart, and went to keeping school for a living.

All the young people pitied and patronized her: all the old women agreed that she was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and curiosity, first, for having a breakable heart, and, next, for putting that member to fatal harm for one of their kind: but boys ranked Miss Eunice even above Uncle Josh; for there lives in boys a certain kind of chivalry, before the world has sneered it out of them, that regards a sad or injured woman as a creature claiming all their care and protection; and it was with a thrill of virtuous indignation that we heard of Josh Crane's intentions toward Miss Eunice; nor were we very pitiful of our old friend, when Mrs. Stone announced to old Mrs. Ranney, (who was deaf as a post, and therefore very useful, passively, in spreading news confided to her, as this was in the church porch), that "Miss Eunice wa'n't a goin' to hev' Josh Crane, 'cause he wa'n't a professor; but she didn't want nobody to tell on't," so everybody did!

It was, beside, true, Miss Eunice was a sincerely religious woman, and though Josh Crane's simple, fervent love-making had stirred a thrill within her, she had thought quite impossible, still, she did not think it was right to marry an irreligious man, and she told him so with a meek firmness, that quite broke

down poor Uncle Josh, and he went back to his farming with profounder respect than ever for Miss Eunice, and a miserable opinion of himself.

But he was a person without guile of any sort: he would have cut off his pig-tail, sold his tobacco-keg, tried not to swear for her sake, but he could not pretend to be pious, and he did not.

A year or two afterward, however, when both had quite got past the shyness of meeting, and set aside, if not forgotten the past, there was a revival of religion in Plainfield—no great excitement, but a quiet springing up of "good seed," sown in past generations, it may be, and among the softened hearts and moist eyes were those of Uncle Josh. His mother's prayers had slept in the leaves of his mother's Bible, and now they awoke to be answered.

It was strangely touching, even to old Parson Pitcher, long used to such interviews with the oddest of all people under excitement—rugged New-Englanders—to see the simple pathos that vivified Uncle Josh's story of his experience; and when, in the midst of a sentence about his dead mother, and her petitions for his safety, with tears dripping down both cheeks, he burst into a hallelujah metre tune, adapting the words—

"Though seed lie buried long in dust," etc.

and adding to the diversity of rhythm the discordance of his sea-cracked voice, it was a doubtful matter to Parson Pitcher whether he should laugh or cry; and he was forced to compromise with a hysterical snort, just as Josh brought out the last word of the verse on a powerful fugue—

"Cro-o-o-o-op!"

So earnest and honest was he, that, for a whole week after he had been examined and approved by the church committee as a probationer, he never once thought of Miss Eunice; when, suddenly, as he was reading his Bible, and came across the honorable mention of that name by the apostle, he recollected, with a sort of shame-faced delight, that now, perhaps, she would have him: so, with no further ceremony than reducing his gusty flax-colored hair to order, by means of a pocket-comb, and washing his hands at the pump, away he strode to the school-house, where it

was Miss Eunice's custom to linger after school till her fire was burnt low enough to "rake up."

Josh looked in at the window as he "brought to" (in his own phrase) "alongside the school 'us," and there sat the lady of his love, knitting a blue stocking, with an empty chair most propitiously placed beside her in front of the fireplace. Josh's heart rose up mightily, but he knocked as little a knock as his great knuckles could effect, was bidden in, and sat himself down on the chair in a paroxysm of bashfulness, nowise helped by Miss Eunice's dropped eyes and persistent knitting. So he sat full fifteen minutes, every now and then clearing his throat in a vain attempt to introduce the point, till at length, desperate enough, he made a dash into the middle of things, and bubbled over with: "Miss Eunice, I've got religion! I'm sot out for to be a real pious man; can't you feel to hev' me now?"

What Miss Eunice's little trembling lips answered, I cannot say, but I know it was satisfactory to Josh, for his first reverent impulse, after he gathered up her low words was, to clasp his hands and say—"Amen," as if somebody had asked a blessing; perhaps he felt he had received one in Miss Eunice.

When spring came they were married, and were happy Yankee fashion, without comment or demonstration, but very happy. Uncle Josh united with the church, and was no disgrace to his profession, save and except in one thing—he would swear! Vainly did deacons, brethren, and pastor assail him with exhortation, remonstrance, and advice; vainly did his meek wife look at him with pleading eyes; vainly did he himself repent, and strive and watch, "the stump of Dagon remained," and was not to be easily uprooted.

At length Parson Pitcher, being greatly scandalized at Josh's expletives, used unluckily in a somewhat excited meeting on church business, (for in prayer-meetings he never answered any calls to rise, lest habit should get the better of him, and shock the very sinners he might exhort) Parson Pitcher himself made a pastoral call at the farm, and found its master in the garden hoeing corn manfully.

"Good-day, Mr. Crane!" said the old gentleman.

"Good-day, Parson Pitcher, good-

day! d—— hot day, sir," answered the unconscious Josh.

"Not so hot as hell for swearers!" sternly responded the Parson, who, being of a family renowned in New England for noway mincing matters, sometimes verged upon profanity himself, though unawares. Josh threw down his hoe in despair.

"Oh Lord!" said he, "there it goes again, I swear! the d—— dogs take it! If I don't keep a goin'! Oh! Parson Pitcher, what shall I dew? it swears of itself. I am clean beat tryin' to head it off, con—— no! I mean confuse it all! I'm such an old hand at the wheel, sir!"

Luckily for Josh, the Parson's risibles were hardly better in hand than his own profanity, and it took him now a long time to pick up his cane, which he had dropped in the currant-bushes, while Joe stood among the corn-hills wiping the sweat off his brow, in an abject state of penitence and humility; and, as the Parson emerged like a full moon from the leafy currants, he felt more charitably toward Josh than he had done before. "It is a very bad thing, Mr. Crane," said he, mildly. "Not merely for yourself, but it scandalizes the church-members, and I think you should take severe measures to break up the habit."

"What upon arth shall I do, sir?" piteously asked Josh, "it's the d——dest plague! oh! I swan to man I've done it agin'!"

And here, with a long howl, Josh threw himself down in the weeds, and kicked out like a half-broken colt, wishing in his soul the earth would hide him, and trying to feel as bad as he ought to, for his honest conscience sturdily refused to convict him in this matter, faithful as it was in much less-sounding sins.

I grieve to say that Parson Pitcher got behind an apple-tree, and there—cried, perhaps! for he was wiping his eyes and shaking all over when he walked off, and Josh, getting up considerably in a state of dust, if not ashes and sack-cloth, looked sheepishly about for his reprover, but he was gone.

Parson Pitcher convened the deacons and a few of the uneasy brethren that night in his study, and expounded to them the duty of charity for people who would sleep in meeting; had to drink bitters for their stomachs' sake; never came to missionary meetings for

fear of the contribution box; or swore without knowing it: and as Deacon Stone did now and then snore under the pulpit, and Brother Eldridge had a "rheumatiz" that nothing but choke-berry rum would cure, and that is very apt to affect the head, and Brother Peters had so firm a conviction that money is the root of all evil, that he kept his from spreading, they all agreed to have patience with Brother Crane's tongue-ill; and Parson Pitcher smiled as he shut the door behind them, thinking of that first stone that no elder nor ruler could throw.

Nevertheless, he paid another visit to Josh the next week, and found him in a hopeful state.

"I've hit on't now, Parson Pitcher!" said he, without waiting for a more usual salutation. "Miss Eunice she helped me, she's a master cretur for inventions I s-sugar! there! that's it! When I'm a goin' to speak quick, I catch up somethin' else that's got the same letter on the bows, and I tell *yew*! it goes!—r else it's somethin'." Holla! I see them d-dipper sheep is in my corn—Git aout! git aout! you d-dandelions! git aout!" here he scrambled away after the stray sheep, just in time for the Parson, who had quieted his face and walked in to see Mrs. Crane, when Josh came back, dripping, and exclaiming "Peppergrass! them is the d-drowndedest sheep I ever see!"

This new spell of "Miss Eunice's," as Josh always called his wife, worked well while it was new; but the unruly tongue relapsed, and meek Mrs. Crane had grown to look upon it as she would upon a wooden leg, had that been Josh's infirmity—with pity and regret, the purest result of a charity which "endureth and hopeth all things," eminently her ruling trait.

Everything else went on prosperously: the farm paid well, and Josh laid up money, but never for himself. They had no children, a sore disappointment to both their kindly hearts, but all the poor and orphan little ones in the town seemed to have a special claim on their care and help: nobody ever went away hungry from Josh's door, or unconsoled from Miss Eunice's "keeping room;" everybody loved them both, and in time people forgot that Josh swore; but he never did: a keen pain discomforted him whenever he saw a child look up astonished at his oath. He had grown

so far toward "the full ear," that he understood what an offense his habit was, and it pained him very much that it could not be overcome even in so long a trial; but soon other things drew on to change the current of Josh's penitent thoughts.

He had been married about ten years when Miss Eunice began to show signs of failing health: she was, after the Yankee custom, somewhat older than her husband, and of too delicate a make to endure the hard life Connecticut farmers' wives must, or do lead. Josh was as fond of her as he could be, but he did not know how to demonstrate it; all sorts of comforts she had, as far as food, and fire, and clothing went, but no recreation: no public amusements ever visited Plainfield, a sparse and quiet village far off the track of any railroad; the farmers could not spend time to drive round the country with their wives, or to go visiting, except now and then on Sunday nights to a neighbor's; sometimes to a paring or husking bee, the very essence of which was work; once a year a donation party at the minister's; and a rare attendance upon the sewing circle, distasteful to Josh, who must get and eat his supper alone in that case—these were all the amusements Miss Eunice knew. Books she had none, except her Bible, Boston's Fourfold State, a dictionary and an arithmetic, relics of her school; and, if ever she wished for more, she repressed the wish, because these ought to be enough: she did not know, or dared not be conscious, that humanity needs something for its lesser and trivial life, that "by all these things men live," as well as by the word and by bread.

So she drudged on uncomplainingly, and after ten years of patience and labor took to her bed, and was pronounced by the Plainfield doctor to have successively "a spine in the back," a "rising of the lungs," and a "gittaral complaint of the lights" (was it catarrhal?). Duly was she blistered, plastered, and fomented; dosed with Brandreth's pills, mullein root in cider, tansy, burdock, bitter-sweet, catnip, and boneset teas; sow-bugs tickled into a ball and swallowed alive; dried rattlesnakes' flesh; and the powder of a red squirrel, shut into a red-hot oven living, baked till powderable, and then put through that process in a mortar, and administered fasting.

Dearly beloved, I am not improviding. All these, and sundry other and filthier medicaments, which I refrain from mentioning, did once, perhaps do still, abound in the islands of this Yankeeedom, and slay their thousands yearly, as with the jaw-bone of an ass:

Of course Miss Eunice pined and languished, not merely from the "simples" that she swallowed, but because the very fang that had set itself in the breast of John's gentle mother gnawed and rioted in hers. At length some idea of this kind occurred to Uncle Josh's mind: he tackled up Boker, the old horse, and set out for Sanbury, where there lived a doctor of some eminence, and returned in triumph with Dr. Sawyer following in his own gig.

Miss Eunice was carefully examined by the physician, a pompous but kindly man, who saw at once there was no hope and no help for his fluttered and panting patient.

When the millennium comes, let us hope it will bring physicians of sufficient fortitude to forbear dosing in hopeless cases. It is vain to look for such in the present condition of things, and Dr. Sawyer was no better than his kind; he hemmed, hawed, screwed up one eye, felt Miss Eunice's pulse again, and uttered, oracularly:

"I think a portion of some sudorific febrifuge would probably allay Mrs. Crane's hectic."

"Well, I expect it would," confidently asserted Josh; "can I get it to the store, doctor?"

"No, sir! it should be compounded in the family, Mr. Crane."

"Dew tell!" responded Josh, rather crest-fallen, but brightening up as the doctor went on to describe, in all the polysyllables he could muster, the desirable fluid; at the end Josh burst out joyfully with—

"I sw—swan! t'ain't nothin' but lemonade with gum-arabac in't!"

Dr. Sawyer gave him a look of contempt, and took his leave, Josh laboring under the profound and happy conviction that nothing ailed Miss Eunice, if lemonade was all that she needed; while the doctor called, on his way home, to see Parson Pitcher, and to him confided the mournful fact, that Miss Eunice was getting ready for heaven fast, could scarcely linger another week by any mortal help. Parson Pitcher grieved truly, for he loved

and respected Eunice, and held her as the sweetest and brightest example of unobtrusive religion in all his church; moreover, he knew how Josh would feel, and he dreaded the task of conveying to him this painful intelligence, resolving, nevertheless, to visit them next day with that intent, as it was now too near night to make it convenient.

But a more merciful and able Shepherd than he preceded him, and spared Josh the lingering agony of an expectation that could do him no good. Miss Eunice had a restless night after Dr. Sawyer's visit, for, with the preternatural keenness of her disease, she read the truth in his eye and tone, and, though she had long looked on to this end, and was ready to enter into rest, the nearness of that untried cure agitated her and forbade her sleep; but faith, un-failing in bitter need, calmed her at length, and with peace written upon her face she slept till dawn: a sudden pang awoke her, and her start roused Josh; he lifted her on the pillow, where the red morning light showed her gasping and gray with death; he turned all cold.

"Good-bye, Josh!" said her tender voice, fainting as it spoke, and with one upward rapturous look of the soft brown eyes they closed forever, and her head fell back on Josh's shoulder, dead.

There the neighbor, who "did chores" for her of late, found the two, when she came in. Josh had changed since his mother died, for the moment Mrs. Casey lifted his wife from his arm, and laid her patient, peaceful face back on its pillow, Josh flung himself down beside her, and cried aloud with the passion and carelessness of a child. Nobody could rouse him, nobody could move him, till Parson Pitcher came in, and, taking his hand, raised and led him into the keeping-room. There Josh brushed off the mist before his drenched eyes with the back of his rough hand, and looked straight at Parson Pitcher.

"Oh Lord! she's dead," said he, as if he alone of all the world knew it.

"Yes, my son, she is dead," solemnly replied the Parson; "it is the will of God, and you must consent."

"I can't! I can't! I a'n't a goin' to," sobbed Josh—"ta'n't no use talkin', if I'd only 'xpected somethin', it's that——doctor! Oh Lord! I've sworn, and Miss Eunice is dead! oh gracious goody! what be I a goin' to do? oh dear! oh dear! oh Miss Eunice!"

Parson Pitcher could not even smile—the poor fellow's grief was too deep. What could he think of to console him, but that deepest comfort to the bereaved, her better state. "My dear friend, be comforted! Eunice is with the blessed in heaven!"

"I know it! I know it! she allers was nigh about fit to get there without dyin'. Oh Lordy! she's gone to heaven and I ha'n't!"

No—there was no consoling Uncle Josh; that touch of nature showed it. He was alone, and refused to be comforted; so Parson Pitcher made a fervent prayer for the living, that unawares merged into a thanksgiving for the dead, and went his way, sorrowfully convicted that his holy office had in it no supernatural power or aid, that some things are too deep and too mighty for man.

Josh's grief raved itself into worn-out dejection, still too poignant to bear the gentlest touch; his groans and cries were heart-breaking at the funeral, and it seemed as if he would really die with agony, while the despairing wretchedness of the funeral hymn, the wailing cadences of "China," poured round the dusty and cobwebbed meeting-house to which they carried his wife in her coffin, one sultry August Sunday, to utter prayers and hymns above her who now needed no prayer, and heard the hymns of heaven.

After this, Josh retired to his own house, and, according to Mrs. Casey's story, neither slept nor ate; but this was somewhat apocryphal, and three days after the funeral, Parson Pitcher, betaking himself to the Crane farm, found Uncle Josh whittling out a set of clothes-pegs on his door-step, but looking very down-cast and miserable.

"Good-morning, Mr. Crane!" said the good divine.

"Mornin', Parson Pitcher! hev' a cheer?"

The Parson sat down on the bench of the stoop, and wistfully surveyed Josh, wondering how best to introduce the subject of his loss; but the refractory widower gave no sign, and at length the Parson spoke.

"I hope you begin to be resigned to the will of Providence, my dear Mr. Crane?"

"No I don't, a speck!" honestly retorted Josh. Parson Pitcher was shocked.

"I hoped to find you in a better frame," said he.

"I can't help it!" exclaimed Josh, flinging down a finished peg emphatically. "I a'n't resigned! I want Miss Eunice! I a'n't willin' to have her dead, I can't and I a'n't, and that's the hull on't! and I'd a — sight ruther — oh goody! I've swore agin. Lord-a-massy! 'n she a'n't here to look at me when I do, and I'm goin' straight to the d——. Oh land! there it goes! oh dear soul, can't a feller help himself nohow!"

And with that Josh burst into a passion of tears, and fled past Parson Pitcher into the barn, from whence he emerged no more till the minister's steps were heard crunching on the gravel path toward the gate, when Josh, persistent as Galileo, thrust his head out of the barn window, and repeated in a louder and more strenuous key, "I a'n't willin', Parson Pitcher!" leaving the Parson in a dubious state of mind, on which he ruminated for some weeks, finally concluding to leave Josh alone with his Bible, till time should blunt the keen edge of his pain, and reduce him to reason; and he noticed with great satisfaction, that Josh came regularly to church and conference meetings, and at length resumed his work with a due amount of composure.

There was in the village of Plainfield a certain Miss Ranney, daughter of the aforesaid Mrs. Ranney, the greatest vixen in those parts, and of course an old maid. Her temper and tongue had kept off suitors in her youth, and had in nowise softened since. Her name was Sarah, familiarized into Sally, and as she grew up to middle age, that pleasant, kindly title being sadly out of keeping with her nature, everybody called her Sall. Ran., and the third generation scarce knew she had another name.

Any uproar in the village always began with Sall Ran, and woe be to the unlucky boy who pilfered an apple under the overhanging trees of Mrs. Ranney's orchard by the road, or tilted the well-sweep of her stony-curbed well to get a drink; Sall was down upon the offender like a hail-storm, and cuffs and shrieks mingled in wild chorus with her shrill scolding, to the awe and consternation of every child within half a mile.

Judge, then, of Parson Pitcher's

amazement, when, little more than a year after Miss Eunice's death, Josh was ushered into his study one evening, and after stroking a new stove-pipe hat for a long time, at length said he had "come to speak about bein' published." The Parson drew a long breath, partly for the mutability of man, partly of pure wonder.

"Who are you going to marry, Mr. Crane?" said he, after a pause: another man might have softened the style of his wife to be—not Josh.

"Sall Ran," said he, undauntedly. Parson Pitcher arose from his chair, and with both hands in his pockets advanced upon Josh like horse and foot together; but he stood his ground.

"What, in the name of common sense and decency, do you mean by marrying that woman, Joshu-way Crane?" thundered the Parson.

"Well, ef you'll set down, Parson Pitcher, I'll tell ye the rights on't: you see I'm dreadful pestered with this here swearin' way I've got; I kinder thought it would wear off if Miss Eunice kep a looking at me, but she's died," here Josh interpolated a great blubbering sob. "And I'm gettin' so d—— bad! there! you see Parson I doo swear dreadful; and I a'n't no more resigned to her dyin' then I used ter be, and I can't stan' it, so I set to figgerin' on it out, and I guess I've lived too easy, han't had enough 'fictions and trials; so I concluded I hed oughter put myself to the wind'ard of some squalls, so 's to learn navigation, and I couldn't tell how, till suddenly I brought to mind Sall Ran, who is the d—— and all, oh dear! I've nigh about swore agin'! and I concluded she'd be the nearest to a cat-o-nine-tails I could get to tewtor me, and then I relected what old Cap'n Thomas used to say, when I was a boy aboard of his whaler: 'Boys,' sez he, 'you're allers sot to hev' your own way, and you've got ter hev' mine, so's its pooty clear that I shall flog you to rope-yarns or else you'll hev to make b'lieve my way's yourn, which'll suit all round.' So you see, Parson Pitcher, I wa'n't a goin' to put myself in a way to quarrel with the Lord's will agin', and I don't expect you to hev' no such trouble with me twice, as you've hed sence Miss Eunice up an' died. I swan I'll give up reasonable next time, seein' it's Sall!"

Hardly could Parson Pitcher stand

this singular screed of doctrine, or the shrewd and self-satisfied, yet honest expression of face with which Josh clenched his argument. Professing himself in great haste to study, he promised to publish as well as to marry Josh, and, when his odd parishioner was out of hearing, indulged himself with a long fit of laughter, almost inextinguishable, over Josh's patent Christianizer.

Great was the astonishment of the whole congregation on Sunday, when Josh's intentions were given out from the pulpit; and strangely mixed and hesitating the congratulations he received after his marriage, which took place in the following week. Parson Pitcher took a curious interest in the success of Josh's project; and had to acknowledge its beneficial effects, rather against his will.

Sall Ran was the best of house-keepers, as scolds are apt to be; or is it in reverse that the rule began? She kept the farm-house Quakerly clean, and every garment of her husband's scrupulously mended and refreshed; but if the smallest profanity escaped Uncle Josh's lips, he did indeed "hear thunder," and, with the ascetic devotion of a Guyonist, he endured every ob-jurgatory torrent to the end, though his soft and kindly heart would now and then cringe and quiver in the process.

It was all for his good, he often said, and by the time Sall Ran had been in Miss Eunice's place for an equal term of years, Uncle Josh had become so mild-spoken, so kind, so meek, that surely his dead wife must have rejoiced over it in heaven, even as his brethren did on earth.

And now came the crowning honor of his life. Uncle Josh was made a deacon. Sall celebrated the event by a new black silk frock, and asked Parson Pitcher home to tea after the church meeting, and to such a tea as is the great glory of a New England house-keeper. Pies, preserves, cake, biscuit, bread, short-cake, cheese, honey, fruit, and cream, were pressed, and pressed again upon the unlucky Parson, till he was quite in the condition of Charles Lamb and the omnibus, and gladly saw the signal of retreat from the table, he withdrawing himself to the bench on the stoop, to breathe the odorous June air, and talk over matters and things with Deacon Josh, while "Miss Crane cleared off."

Long and piously the two worthies talked, and at length came a brief pause, broken by Josh.

"Well, Parson Pitcher, that 'are calkerlation of mine about Sall did come out nigh onter right; didn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, my good friend!" returned the parson; "the trial she has been to you has been really blessed, and shows most strikingly the use of discipline in this life."

"Yes!" said Josh, "if Miss Eunice had lived, I don't know but what I should 'a ben a swearin' man to this day; but Sall, she's rated it out o' me; and I'm gettin' real resigned, too."

The meek complacency of the confession still gleamed in Uncle Josh's eyes, as he went in to prayers, but Sall Ran looked redder than the crimson peonies on her posy-bed.

Parson Pitcher made an excellent prayer, particularly descanting on the use of trials; and when he came to an end, and arose to say good-night, Mrs. Crane had vanished, so he had to go home without taking leave of her. Strange to say, during the following year, a rumor crept through the village, that "Miss Deacon Crane" had not been heard to scold once for months; that she even held her tongue under provocation; this last fact being immediately put to the test by a few evil-minded and investigating boys, who proceeded to pull her fennel-bushes through the pickets, and nip the yellow heads, receiving for their audacious thieving no more than a mild request not to "do that," which actually shamed them into apologizing.

With this confirmation, even Parson Pitcher began to be credulous of report, and sent directly for Deacon Crane to visit him.

"How's your wife, Deacon?" said the Parson, as soon as Josh was fairly seated in the study.

"Well, Parson Pitcher, she's most onsartainly changed. I don't believe she's got riled more'n once, or gin it to me once for six months."

"Very singular!" said Parson Pitcher. "I am glad for both of you; but what seems to have wrought upon her?"

"Well!" said Uncle Josh, with a queer glitter in his eye, "I expect she must 'a ben to the winder that night you 'n I sot a talkin' on the stoop about 'fictions and her; for next day I stum-

bled and spilt a lot o' new milk onto the kitchen floor, that allers riled her; so I began to say—"Oh, dear! I'm sorry, Sall!" when she ups right away, and sez, sez she—"You han't no need to be skeered, Josh Crane; you've done with 'fictions in this world; I shan't never scold you no more. I 'aint a goin' to be made a pack-horse to carry my husband to heaven!" and she never said no more to me, nor I to her, but she's ben nigh about as pretty-behaved as Miss Eunice ever since, and I hope I shan't take to swearin. I guess I shan't, but I do feel kinder crawly about bein' resigned."

However, Uncle Josh's troubles were over. Sall Ran dropped her name for "Aunt Sally," and finally joined the church, and was as good in her strenuous way as her husband in his meekness, for there are "diversities of gifts:" and when the Plainfield bell, one autumn day, tolled a long series of eighty strokes; and Deacon Crane was gathered to his rest in the daisy-sprinkled burying-yard beside Miss Eunice, the young minister who succeeded Parson Pitcher had almost as hard a task to console Aunt Sally as his predecessor had to instill resignation, on a like occasion, into Uncle Josh.

A MAGAZINE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FEW of our readers, we are inclined to believe, are also readers of our venerable, and in its own way valuable, contemporary, the "Gentleman's Magazine;"* many of them, indeed, though they may often have seen that periodical quoted as a contemporaneous authority in reference to what now we may almost call ancient history, may be surprised to learn that it actually is a contemporary of ours, that there is a number of it for the present month, and that the "Mr. Urban," who edited it in the days of George II., is still extant in a green old age under the reign of Victoria.

As regards the present idiosyncrasy of our respected friend, we have, however, nothing to do. But we shall not be guilty of any offense to worthy Mr. Urban, or of impertinently interfering with him, if we present the modern reader with a view of what sort of a thing an English magazine in the middle of the last century was. It is not a little curious, we think, to take a look at the moral physiognomy of our great-great-grandfathers, as it is reflected in the pages before us, and not a little instructive to compare with our own the talk and the walk of another age, as these are there exhibited.

Premising that the "Gentleman's Magazine" was established in 1731, and had thus reached its twenty-fifth year when the volume before us (that of

1756) was published, we turn to the number for March in it, and shall go over the contents in their order. The first is an account, by an eye-witness, of some minor phenomena observed near Lisbon at the time of the great earthquake there in the preceding year, and contains the usual allowance of rumbling noises, fire and brimstone, "smoak," troubled waters, and the like: it may have been acceptable at the time. Next we have "Three Characters highly finished," being an extract from a work "written by a Gentleman of considerable Rank in the great and gay World." These "Characters" are sketches after the fashion set by the essayists of the Addisonian age. As thus:

"*Camilla* puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; *Flora* of the wild sweetness which is produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the *Æolian* harp. In *Camilla* you admire the decency of the Graces; in *Flora* the attractive sweetness of the Loves"—and so on.

Next we have a letter to Mr. Urban, "On the state of the roads round London;" which state, as regards some of them, appears to have been a deplorable one indeed:

"The Stratford road resembled a stagnant lake of deep mud from White-chapel to Stratford, with some deep and dangerous sloughs; in many places

* London: J. H. & J. Parker. New York: Miller & Curtis.

'twas hard work for the horses to go faster than a foot-space on level ground with a light four-wheel post-chaise."

We may here observe, that in our quotations we faithfully copy the printing of the original, evident *errata* and all.

Then follows a letter from a celebrated character—rather curious, though on a trifling subject. It relates to a natural phenomenon which had been witnessed in Yorkshire, and which had been described in a pamphlet, "supposed to have been written by John Wesley, the methodist teacher." Touching this pamphlet, an anonymous writer had said, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for the previous month, that "having caused an inquiry to be made into the fact at no small trouble and expense," he found "the whole to be a falsehood without the least degree of truth for its foundation;" adding, that "those who have deliberately invented and propagated this lie are most certainly of their father the devil, who was a liar from the beginning." To whom, in reply, John Wesley:—

"Bristol, March 8.

"MR. URBAN,—I have met with many persons in my life, who did not abound with modesty, but I never yet met with one who had less of it, than your anonymous correspondent, whose letter is inserted p. 56 of your *Magazine* for February.

"The whole account of *Whiston-Cliff*, near *Black Hamilton* in *Yorkshire*, inserted in one of your *Magazines*, I aver to be punctually true, having been an eye-witness of every particular of it. And if F. D. will set his name, and aver the contrary, I will make him ashamed, unless shame and he have shook hands and parted.—Yours, &c., JOHN WESLEY."

And we have no doubt but that the energetic apostle of Methodism would have kept his word.

Under the title, "Astonishing relation of a moving field," an account of a land-slip "near Westran in Kent" follows: we may pass it over without notice, though it was evidently a big event to the writer. "The history of *England*," says he, "makes mention of a similar case happening at Westran in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

Then comes the longest article—the *piece de resistance*—of the number; it is the continuation from a previous one of a "LIFE OF GEORGE VILLIERS, the first D. of BUCKINGHAM," and is not without its merits; but to give the title of it must suffice here.

"In the year 1746, during the late war, Mr. Belchier, in conjunction with other merchants, fitted out a fleet of privateers, called the *Royal Family*"—such is the beginning of the next article. It, however, contains nothing nautical, being simply a detail of certain criminal prosecutions instituted against an innocent man by a true land-shark, but which ended in a triumphant acquittal, for "Noads was acquitted with so much honor that the Court granted him a copy of his indictment." There is a reward of honor for you! How satisfactory to have been capitally, though unjustly, accused of perjury and forgery, if, besides being acquitted, you can hand down to your children's children an unsullied name and—"a copy of your indictment!"

Next we have "The Church of Rome idolatrous," the production of a zeal that is not according to knowledge; then, a paper "On the Cultivation of Exotics," which would scarcely teach anything new to the gardeners of this day; then "An original Story of the late Duke of Montague;" then, "Observations on the late Fast," being an "Apology for the Quakers who opened their shops" on the day it was observed; and then "Some Account of Alexander Thompson, who was executed for not surrendering himself, pursuant to Notice given in the London Gazette, after being declared a Bankrupt."

With reference to this last-mentioned article, we are inclined to think that many of our readers will scarcely believe it possible that such a judicial murder could have been perpetrated under the law of England as it stood only a hundred years ago.

But so it was. Thompson, "a native of Peterhead," had contracted debts in London. These altogether "did not amount to more than £200." He fled to Scotland, but having imprudently returned to London, "he was apprehended and carried before Mr. Fielding," the famous novelist, who, as most of our readers must know, was a magistrate, "who soon discovered him to be the person advertised in the Gazette: he was, therefore, committed and tried for that offense, and the commission and his non-surrender being proved, the Jury found him Guilty," and accordingly, as we find in the "Historical Chronicle" of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for the previous month, he was hanged at Ty-

burn, along with two highwaymen and a burglar.

We find not a word of either surprise or indignation expressed at this poor man's fate, and this public indifference is almost as horrid as the legal atrocity. Yet what better was to be expected of that time? In the previous generation—namely, in 1722—a woman was executed in Scotland for being a witch! And a quarter of a century after the time we are writing of, another woman, for the crime of coining, was actually burned alive at Lancaster! There are people still living who might have seen, in this country, a woman roasted to death at the stake!

But perhaps in another hundred years it will seem as horrid to our descendants that we, for any crime—for murder even—should deliberately and publicly have put human beings to death—that we should publicly have strangled fellow-creatures in due course of law—and that, high up before a crowd come to see the play played out, and scrutinize and speculate upon his mortal agonies, we should often have publicly killed a man, on an ingeniously-constructed scaffold, for the purpose of proving to all that human life is sacred. Of course it was gravely argued a century ago, and much later, too, that the abolition of capital punishment, in such a case as that of a fugitive bankrupt, would bring down utter ruin on our commercial country.

Next we have "A strange Incident in the life of Henry V. explained;" two short paragraphs well suited for the pages of our modern "Notes and Queries;" articles entitled respectively "Of the Soul in an Intermediate State," "An Account of Whitechurch in Shropshire," and "Remarkable Paper left by Mr. Hampden, grandson of the famous Colonel Hampden"—the last being a confession and retraction of certain free-thinking opinions Mr. Hampden had at one time entertained. Then comes "A Dialogue between X. Y. and Z. concerning the present State of Affairs in Pennsylvania." It refers to a Militia Act passed by the Pennsylvanian Assembly. It is curious now to read of the questions then debated in what at that time was still an English colony, but we have not space to notice the arguments of X and his two friends. As a specimen of its style, and of a style common enough in those days,

we may, however, extract the following:—

"X. A wiser legislator made his military law very different from theirs in that respect.

"Z. What legislator do you mean?

"X. I mean God himself, who would have no man led to battle that might rather wish to be at home, either from fear or other causes.

"Z. Where do you find that law?

"X. 'Tis in the *xxth* chapter of Deuteronomy."

Here verses first to eighth inclusive of that chapter are quoted, and a reference is made to "General" Gideon.

"Z. For my part, I am no coward, but hang me if I'll fight to save the Quakers.

"X. That is to say, you won't pump the ship because it will save the rats as well as yourself."

"A brief Account of the Articles contained in the last volume of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, being for the Year 1751"—utterly uninteresting, but luckily a "brief account" indeed—is followed by copies of some "important" diplomatic papers, including "The French Minister's insolent reply," all relating to the efforts then being made by the English and French Courts respectively either to threaten or cajole the Dutch into an alliance with the one against the other. The importance of these documents has, however, greatly evaporated in the lapse of a century, and we pass them by. "Method of Sweetening ill-tasted Liquors by blowing up Showers of Air through them," "Obscure passage in Virgil explained," and "Barbarity of Scalping condemned," are the titles of the articles with which the first department of the Magazine ends for the month, and we come to the "Poetry." It is truly deplorable. Passing over, as not having been original contributions to the Magazine, a prologue and an epilogue, the latter by Garrick, we find "Verses suggested by the death of Mr. Chute," signed "Oxonienensis," and thus beginning:—

"Now sleeps religion's friend, the good man's
care,
Society's immutable support:
Now sleeps what all may envy, few can
boast,
The strictest honour, and the liveliest
sense."

And the rest is to match. There is an "epigram," about as pointed as mud

can be, and an "epithalamium" worthy of Sternhold and Hopkins. It is on the marriage of a clergyman, and here are two verses of it:

"How will the bride be charm'd to hear
The bridegroom's heav'nly lore,
And drink with more delicious ear
Truths well imbibed before!
How will the bridegroom pleased behold
The partner of his love
Attend the doctrines he'll unfold,
And faith by practice prove!"

In another piece, entitled, "Laura. An invitation to the country," we find the following:

"Haste then, dear maid, to nature and to me,
From noise and nonsense hither speed thy flight;
Haste! like the roe's let Laura's footsteps be,
And let her bring sincere compleat delight."

This "Florio," the author, evidently thinks very fine, for he repeats these lines at the close of his "invitation," only varying the last to

"Ah haste, and bring sincere compleat delight."

But we shall not weary the reader with further extracts from such rare trash, and shall only remark that one of the pieces is entitled "On the uncommon Scarcity of Poetry in the Gentleman's Magazine for December last," whereas a lament for the total absence of it in the Magazine, for a long time before and after that period, would have been much more to the purpose. The next department of the Magazine is devoted to "Lists of Foreign and English Books, with Remarks." The only author of any great celebrity noticed in the number before us is the learned Haller. As to the reviewer's "remarks," they are not at all remarkable. The following will serve as a specimen of them: it relates to "An introduction to the History of Denmark," by Mallet, a French author of no little merit, and is all that is said of it:

"This work is dedicated to the King of Denmark, and seems to be executed with great accuracy, and upon a thorough knowledge of the subject."

Mr. Urban, however, was not always so tame. We take from another number of his the following startling though equally short review of a certain work:

"If the author of this performance is mad, it is pity that he is not in Bedlam;

if he is not mad, it is pity he is not in Bridewell."

Yet another specimen of a reviewer's style in those days may be acceptable:

"Serious reflections on the danger of using copper vessels. 1s. Cooper. This writer observes with amazing sagacity, 1. that no animal can live without victuals. 2. that man is a rational being. 3. that he knows some things, but that, 4. there are also some things which he does not know. 5. that copper vessels are used in our kitchens. 6. that the rust of copper is called verdigrease. 7. that verdigrease is poison, and 8. that being poison, it will poison those that eat it. Having taken some pains to support these and several other propositions equally doubtful, he relates the story, which was long since published in all the newspapers, of Sir Wm. Calvert, and his family, having suffered by boiling cyder in one of his coppers; and at length concludes, that the evil arising from the use of copper would be effectually prevented, if something else was used in its stead."

We come to the next department of the Magazine. It is styled "Historical Chronicle," and, as might be expected, we find not a few curious and interesting records of the time in it. Our present subject, however, is a magazine, and not the current history of a hundred years ago; we shall therefore content ourselves with remarking on what is before us: first, that at the period of which we are writing this country had entered upon another struggle with France, and had the Empress of Russia for a selfish and treacherous ally; and secondly, that in those days not only the sea, but the land forces also, were forcibly recruited, for not only do we frequently in these pages meet with such sad tales of pressgangs as everybody has heard of, but we see, in the number before us, the king giving the royal assent in person to a bill that had passed through Parliament for legalizing a certain compulsory enlistment, the practical working of which may be guessed from the following special exception in it: "No bailiff's follower, or assistant, shall be deemed to have a lawful calling, so as to secure him from being levied by this act; but country laborers having a certificate shall not be liable to the levy during harvest."

During harvest only! We may add, that "the military officers," on finding

such recruits "to be proper for the service," were to pay to the churchwardens, for every recruit, a sum not less than five nor more than forty shillings, to be settled by the commissioners, "if such recruit have a wife or family!" Pleasant days these were for "country laborers" and others, married and unmarried! Yet, after all, it was only for five years that they were taken. "Recruit to be discharged after five years' service, if he requires it." Of course, if before that period he were shot, starved, or taken prisoner, he would "require" no discharge. Alas, again, for the "good old times!"

Lists of births, marriages, and deaths form the next department, and the reader will perhaps expect that in such a field there will be nothing for us to glean. But there is, though. What think you of its being common in those days to state thus publicly, though courtly, the portion of a bride?

"March 18.—Captain Dalton to Miss Isabella Wray: £10,000."

Well done, gallant captain! The Church, however, does a little better still:

"Feb. 24.—Rev. Mr. Evans was married to Miss Trumper: £12,000."

But the Bar—long wind to it!—carries off a higher prize yet. Only listen:

"Christopher Griffith of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., to Miss Chichely, with £30,000!"

In the announcements of deaths, too, the fortune left by the defunct is frequently mentioned; and in another list, that of "Ecclesiastical Preferments," the value of the livings is often appended. Military promotions from the "Gazette"—a list of bankrupts—a bill of mortality for London—and the prices of stocks and corn, bring us now to the end of the number. With regard to the bankrupts, we may observe, that Mr. Urban was apparently very careful not to declare in so many letters, and too plainly, that any of the persons named had become such; the list is headed thus—B—KR—TS, so as to screen the unfortunates in a truly effectual way. A fugitive bankrupt might, as we have seen, be hanged, but otherwise his feelings were respected, even to the extent of his misfortunes being thus transparently veiled.

The bill of mortality for the month before us contains nothing remarkable, but that for the year, published in a

supplement, presents some rather curious entries. Of these we select the following: to give the whole bill would be but a waste of space. The causes of death are divided into diseases and casualties, and we may add that the total number of them from Dec. 16, 1755, to Dec. 14, 1756, seems to have been 20,872.

DISEASES.

Aged	1512	Horseshoehead, and Water in the Head . . .	43
Asthma and Tisick	313	Leprosy	3
Bedridden	6	Lethargy	4
Choaked with fat	1	Livergrown	4
Convulsions	5718	Scald Head	0
Consumption	4459	Small-pox	1608
Evil	17	Surfeit	1
Grief	5	Tympany	0
Headache	2		
Headmouldshot,			

CASUALTIES.

Bit by mad dogs	0	Killed themselves	44
Choaked	0	Self-murder	47
Drowned	125	Stabbed	0
Found Dead	14	Starved	4

Many question and remarks are suggested by such a return. How comes it, we may for instance ask, that considerably above a fourth of the whole number of deaths are ascribed to "convulsions?" We find, it is true, that 7466 children died under two years of age. But did people really die of mere headache in those days? Is "grief" a disease? It will be observed that four persons died of starvation, and one of surfeit. Do many of our readers know what "Headmouldshot" and "Horseshoehead" are? We, for our part, did not, till we looked for the terms in a dictionary. It appears that they are diseases of children affecting the sutures of the skull. Were there actually lepers in London a century ago? Are there any now? What distinction is meant to be drawn between the forty-four cases as to which "killed themselves" is returned, and the forty-seven where "self-murder" is? Perhaps the nominal distinction was founded on the verdicts of the coroners' juries. Was the list intended to comprise all the possible causes of death, and was it thought necessary that all of them should be repeated in every list? Or else why are some causes specified from which no death actually occurred during that year—"scaldhead" and "bit by mad dogs," for instance?

But we now leave the reader to put

for himself questions of the kind on this and on the other departments of the ancient "Gentleman's." Indeed, we have throughout desired rather to present a picture of a magazine as it was a hundred years ago, than to make comments upon it. Such comments, indeed, are not needed. From the sketch we have given, our readers will, we think, be able to appreciate, not

certainly the intelligence of their forefathers, but in some measure, at least, the quantity and the quality of the mental food with which, so far as it was supplied by their magazines, they had to be content. And truly, if such were the only sign by which "the wisdom of our ancestors" should be expressed, we may flatter ourselves that, after all, we are not much inferior to them!

A PLEA FOR IDLENESS.

I HAVE a weakness for lazy men. Their quiet bosoms are not hunting-grounds of rude passions; but, rather, lakes of blest forgetfulness, calm, unruffled, and unwevered. In Le Sage's exquisite production, I own the character which led my fancy captive was that of Don Bernard de Castel Blazo—the amiable Don Bernard. The authorities had observed his lack of occupation and mysterious carriage, and thought themselves justified in believing him a spy on the state. Upon which, an alguazil one morning had nearly frightened away the wits of Gil Blas, the secretary, by a knock and summons. "Open," said the alguazil; "here is Monsieur the corregidor." "At this formidable name," says Gil Blas, "my blood froze in my veins; for I was curdled afraid of these gentlemen, since I passed through their hands; and wished that moment to be a hundred leagues from Madrid; but my patron, less afraid than I, opened the door, and received the judge with great respect." After the corregidor had explained his errand, which was to learn Don Bernard's name and business at Madrid, and also the suspicions which began to be entertained against him, "Signor," replied the Don, "I was born at New Castile, and my name is Don Bernard de Castel Blazo; with regard to my business, I divert myself in walking, frequenting shows, and enjoying the agreeable conversation of a few select friends."

How quiet, gentlemanly, rational, was such a life! In walking, while keeping the humors in due equilibrium, and thus conferring an inestimable benefit on the body, he was observing the speed and customs of his fellow-men, admiring

the architecture of that noble city, or getting a sniff of country air in the suburbs; the while improving his mind by grave and suitable reflections. Then, for relief and indulgence, behold him not unamused at some well-managed show, or in a circle of select friends conversing upon matters of art and philosophy, or the affairs of state. Such a life would Plato have approved. What were the petty cares of business, the sordid pursuits of the unaspiring crowd, to him? No ignoble, miserly soul was his.

Restraining his admiration, the corregidor pursued his inquiry. "Doubtless," said the judge, "you have a great income." "No, sir," resumed the Don, "I have neither rents, lands, nor house." "How do you live, then?" replied the corregidor. "On that which you shall see," said Don Bernard; "at the same time, he lifted up a hanging, opened a door which I had not before observed," pursues the wondering Gil Blas; "then another behind that, and carried the judge into a closet, where he showed him a great trunk filled with pieces of gold."

This looks like improvidence; at least it wears not the speculative air of money-making prudence. Your Marthas and Rothschilds would have had every one of these pieces of gold a-turning its honest penny, and bringing in a harvest of extravagant interest. But thus proceedeth the elegant and philosophical Don Bernard:

"Signor, you know that the Spaniards are enemies to labor; nevertheless, how averse soever they may be to trouble, I may safely say, that I excel them all in that particular, having a fund of laziness that renders me incap-

able of any manner of employment. If I had a mind to dignify my vices, I would call this laziness a philosophical indolence, the work of a mind weaned from everything that is most ardently pursued in life; but I will frankly own, that I am constitutionally idle; and so idle, that if I was under a necessity of working for my livelihood, I believe I should let myself die of hunger. With a view, therefore, to lead a life agreeable to my humor, to free myself from the trouble of managing my estate, and, above all things, to save myself the plague of a steward, I have converted my whole patrimony, consisting of several considerable inheritances, into ready money. In this trunk are fifty thousand ducats, more than I shall ever have occasion for, was I to live another age; for I don't spend a thousand a year, and am already turned of fifty. I am not at all afraid of what is to happen; for, thank Heaven, I am not at all addicted to any one of the three things which commonly bring men to ruin. I am not a slave to my stomach; I play only for amusement; and am quite cured of women."

After this feeling, sensible, and eloquent reply, can we wonder at the enthusiasm of the corregidor? "What a happy man you are!" he cried, no longer able to contain his admiration; "you are very unjustly suspected of being a spy, that office being very unfit for a person of your character. Proceed, Don Bernard," added he; "continue the life you now lead; and, far from disturbing your happiness, I declare myself the guardian of it. I beg the favor of your friendship and offer mine in return." "Ah, Signor!" cried the Don, "I accept the precious offer you make, with equal joy and respect; for, in vouchsafing me your friendship, you increase my wealth, and crown my felicity!"

"But there are lazzaroni," saith the reader, "who can hardly lay claim to that excellent tone of morals and philosophic cast of mind which constitute the defense of Don Bernard de Castel Blazo." True, O, my friend, all are not alike philosophers. There be some ignoble ones in this, our Castle of Indolence; men who, having the charge of keeping themselves and friends alive, will yet be hardly prevailed upon to work. And others, it shall be confessed, are horribly immoral, wretched

creatures, which do cheat and thieves, or live upon their friends in shameless and inglorious ease. Such shall never reap of the seed sown in these benevolent fields. I would point thee, reader, to the man of faculties and powers, as he doeth his utmost in order that he may swell, with needless accretion, his sufficient hoard. Is it noble to do this? is it dignified and proper? What law of nature or of Heaven hath said—"O man! thou hast not long to tarry: true, thou hast powers, faculties, feelings, thou hast, perhaps, a heart and soul; but rather than thou shouldst waste thy time in learning what thou art, be prudent, yet eager, saving, yet venturing always; for gold is thy great need?"

I would let a man dream, sometimes, and travel without a purpose. I would even have him say, "Body, carry me this day whither thou wilt; I would fain talk with myself a little." I would have him say, in the morning, "Now we will see that which the day shall bring forth. It may chance that I go and see a friend; or I may visit the poor; or I may find what nature hath in store for me; or who knoweth I will not stay at home and study what great minds have done? Perchance the time for laughter hath come: now, will I not be merry? How hath it happened I have made no journeys of late? I have been planning how I might do good, and so have lacked the time. Therefore, this day will I journey."

At night I would have him murmur, "Now do I hope I am not worse at heart than I was this morning, but rather better; and I pray I shall have less cause to be ashamed to-morrow. I know I lead an idle life, yet, not altogether idle, perhaps, except that I might be busier. I pray I may some time find myself more occupied; yet I would not forget myself, in being too much engaged." And then, I would have him go to sleep quietly, planning, perhaps, some idle occupation, for the morrow or coming week, that should prejudice no one, and, perhaps, should somewhere be a blessing. And his, I ween, should be no troubled slumber; but idle fancies, perhaps of something quiet, or the rustle of angels' wings, might not inappropriately shift their fantastic scenes, and play about his head. For this idle fellow would deserve no more.

"Good friend," saith the reader, "I can't endure to hear thee further, of this

dull and dreary life. Thine intellects, I think, must be deranged. No great man's course was ever in this fashion; it seemeth to be proper only to weak-minded, innocent men, whom their friends indulge in hopes to save them from the straight-jacket. A man of mind hath energy, is full of business, and only by rare chance is found wasting his precious hours in idleness."

I perceive, O, my friend, that my earnestness hath displeased thee. And truly, it was but a sorry picture to hold up in the face of the world. I but thought, if now this man hath never married, or his wife hath died, and being left alone he hath kept himself true to her memory—which, though, perhaps, a weak and foolish thing, a man may do—and hath no need or desire to pursue his business further; why, this man might, without much opprobrium or reproach, indulge in some of those shifts of idleness which I had the folly to mention and enumerate.

I have observed thy countenance to relax somewhat of its sternness, and am encouraged to hold out a little longer. I know thou art about to say how thankfully thou receivest my apology, in that it showed how few are the shiftless creatures to whom I referred; but do not at this point break the thread of my discourse, as such an interruption would be needless and ill-timed. Bear with me, brother, if now I venture, for the sake of my weak argument, to extend a little the pale of that idle throng whom I have taken upon me to defend. Now it is summer. I hope thou hast observed—if the cares of thy business will ever let thee—the flowers that bloom about thy daily path. Here and there, too, thou mayest have seen a little patch of green, or the leaves of the trees may have looked indifferently cool and fresh. All this is nature. In the morning paper, thou hast idly allowed thyself to read some letter from the country, which was therein described to be fresh and beautiful. At night—not, perhaps, without concern—

thou findest thyself a-thinking: "I wonder if the sight of running brooks, and the voices of birds, and the moist freshness of the woods, might not relieve this laden pressure at my brain, this general and oppressive dullness. I wonder if it would not be well to think sometimes of other things than business; if I should not profit by reading more, and thus oftener allowing a healthful weaning from this forced mental sustenance. I have dreamed sometimes of a quiet meditation in the cool shade of trees, but, to do this, should lose my time and money; so, farewell, ye idle thoughts."

If thou couldst believe, O, my friend, those thoughts have done thee no discredit, but, rather, are a whispering of thy better nature, pointing thee to no evil path; then should the weight at thy brain be eased, and thy frame become once more elastic. There should grow in thee a calm, like the waving of leaves; thy thought should flow like a stream through the meadow; and thy heart should make a melody sweeter than the music of birds. That which thou lost in money, if anything, should come back to thee in mental riches, and that chiefest of earthly valuables, self-respect. The fevered dreams of aggrandizement were well replaced by the calm hopes of a happy future.

Be, therefore, idle sometimes; but affect not a vacant idleness, an incurious dullness, or lethargic quiet. Do not fear the sneers of the merely busy: idleness, to such, is a living death—a checking of the stream at the fount. They have been educated to despise every talent but that for making money; every taste, the gratification of which might tend to lessen their sordid stores. And it may chance that, when thy health of body and mind and thy wealth of self-respect are all secure, thou shalt find thy worldly riches, too, have not diminished; and that nothing is left with which thou canst reproach thyself at any moment of thy future existence.

HISTORI.

IT was on Tuesday, the 22d of May, 1855—while the vastness of the Paris Exhibition, influencing the fashion of the time, was prompting the getting-up of plays of a hundred *tableaux*, monster concerts, and circus-spectacles of a thousand performers—that Adelaida Ristori, heralded only by the measured praises of the *Ravista Contemporana* and the conflicting reports of rumor, first presented herself before the critical areopagus of Paris, convened in the *Théâtre des Italiens* to witness the performance of Silvio Pellico's pale transcription of Dante's most passionate, most pathetic page, brought out by a *troupe* of four or five actors, in an unknown tongue, with great sobriety of decoration, and no other promise of orchestral relief than that afforded by the execution of a lugubrious overture in C minor, by a band whose poverty of numbers and of talent contrasted most unfavorably with the musical traditions of the house.

"The thing will be a failure," whispered the critics, with a shrug, as the curtain rose after this inauspicious beginning. La Ristori herself, with her charms of person, of manner, and of voice, produced a favorable impression; but the piece was so watery, the other actors were so tame and so "provincial," that the audience, through the two first acts, remained cold, uninterested, incredulous. Evidently the critics were right, and the appearance of the "Comedians in ordinary of his majesty the King of Sardinia" was doomed to be a failure.

But suddenly, in the third act, in the interview between Paulo and Francesca, a sort of electric thrill went through the house, revealing to that listless and disappointed audience the presence of a great tragedian. Every eye was now riveted to the stage; and the spectators, breathless, and completely absorbed by the intensity of passion, the irresistible pathos, the surpassing grace and tenderness of Francesca in this marvelous creation, burst forth into a tumult of applause at the conclusion of the scene. The rest of the performance was a continuous triumph. Her appearance in *La Locandieri* of Goldoni, in which she played that same night, showing herself

to be as admirable in comedy as in tragedy, was the occasion of a new ovation. Recalled over and over again after the fall of the curtain, she was overwhelmed with bravos and with flowers. The cause of the brilliant stranger was won; and, by next morning, all Paris had learned that a star of the first magnitude had risen to the zenith of the dramatic heavens.

The preëminent position thus suddenly attained by Madame Ristori has been abundantly confirmed by her success in the various characters in which she has subsequently appeared; and her reception in London and other capitals, and the enthusiasm with which her return has been greeted by the public of this usually inconstant city, have fully legitimated the verdict which has awarded to this magnificent artist an equal share in the honors of dramatic supremacy, so long the exclusive possession of her great rival, Mademoiselle Rachel.

Adelaida Ristori, now about thirty-five years of age, comes of artist-stock, and may be said to have passed her life upon the boards. Her early years were not happy; but her beauty and talent gradually improved her position, and at length paved the way to her marriage with the Marchese del Grillo, a representative of one of the oldest families of the Sardinian aristocracy. Her private life is most exemplary; and so high is her conception of conjugal and maternal dignity, that she has formed an irrevocable determination never to appear in the character of a courtesan.

In person, Madame Ristori is tall, slender, and beautifully proportioned, though somewhat thin, with the hands and feet of the Venus of Arles. Her finely-formed head, with its luxuriant brown hair, and its open, intelligent brow, is admirably placed on her fair and flexible neck; and her smooth white shoulders boast the rare median line so dear to sculptors. Her complexion is brown, but fresh; her eyebrows are black and delicately arched; and her dark hazel eyes are full of fire, of sweetness, scorn, tenderness, and mirth. Her nose is small and well shaped, and belongs to the Roman varieties of that

feature; her mouth is mobile and expressive in the highest degree; her lips are full and red; and the regularity and whiteness of her teeth give remarkable brilliance to her smile.

Her port is noble, easy, and sure; her gestures are graceful, dignified, natural, and so perfectly in harmony with the sentiment portrayed, that their apparent spontaneity completely hides the consummate art of which they are the result. Her voice, admitted by all to be the finest organ of the modern stage, is clear, penetrating, sonorous, yet full and mellow; and its inflexions, like the play of her features, of her glance, and of her movements, command the entire range of human feeling.

In the rendering of love, hate, terror, apprehension, doubt, scorn, pity, tenderness—of joy, sorrow, aspiration, or despair, she is equally successful; the rapidity and vividness with which the most opposite expressions succeed each other in her countenance being comparable only to the shifting play of colors in the diamond.

In personating a character, she identifies herself so entirely with her part, that her face flushes or pales with the varying excitement of her character; and as she never uses either paint or powder—those “lies and medicaments of the visage,” as Ovid calls them—the play of her features is thus completed in Nature’s own way. Whatever the sentiment or situation of the moment, everything that goes to make up the *ensemble* of the actress moves and speaks in unison; so that, whether portraying the complex emotions of life, or the convergent subsidence of death, she is, from head to foot, in look, voice, and attitude, the living, vibrant impersonation of her theme.

And perfect as is her command over each separate element of expression, it is still the harmonious concurrence with which all are brought to bear at once in the rendering of every thought and feeling of her part that constitutes the distinguishing quality of her acting; a remark so true, that it needs but to have heard her read a single *scena* in a drawing-room, with none of the scenic aids to dramatic effect about her, yet supplying them all by this concurrent mobility of feature, voice, and gesture, to be convinced that herein lies the chief secret of her power.

The characters in which Madame

Ristori has won her present brilliant reputation, are (besides the two already mentioned) Schiller’s *Maria Stuarda*, Alfieri’s *Mirra*, and the *Medea* of M. Ernest Legouvé, so skillfully translated for her by her accomplished countryman, Joseph Montanelli, that the Italian version of this play is far superior to the original both in beauty and in force.

To these she has now added *Ottavia*, in Alfieri’s *Nero*—a weak and tedious composition, which all the magnificence of her acting only saved from a total failure—and *Camma*, in the three-act tragedy just written for her by M. Montanelli, and in which she has achieved one of her most decided triumphs. Her repertory will be still further enlarged by the addition of *Lady Macbeth*, *Fazio*, and *Les Fausses Confidences*, which have been translated for her with special reference to her approaching engagement in London. Her new creation of *Camma*, with her *Medea*, are usually regarded as the finest of her impersonations.

Yet how touching, how tender, how exquisitely pathetic she is in *Francesca*! With what lurid splendor does her passionate love for Paulo gleam through the cloudy horror and remorse of the adulteress; and with what sublime tenacity, with a clasp that not all the fiery tears of eternity shall burn asunder—condemned by her conscience, but absolved by her heart—does she cling to this fatal, this o’ermastering affection! And in the concluding scene, how touching and how *natural* is the way in which she dies—as one who, exhausted by suffering, looks upon death as a deliverer; and as she falls expiring, with what inimitable filial grace does she draw her white robe over her wound, to hide the sight of her blood from her despairing father; and how marvelously done is the expression of calmness and repose that spreads itself, when all is ended, over the face of this fair victim of an untoward destiny!

And in *Maria Stuarda*—in the magnificent scene between the two queens in the castle-garden, which resumes the whole interest of the piece—with what admirable skill does she depict the various emotions of the wronged sister, the outraged woman, the captive queen! How perfectly does she render the conflict between the sense of injury rankling in her heart with the dictates of prudence counseling the suppression

of the upbraidings that rise to her lips; with what dignified grace of voluntary humility does she meet her stern and ungracious visitor, at once her rival, her gaoler, and her foe; with what touching gentleness does she endure the ironical compliments and rude sarcasms of Elizabeth; with what delicate womanly tact does she appeal to the womanly sympathy that must surely exist—could she but reach it—in this woman's bosom, not perceiving that the very treasures of beauty, eloquence and grace which she is pouring out at her feet, do but serve to embitter the hatred of the rival, and provoke the tyranny of the despot; and by what marvelous gradations, as this fact becomes evident to her, does she pass from supplications, which she feels to be useless, to remonstrances, which she sees to be equally vain; until, stung beyond endurance by Elizabeth's taunts, and roused to desperation by the sense of wrong, she abandons herself to the storm of passionate indignation that fills her soul, and hurls upon her haughty and implacable enemy the bolts of her scathing denunciation and defiant scorn!

In the first four acts of *Mirra*, justly characterized as "a weaker *Phédre*," we see only the nurse, Cénone, bewailing the inexplicable malady of the princess; her father, ignorant of the terrible fatality that has overtaken his child; her stupid mother; and the rejected lover, who commits suicide just when he ought to bestir himself on her behalf. But how superb she is in the last act, despite the utter repulsiveness of her part! What eloquence in the guilty eagerness with which she listens for the accents of the king—in her lamentations over the horrors of her fate—in the gleam of unholy joy that irradiates her face when her father, grieving for her illness, and comprehending nothing of the tortures to which she is a prey, takes her tenderly in his arms—and in the look, so full of scorn, of sorrow, and despair, with which she watches his retreating steps, when, the hideous truth at length discovered, he turns from her in horror, drawing her mother after him, and leaving the victim of a supernatural vengeance to die alone, unpitied, self-aborred! In her part of *Medea* it would be difficult to specify the passions most vividly portrayed—for love, jealousy, scorn, rage, hatred, tenderness, maternal devotion, and despair, all are there—or to

cite the most effective points of a creation which is living, complete, and rounded out with the breath and energy of nature from one end to the other.

Her entrance upon the scene a homeless, friendless wanderer, sustained by her boundless devotion to her absent husband, to her weary, fainting children—the ineffaceable majesty of the queen, reduced to beggary on a foreign coast—her meeting with Creusa, and the unequalled and horripilant pantomime which, at the thought of Jason's possible infidelity, transforms her into "the leopardess of the forest, when, seized on by a terrible and roaring joy, with sudden bound she falls upon her prey," and she draws herself and her imaginary victim backwards, with a crouching, beast-like movement, into an imaginary den, tearing, with stiffened claw-like fingers, slowly, gloatingly, limb from limb, the quivering and bleeding body—the transition from confidence to suspicion as the dialogue between herself and Creusa goes on—her burst of jealous fury when Jason's treason is revealed, and the gleaming triumphant scorn of her incredulous "*Vedremo!*" as she turns with the smile of an incensed Juno from her terrified and shrinking rival—offer a series of effects absolutely perfect in themselves, and so admirably coördinated, as to make of this first act a living, breathing whole, which, at once entirely natural and intensely dramatic, is, perhaps, without a parallel on the modern stage.

To recapitulate the magnificent effects of the succeeding acts would be to cite every passage pronounced by her throughout the play. Who that has witnessed it can forget the change from rapture at the sight of her long-sought husband to consternation and bewilderment as he turns coldly from her; the eloquence of her look and attitude (with that inimitable *pose* of the arms, which of itself would suffice to tell the depth of the shadow that has fallen upon her soul), and the mingling of indignation, despondency, and reproachful tenderness in her tones, as, standing unnoticed behind her faithless lord, she murmurs, "*Giasone, io son Medea!*" the energy of the "*Se li ami!*" drawn from her by Jason's insidious question; the scorn with which she unmasks his hypocrisy when he assigns his horror of the atrocities committed by her as the motive which has determined him to divorce

her, sums up, one by one, these hideous deeds, committed at his instigation and for his benefit, and defies him to sunder two destinies wedded together by such monstrous community of crime; and the transition from the fury with which, when the affections of her sons have been stolen from her by Creusa's gentleness and gifts, she drives them from her, reproaching them with their father's perfidy, and apostrophising them as "Jason's image, traitorous as their race!" to the remorseful tenderness with which she takes them back to her heart—"his children? no, her own!—sole consolation of her woes, her life, her darlings?"

Who has not felt his blood run cold at her hissing tones of concentrated rage, as she moves across the stage with the stealthy sidling gait of a hyena, glutting her vengeance with the anticipation of the moment when, "stealing thus along the wall at night, like a shadow, into her chamber, she shall plunge her dagger into the fair breast of the abhorred Greek?" Revenge struggling with pity and remorse—the resentment of the repudiated wife overborne by maternal abnegation—her utter desolation when her children are torn from her—her transports of gratitude and joy when Jason, moved by her anguish, offers to leave her one of them, and bids her choose which she will—her despair when, unable to make "a choice that, whichever she shall take, must rob her of his brother," she sees herself deprived of both, and driven forth into a widowed and childless exile—the absorption of all other feelings in the thirst of vengeance, "some unheard-of horror" that shall strike the heart of Jason through Creusa and the children—the melting away of her revengeful projects at the touch of her children's hands—her attempt to escape with them, and the concluding scene, after Creusa's death, when, driven by the populace to desperation, and having killed them rather than allow them to be torn from her by her husband's orders—to Jason's furious demand, "My sons! who killed them?" she points to him with her dripping dagger, and sternly answers, "*Thou!*" as the curtain falls—are one continuous triumph of dramatic power.

This version of the sombre tragedy of Euripides was written by M. Legouvé expressly for Mademoiselle Rachel; but

was refused by her on the ground that a part so full of horror as that of Medea was unfit for production on the stage. And she was undoubtedly justified in this refusal; for, interpreted by her, with her uncompromising severity of style, the part of Medea would have been too revolting for artistic representation. The piece was accordingly withdrawn, and remained in its author's portfolio until brought before the public by Madame Ristori. And such is the softening charm thrown by her over all the details of her part, and so skillfully does she attenuate the crimes of the barbarian princess by the vividness with which she brings out her grandeur of soul, and her passionate tenderness and devotion, and the enormity of the wrongs heaped upon her by her selfish and perfidious spouse, that "*la terribil' Medea*" is brought back into the sphere of our sympathy, and, so far from exciting our disgust, commands our pity and admiration.

The story of *Camma*—taken from Plutarch, and previously dramatised, but unsuccessfully, by Thomas Corneille and others—though highly tragic, is exceedingly simple.

Sinato, one of the two principal chiefs of Galatia, has espoused a young maiden named Camma, widely famed for her beauty, goodness, and devoted love for her husband, and, as High Priestess of Diana (*Corivena*), held in profound reverence throughout the land.

Sinoro, the other of these powerful Galatian lords, becomes violently enamoured of Camma, assassinates Sinato, and immediately pays his suit to the widow. Camma's suspicions are roused by this indecent haste on the part of Sinoro; and she regards him with aversion and horror as the murderer of her husband, whose death she has vowed to avenge, even at the cost of her own life. But though believing the murder to have been committed by Sinoro, she has no proof that such is the case; and her position as the interpreter of the will of Diana, and, consequently, as the highest judicial authority of the country, makes it incumbent on her to obtain full proof of his guilt before inflicting its punishment.

In order to obtain this proof, the widowed priestess, when Sinoro urges her acceptance of his suit, tells him that she is absorbed by a horrible but unconquerable passion: she is persuaded that

the hand which struck Sinato was guided by love of her, and she is determined to marry no other than this unknown assassin, who has proved the intensity of his love for her by committing, in the hope of winning her, a crime which, if discovered, must cost him his life. Sinoro falls into the snare; declares that, prompted by his passion for Camma, he laid in wait for her husband, and stabbed him as he passed through the myrtle-grove on his way to the Temple of Diana; confirming his statement by a wound in his arm from the dagger of Sinato, and the possession of his victim's heart, which he tore from the body after the murder, and preserves as a memento of the deed that should open for him the road to the object of his desires. Repressing her horror at this recital, Camma suffers the murderer to take her hand as a pledge of betrothal, and consents to allow the marriage to take place without further delay. The temple is accordingly decorated, the priests and priestesses are convened, for the celebration of the nuptial rite; and Camma, in her bridal-rob, retires into the inner sanctuary to prepare the marriage-cup, which she fills with poisoned hydromel. Returning to the altar, she offers a libation to the divinity of the temple; and having drunk from the fatal cup, presents it to Sinoro, who, in his guilty exultation, drains it to the dregs. Scarcely has he done so before he feels the effects of the poison, and falls into the arms of his attendants; while Camma denounces him to the assembled people as the murderer of Sinato, and calls upon Diana to witness, that, "if she had feigned to smile upon the suit of the basest of men," she has done so only in order to acquire the certainty of his crime, and to insure its punishment. After which, Sinoro is carried, dying, from the temple; and Camma, informed of his death, meets her own with exultation, rejoicing that the murder of her adored Sinato is avenged, and that she is now to rejoin him in the realms of immortality.

The part of Camma is La Ristori to the very life; and the poet has most skillfully adapted all the details of its development to her peculiar genius. Her exclamation, "*Tis he!*" when, on Sinoro's approach, she instinctively divines his crime; the transparency she gives to the mask of smiles she wears

in her interview with him, showing so marvelously the abhorrence underneath it, that the two expressions seem to be kept up simultaneously; her management of her mourning drapery in this same scene; the spasm of irrepressible horror as she gives him the hand he claims in right of his identity with the unknown object of her pretended passion, and her low cry of anticipated vengeance,—"*Monster, thy nuptial couch shall be thy tomb!*"—as he leaves her exultingly at its close; her magnificent outburst of scorn and abhorrence, when, in the marriage-scene, to Sinoro's bewildered interrogation, "*The cup . . . ?*" she answers, with flashing eye and dilating form, "*And what cup could I share with thee but the cup of poison?*" with the ring of her voice, and the imprecation of her gesture, as she cries to the astounded people, "*He killed Sinato!*" and the death-scene, with its physical tortures, overborne by the belief in immortality, and the joy of her approaching reunion with Sinato—will all be noted among the finest things in the whole range of her acting.

The presence of two artists of such transcendent merit as Rachel and La Ristori at the same time on the Parisian stage, could not fail to divide the theatre-loving public into two rival camps; each party deifying the pretensions of the other, and claiming the palm of superiority for its favorite.

But these hostilities have been of short duration; for it was soon felt, that the genius of the two great tragedians, equally unquestionable in point of fact, was of a character so opposite as to make it impossible to establish a comparison between them. Nature has been equally generous to both, though in a different way, and both possess in an equal degree the science, sentiment, and resources of their art; but the nature of their genius being essentially different, they arrive, through opposite methods, at the production of opposite effects. Thus, even in the performance of the same part—Schiller's *Maria Stuarda*, in which Rachel also has frequently appeared—the peculiar talent of each artist imparts so different a character to the same impersonation, that it is impossible to establish anything like a qualitative comparison between them.

It is now generally admitted, by

critics and public, that we cannot, by any received canons of art, decide which is the greater talent of the two; the preference accorded to the one or to the other being the result of the personal idiosyncrasy and tastes of the spectator.

Rachel may be defined as an animated statue; the most perfect incarnation ever seen of plastic art, as it has come down to us in the immortal creations of the old Greek sculptors. The contour of her small low-browed head, the pale oval of her face, the symmetrical proportions of her form, are all in the highest degree classical and statuesque; and she wears the tunic as naturally as though she had worn it from her childhood. Through persevering study, aided by the peculiarity of her mental structure, she has so thoroughly imbued herself with the traditions and spirit of ancient Greece, that every attitude and gesture is as classically correct as her appearance; and in her acting she attains, with the same completeness, the same conventional ideal.

In her delineations of the fiercer, as of the softer emotions, she never falls short of, never exceeds, the sobriety of that average of expression which is the *ne plus ultra* of sculptural truth. No weakness, no exaggeration, deforms the harmonious outline of her creations. The fire of her eye, the exquisite modulations of her voice, the majesty and grace of her movements, her magnificent bursts of tragic fury, regulated by her profound intelligence of her part, serve to fill up this outline, but are never permitted to exceed it.

For Rachel, it may be said that nature—the nature of this outer world and of humanity—does not exist. With her, art has taken the place of nature; an art, whose elements, perfectly coordinated, constitute a world by itself, with its own laws and its own coherence, its own denizens, life, interest, and beauty. But this world is not our world; its women are not women, but goddesses or demons; its terrors do not move us, its tears do not melt, nor its smiles warm us.

It is true, that in the character of Adrienne Lecouvreur (in a play founded on the history of a famous actress of the time of Louis XV.), and in that of Mademoiselle de Belleisle (a young girl of noble birth and unsullied purity,

exposed to odious and ungrounded suspicions), Rachel has proved that she can be human when she will; while, as the Leslie of M. Berthet's graceful drama, she has shown that she possesses, would she but use them, a charm and beauty equal to her power. But parts of this description are rare in her performances; and her appearance in them, though highly successful, would probably have never won for her the preëminent position she has attained in the classical creations with which she has identified her name.

Yet in witnessing her interpretations of Camille, Emilie, Phèdre, Hermione, etc., we feel that we are in presence, not of any passion or emotion, but of a most perfect representation of passion and emotion. In these purely intellectual appeals to our intelligence, we are conscious of receiving a high artistic gratification, and follow with admiring wonder these magnificent exhibitions of plastic power. But they produce no illusion, excite no emotion; we recognize the transcendent art of the actress, but, for us, the art remains art, the actress an actress.

If Rachel be the high priestess of art, compelling us to follow her into a region purely ideal, La Ristori is the interpreter of nature in the broad sphere of human life and emotion. Her creations, no less artistically perfect, are to those of Rachel as is the woman Eve to the Eve of the sculptor. They live, breathe, move, with the same life that pulses in our veins and beats in our bosoms. "Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," they stir our hearts with the "touch of nature," and waken an answering vibration in the innermost fibres of our consciousness.

Whatever the sentiment she is portraying, La Ristori says and does just what we should say and do in the same situation. Her joy, her sorrow, her anger, hope, pity, or revenge, are real human emotions; exactly such as we ourselves should feel under the same circumstances. Her smile enchants us, her tears afflict, and her indignation rouses us, for they are our own.

While Rachel, as in *Maria Stuarda*, compels the most capricious, pathetic, and touching phases of human feeling to assume the proportions of the conventional ideal she has made her own, La Ristori, as in *Mirra* and in *Camma*, avails herself even of the introduction

of the supernatural element to deepen the purely human pathos of her part.

Rachel, subordinating nature to art, so chastens every detail of her character, that no distortion ever impairs its classic contour; La Ristori, pressing

all the resources of art into the service of nature, models every portion of her acting so faithfully upon the reality of life, that, in her most impetuous, most pathetic, or most terrible delineations, she never misses, never oversteps the truth.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

THERE are moments in life when a kindly combination of circumstances rocks us into a feeling of happiness. The silence of the passions and the absence of every care render us particularly alive to enjoyment. If, now, to this comfortable repose of mind, there is added a comfortable condition, so that our pleasant sensibilities are not disturbed, the hours flow delightfully along, and our whole being decks itself in the most smiling colors.

In this situation were three beings, whom I had before my eyes. Nothing in their looks betrayed the slightest trouble, the least unrest, or any sad remembrance; the easy movement of their necks spoke rather of that virtuous pride which springs from inward peace; the gravity of their gait announced the repose of their hearts, the moral purity of their thoughts; and even when they just now slumbered in the mild light, a sweet atmosphere of innocence and peace seemed to float around them.

As to myself (evil thoughts sometimes get the better of our human nature), I held a stone in my hand for a moment. At last the wicked pleasure overpowered me, and I threw the stone into the pond. Suddenly the three heads started forth from under their wings.

They were three ducks—I forgot to mention. They were taking their mid-day rest there, while I sat on the edge of the pond, dreaming almost as happily as my peaceful companions.

In the country, the noonday hour is the hour of silence, of repose, and of dreaming. While the sun throws down its bright arrows almost perpendicularly on the fields, man and beast suspend their labor, the wind is still, vegetation droops; only the insects drone in the

hot air which they love, and make a sound like distant music, which seems only to deepen the stillness.

What was I thinking of? Of all things great and little, indifferent and agreeable. I listened to the grasshoppers, or watched the sky and the various forms of the clouds; then I turned to the trunk of a hollow willow, and considered the damp moss which was covered with almost invisible flowers. In this little world I discovered mountains, and valleys, and shady paths, in which some golden insect or busy ant wandered along. With all these objects connected itself in my mind the thought of a mysterious power, and so I felt myself gradually lifted from earth to heaven. The presence of the Creator became visible, and my heart yielded to elevated emotions.

Sometimes my eyes fastened themselves on the distant mountains, and I thought of what lay beyond them—far lands, sandy deserts, and broad seas; and then some other thought broke in upon me in my wanderings; and again, I willingly let myself be torn away from it; and from the ocean, I suddenly came back to the neighboring hills or into my immediate surroundings.

I happened to cast a look on the old parsonage, which stood some fifty steps from the pond behind me. This occurred every time, especially, that the hand of the steeple-clock had almost completed its hour's course, and I was, every second, expecting to see, in the bow-shaped openings, the hammer ascend back against the blue sky, and fall back on the brazen bell. I listened with especial pleasure to the gradual dying away of the bell-stroke, until it wholly ceased with its harmonious vibration in the still air.

Then I thought of the parsonage and

its peaceful inmates, and on *Louise*. I let my head sink down on my arm, and rioted in a thousand recollections of a world known only to my own heart.

These recollections concerned only the plays, pleasures, and rural pastimes in which our childhood had passed away. We had made gardens, kept birds, made bonfires, driven the cows to pasture, ridden the donkey together, gone a-nutting, and tumbled in the hay. There was not a cherry-tree in the orchard, nor a peach-tree on the south wall of the parsonage, which was not distinguished from all others in the world by a thousand remembrances which it brought with it with every year's fruits. For the little girl (a child will yield to temptations sometimes) I had purloined the first ripe fruit in the gardens of the neighborhood; I had contended with dogs, and watchmen, and the village police. I was incorrigible, for she loved the fruitlings of the orchard. At that time I lived only in the present, scrambling about, and climbing every tree. I laughed little, and dreamed still less, unless, perhaps, now and then at night about the constable.

But, on the day of which I speak, I certainly was not occupied with the old watchman. Besides, he was dead; and as his successor had oftener met me wandering by myself on the shores of the pond, than spying after the first ripe fruit, he had formed a very favorable opinion of me. The man had concluded that my fondness for the inhospitable shore of the duck-pond had quite another ground than a longing for the fruit intrusted to his care.

Indeed, in spite of the barrenness of its shores, I had conceived an affection for this little puddle with its forlorn willow. By-and-by, this little spot became indispensable to me, for I had satisfied myself that, at the noonday hour, I should meet no one there but the three ducks, whose quiet society suited me much, since their presence had become associated with my dreamings, which would have been incomplete without them.

I must say, too, that a singular change had come over me. For some time I had found greater pleasure in thinking of *Louise* than in being with her.

This change had taken place I know not how; we were still ever the same beings, who hitherto had known no other aim than to seek each other out, and chat, and play, and run about together, only I had sometimes seen a sudden blush fly over her countenance, a greater shyness, more earnestness even in her laugh, a graver look; and a certain reserve had taken the place of her careless gladness and childish abandonment. This mysterious alteration had gone to my very heart. Although I had known her ever since I was able to think, I felt now as if I had only just now become acquainted with her. Hence arose a sort of embarrassment when I was near her. Just about this time my visits to the pond began, where, for hours long, in the company of her image I forgot myself; and here it was my greatest delight to fling myself back into the past, in order to array all these before-mentioned remembrances in that charm, so new to me, in which she now appeared. I brought these remembrances to mind one by one, not forgetting the least, transferring to them the new feeling of my heart, and living over again all those pleasant days of our country life. I felt myself penetrated with a delight from which I could not separate myself.

I received a visitor. It was a sparrow, who boldly perched upon the willow right before me. I like sparrows, and always take them under my protection. It betokens some magnanimity to do this in one who lives in the country, where all the world drives them away, and conspires against their rogue's way of life; for their crime, which they commit every day, is, that they devour the seed.

This one and some three or four others I knew, and had joined with them against the selfishness of mankind. Just as the grain was ripening, a pole had been stuck up in the field with an old hat upon it, and a few rags that fluttered in the wind. The birds looked at the field, but for all the grain in the world they would not have ventured to touch a single grain so long as that magisterial personage kept watch there. What followed? Whenever I went along the edge of the field to my favorite spot, I always plucked some of the heads of the grain, not only without compunction,

but with a secret pleasure. I scattered them around me, and saw, with inexpressible satisfaction, how the birds flew down to this modest repast, and picked the seeds almost from my hand. . . . And as I returned homeward and passed the scarecrow, I could hardly refrain from expressing my contempt.

The sparrow did not rest long upon the willow, but flew down close by the spot where the ducks lay. These were mistresses in their pond, and did not consider it proper to allow themselves to be disturbed by a sparrow. In their sense of the indignity, they made long necks, and ran with a cry towards the light-winged bird, who was instantly off and away with a seed in his bill, cutting swiftly along under the very nose of the scarecrow.

But the music from the bills of the ducks—and this, I trust, happened not through any turn for satire in me, but only through the association of ideas—the somewhat rough music of my three companions, brought to mind our head-singer in the church, the Cantor of the village. What makes it very probable that no malice led my thoughts that way, was the circumstance that I did not like to think of this man, and I banished him as much as possible from my memory, so much did I love my own quiet. I had become acquainted with him almost wholly through fear, shame, wrath, and even hatred and other hateful passions, which, but for him, had long continued strangers to me.

He passed for a just man; I felt bound to consider him unjust. They called him severe; I found him savage; and I had my reasons for it, although they only concerned me personally. Out of his love of justice, he had published my offenses in the hearing of the respectable people of the village, and of my foster-father himself, and got me the reputation of an incorrigible rogue. In consequence of his severity, he had not allowed himself to be contented with scolding me, but more than once he had brought me acquainted with the strength of his arm and the breadth of his hand. Such things must, of course, have had an influence upon my opinion of him. Had I only lived with him, I might, perhaps, have become accustomed to him, and considered

his treatment of me as the consequence of his virtuous indignation, as, truth to say, I was hardly ever wholly free from blame. I happened to know other people; and the indulgent kindness of one other who stood near to me contrasted so strongly with the so-called virtue of the Cantor, that the latter was very disagreeable to me. There existed for me two kinds of justice and virtue—the one hard, angry, and repelling; the other tender, patient, and very lovable.

But I had another much weightier reason for being out of humor with the Cantor. As I had now grown larger, he no longer had recourse to his former manual methods of correction, but his ill-temper vented itself in violent rebukes and auspicious insinuations, which at last deeply wounded my self-esteem. In some degree I deserved them; for, as the pastor was a man from whom I concealed nothing, I did not consider myself bound to confess everything to the Cantor; and, while I acquit myself of everything like lying and falsehood, I certainly was somewhat reserved towards him, out of malice. Shortly before, I had stirred his wrath in this way, and been cruelly punished for it. A mysterious word escaped him, that not only betrayed his purpose to crush me with his contempt, but startled me out of the happy security I had till that moment enjoyed.

Upon an occasion when I had undertaken to defy his wrath by contrasting his conduct with the gentleness and patience of my foster-father, he had said to me—"He is much too kind to such a *foundling* as thou art!"

Full of consternation, I had fled to the loneliest corner, to recover myself from my distress at this terrible word.

From that time I avoided his presence, and my happiest days were those when his field labors called him away from our neighborhood. Then returned all the boyish freedom from care that shed its magic over all my plans, and I forgot even the unhappy words that had wounded me so deeply.

When, at times, I thought that this man was the father of Louise, to my astonishment I felt in my heart an involuntary reverence for him, and even his harsh bearing appeared then no hindrance to my love for him. I even went further; the more he repelled me, the

more advisable it seemed to me, through devotion to him and a self-sacrificing kindness, to heal the breach that separated him from me; and while I now saw such happy days, free from all hate, glancing towards me out of the future, I yielded to the impulse of my heart, and in my loneliness really loved the formidable man.

Thinking thus about the Cantor, I had thrown myself flat on my back, and covered my face with my hat to protect myself from the sun.

As I lay there I felt something crawling on the end of the thumb of my right hand, as it lay on the ground. When one is all alone, everything becomes an event. I raised myself partly up to see what it was. It was a beautiful little red beetle, with a black spot on its back. It was evidently bound upon exploring the wonders of my hand, as it passed on its journey. I took a straw with the other hand, and formed a nice little bridge for it from my thumb to my forefinger, and had the satisfaction of seeing the beetle step upon it. But now an event followed which rarely happens in this world: the bridge turned over with its passenger, who still clung to it. I righted it, and he arrived happily on the end of my forefinger, which was blackened with ink.

This inkspot arrested my attention, and brought to mind my foster-father.

He was the pastor of a little flock that lived scattered around the old parsonage. As a child, I had known him as a father. When, after a while, I observed that he bore a different name, I called him, with others, Mr. Prévère. But, when that word of the Cantor's revealed to me a secret, upon which I began to think, Mr. Prévère became to me quite another man—something more venerable than a father even. There came to be associated with the confiding love which his tenderness had inspired a secret awe, a timid, shrinking reverence. The poor but kindly man continually stood before me, as he watched over my forsaken cradle. Then I would think of him; how he excused my faults, and smiled on me in my plays; how indulgently he checked me, and how he often created in me the bitterest remorse by a sad look or a troubled expression of countenance. It particularly touched me to remember with what tender care

he strove to prevent any one from shrugging his shoulders at my origin. The thought that he had kept the secret for so many years, and never sought, by revealing it, to establish a stronger claim upon my gratitude, filled me with the liveliest emotions of respect and love.

But, while I felt myself ever drawn more and more closely to him, I became more and more restrained in expressing my feelings towards him. Several times I was on the point of falling on his neck to thank him; then he would have seen by my tears and my emotions what I did not dare to say to him, or wanted words to express; but his presence always put a stop to the outburst of my feelings, and I remained, when near him, dumb and awkward, and apparently colder than usual. Vexed with myself, I sought solitude. And there I thought of a thousand opportunities of opening my heart to him; the right words came readily enough; then I uttered aloud the most affectionate speeches. Oftentimes (I confess it with reluctance) I found pleasure in wishing I were dangerously ill, that I might call the reverend man to my bedside, and beseech him, in terms which the near approach of death would make more tender and moving, to forgive all my faults, and thank him with my whole heart for all his trouble and kindness, and bid him a last farewell. Dissolved in melancholy tenderness, I could, in fancy, see the tears flowing down his cheeks.

There was yet another, and, indeed, as strange a method, which I thought of, although I did not thereby accomplish my purpose. To the person whom I saw every day, and could speak to at any moment, I resolved to write a letter. This plan appeared to me at first most excellent. I shut myself up, and wrote several letters; the one that pleased me best I put in my pocket to hand to my foster-father at the first opportunity. But, whenever I felt this letter in my pocket, I got out of the way of Mr. Prévère as quickly as possible; if I accidentally met him alone, I grew red all over, and, while he was speaking to me, I kept my hand in my pocket, and crushed the letter which contained what I so longed to say to him.

It was not, however, in the compai-

tion of such a letter that I had got the inkpot on my finger, but rather in writing the following epistle :

"DEAR MR. PREVÈRE,—I write to you, because I do not trust myself to speak to you. Several times I have come to you with the purpose of speaking, but, when I had you before my eyes, the words have died upon my tongue, and yet I longed to open to you my inmost heart.

"For a half-year past, dear Mr. Prévère, ever since the walk to the mountains, from which I and Louise returned so late, I am not the same being, for nothing interests me but what relates to *her*. I fear that I have often seemed to you negligent and idle. It has happened so against my will, dear Mr. Prévère. You may depend upon it, and you have no idea how I have tried to be otherwise; but in the midst of all my endeavors comes this, and much else that I wish to say to you, and that, I fear, you will think very wrong. Now that I have opened my heart, I feel courage to say more, if you should question me.

"CHARLES."

This letter I read over repeatedly at the duck-pond, and was almost resolved to deliver it that very day.

I had gone one evening of the previous harvest-time, with Louise, in search of the cows, which, during that beautiful season, grazed on the mountains. We took the way through the woods, springing with many a childish jest up the mountain-path, and stopping at every trifle that caught our eyes. We paused to try the echoes, and when the mysterious voice struck our ears, startled, we looked in silence at each other, as if we had a third person with us in the woods; when we would set out and run, and laugh out bravely at our fears.

We came to a brook not to be passed with dry feet. Immediately, I proposed to carry Louise over, as I had done a hundred times before. She held back, and while I looked at her with wonder, a lovely blush overspread her countenance, and I, too, became embarrassed, and blushed also. It was a new, unknown kind of shame that forced us both to cast down our eyes. I was about to put some large stones across for a bridge, when I thought I saw, by her embarrassed movements, she pre-

ferred to take off her shoes, and accordingly I proceeded over the brook.

I soon heard the plashing of her steps behind me, but I knew not what the shame was that kept me from looking back; I was afraid to meet her eyes. As if we understood each other, she, too, avoided my looks, while she came and stepped by my side; and so we waded silently through the water, and went on, forgetting the cows, and turning into a path which led back to the parsonage.

In the mean while the night had spread over the scene, and the stars twinkled in the sky. Distant sounds, or the near monotonous cry of the cuckoo, alone interrupted the silence of the evening. In places where the woods stood less thick, we saw the moon glimmering. We wandered on through the darkness, where we could hardly distinguish the path. Louise walked at my side. At any slight rustling in the bushes, she would involuntarily catch at my hand; then, all the embarrassment I was beginning to feel when nearer to her vanished; manly courage took its place; only my heart beat with a strange joy.

In the situation in which we found ourselves, this was in a manner the way out of our embarrassment, and we enjoyed something of the sweet feeling that comes from reconciliation. For me there was a peculiar charm in regarding her as needing my protection, and myself as the guardian of her timid steps. I availed myself of the darkness, in which she could not read in my countenance the movement of my heart, to look continually towards her, without being vexed if I could not distinctly see her. Only it made her more present to me, and I enjoyed, in a higher degree, the emotion that so completely filled me.

Thus we reached the edge of the woods, and stepped out again under the sky, and in the full moonlight. New embarrassment—for now I had no good reason to keep hold of her hand, and I was afraid of seeming cold again, and affected if I withdrew mine. I felt a slight motion in her fingers; drawing my own conclusions therefrom, I felt my own fingers tremble, and fell into a most anxious embarrassment. Happily, we came to a place in the hedge which we must get over. So I let Louise's hand go, after having experienced, in

the liveliest manner, sensations never felt before.

Shortly thereupon we entered the parsonage.

While I was just about to read over again my letter, I heard a window of the parsonage open behind me, and looked round. I saw Mr. Prévère standing at the window observing me. Instantly I tore up my letter, like all the earlier ones.

Mr. Prévère stood with folded arms, buried in thought. He did not call to me. So I had seen him standing before me and Louise, when he heard our lessons. He had his hat on, and was dressed as usual when he was going out. Hoping that he would soon turn away from the window—it embarrassed me not a little, to fancy myself watched—I resolved to sit myself down again, as I would not, by leaving the spot, let him see my annoyance.

Luckily now appeared a friend of mine, who had already often rendered me distinguished services.

It was Sancho, our dog. He could not, indeed, be called handsome, yet he had a sensible countenance, and a true-hearted cordiality, and an off-hand boldness in his manners, that made his friendship valuable. From under the black, shaggy hair that hung round his head, a pair of eyes sparkled, whose somewhat wild look took towards me alone a humble and obsequious expression. Besides, for his size he was very courageous, and involved himself in all sorts of affairs. In the previous autumn, a few days after our walk, he was glorious among the sheep, but he came home with one ear the less, which gained him great esteem in the village.

So he sought me out. I stood up, as if I wished to caress him, and showed myself ready to follow him whichever way he might run, in order to be able to resume my thoughts in some other place unobserved.

Not far from the duck-pond stood an old wall, under the terrace upon which the peaceful parsonage rose, surrounded by linden and nut-trees; mosses, lichens, and a multitude of other plants covered this old wall, which one could with difficulty reach on account of the trees and bushes, which, in this lonely spot, grew tangled and twisted with one another. In some places higher up,

the ground was bare of trees, and formed little shady enclosures.

Into one of these recesses I retired. The dog had sprung on before me, snuffing about and soaring the birds. As soon as I was seated, he took his seat before me, and appeared to ask what was to be done next.

I was thinking upon that point, too, for I thought I heard close by a slight rustling. I rose immediately, bent aside the pliant branches which prevented my seeing, and descried—the Cantor, who lay stretched upon the grass, taking his noonday siesta.

I looked at him for a while, arrested by a peculiar curiosity. It attracted me to observe such a harmless expression upon a countenance which otherwise seemed so different to me. At the sight of his calm features, my thoughts seemed to grow purer, and my usual repugnance to him seemed to melt away into respect. I drew myself softly back, but a slight movement arrested me suddenly against my will.

The Cantor wore a frock-coat of coarse black cloth, with two large outside pockets; out of one of them I had observed a paper, in the shape of a letter, sticking. I knew not how the strange fancy happened to strike me, that between this paper and the thoughtful position in which I had just seen Mr. Prévère some connection existed; but vague as the fancy was, it stimulated my curiosity.

I advanced, then, but my heart beat like a guilty creature's. I trembled at the slightest rustling of the leaves, and every now and then I paused and looked up, as if I feared some one was lurking up among the branches of the trees; then I turned quickly to the Cantor. His short black hair, his strong, muscular neck, the hard lines of his sun-browned face, inspired me with a mysterious terror, and the thought that he might suddenly awake, set me trembling.

In the mean while, Sancho, who might well be misled by my expectant and excited manner, made himself ready for a spring; raising his paws and his nose, he plumped down upon a spot where a lizard was running through the leaves. I stood motionless with fear.

I was so alarmed, that I should have slipped away, had not a new circumstance excited my curiosity in the highest degree. I was so near to the Can-

tor, that I recognized the handwriting of Louise on the paper.

As the noise which the dog made had not disturbed the sleeper, I lost my fear, and even grew bold. Only I was vexed with Sancho, and gave him to understand by signs that he must keep still. But, as I found that he considered the affair as a joke, I discontinued my signs, as I found he was about to bark and spring upon me.

I advanced a step. The letter was not folded up in due shape. The Cantor must have just been reading it, as his spectacles lay near by on the grass.

But what was my delight when I read the address, in Louise's hand: *To Mr. Charles*. My impulse was to take possession of the letter as my property, my costliest treasure. But when I considered what consequences such a step might have, I hesitated, and the Cantor being slightly disturbed by a fly round his nose, I gave up the attempt, and contented myself with trying to peep into the letter, keeping an eye to the flies. One fly caused me monstrous trouble. He was forever alighting upon the nose or the eyebrows of the sleeping man. When Sancho saw the pains I took with the flies, he was for making ready to catch them. So I let the flies go, and turned to the letter, keeping watch, however, on the dog.

I began softly to blow it open, so that I could see the words at the end of the lines. The first words I made out, little as I understood them, filled me with surprise. They were, "*this letter*" . . . "*will be far away*" . . .

Further I could see nothing. I thought I must be mistaken. Who was to be far away? Why was somebody to be far away? I was lost in conjectures. In the hope that the endings of the succeeding lines would give me light, I resumed my labor, but with scantier results. For, as the paper was crumpled, all that was visible of the remainder was a letter or two.

At last I succeeded in getting the paper sufficiently open to disclose the beginnings of the lines. And soon I experienced the liveliest delight that ever thrilled through my soul. The words did not, indeed, afford a complete meaning, but it was all the better for that, as I saw enough to conjecture the rest.

"Yes, Charles," it said, "I reproach myself for it; but the more I felt my-

self drawn to thee, the more an insurmountable obstacle seemed to place itself in the way, when I wished only by the slightest signs to betray the secret of my heart. But, now, dear friend—"

Here tears blinded my sight. I had to pause for a while. But I turned to the letter again, and carefully opened the leaves with my fingers, in order to read further—and now, as if everything had conspired on that day to throw me into a dream of enchantment, I cried, within, a lock of her hair.

At this moment, the Cantor suddenly raised his head—I threw myself flat on the ground.

I saw no more, it seemed as if my breath would forsake me for very fear. Sancho was startled at my sudden fall, and came and licked my face. I gave him a blow on his nose that made him yelp outright. Shame and embarrassment almost choked me, and my only resource was to pretend to be asleep.

As soon as my eyes were shut, I did not dare to open them again. In the silence that succeeded, I perceived that the Cantor did not move; but never thinking that he could have fallen asleep again, I imagined that he was kneeling at my side, bending over my face, and watching with suspicious eyes to see my eyelids open, in order to catch me in my trick. I fancied I saw his hand raised, and heard him break out in his rough way. This idea paralyzed me. With shut eyes I lay motionless, given up to the most disagreeable bewilderment.

At last I took heart, and opened my eyes a very little, but soon shut them again. This attempt I repeated, until I got my eyes wide open, and even turned my head. The Cantor was sound asleep again; he had only changed his position.

Just as I was about to rise, as ill-luck would have it, a wagon came rattling along the road near by; Sancho darted off, jumping over the Cantor. Instantly I fell dead asleep again.

The Cantor was disturbed in his rest, and murmured something about the stupid cattle. I expected my turn would come next. As, however, his voice grew weaker, I began to have hopes, when suddenly something came down plump on my leg. It was a pret-

ty severe blow, but I only feigned to be more sound asleep.

I had time for conjectures, for the old terror kept my eyes fast closed. At last I became aware that the animal had a perceptible warmth; the dilemma was intolerable. I looked out: it was the great brawny hand of the Cantor that lay carelessly on my leg.

Now I was caught like a mouse in a trap. I could not stir forwards or backwards; nevertheless, fear lent me courage; as the Cantor did not move, I began, with some little composure, to think of some way of relieving myself from this cruel situation. Suddenly I heard a loud voice calling Charles. It was Mr. Prévère.

At the same moment Sancho returned, leaping over the Cantor, and barking the while.

The Cantor got up, and I too. His first movement at the sight of me was to feel for the pocket which contained the letter; then we looked at each other.

"You here!" cried he.

"Charles! Charles!" called Mr. Prévère. When the Cantor heard the voice, he checked himself, saying to me, "Go now; we will soon put an end to the thing!"

Trembling in every limb, I flew from his presence.

I wished to take a circuit, to win time; for I felt that my face must have indicated a disturbance in which I could not trust myself to appear before Mr. Prévère. But at the edge of the wood he stood before me.

"I have been seeking you, Charles," said he; "take your hat, and we will have a walk together."

Here again I was thrown into not a little embarrassment, for my hat I had left lying near the Cantor, and having just escaped from his terrible look, I did not care to trust myself near the fire again. However, there was no help for it; I went back, but I all but started at the sight of the Cantor, as he stood under the trees, silently observing me. He came towards me, handed me my hat, saying, in a low, gentle tone, "Here it is. Go now."

I took it, and left him, wondering at his unusual mildness, which was unalloyed by a single gleam of wrath.

I joined Mr. Prévère, and we moved away. At his side all my excitement

subsided; but the more I recovered my composure, the more an anxiety of another sort rose within me. The unusual demeanor of the Cantor, the depressed look of Mr. Prévère, the present unexpected walk—all seemed to be mysteriously connected.

Mr. Prévère walked on in silence. At last I cast a stolen look at his face, and saw a troubled expression there, which had the instant effect to make me forget my own embarrassment. Thus restored to entire composure, I began to feel that I should be able now to tell him what was in my heart. The thought that this man, so worthy of all happiness, had some sorrow of his own, made me now for the first time quite courageous, as I fancied that I might help him, and that he would not refuse to communicate his troubles to me.

"If you have anything on your heart, Mr. Prévère," said I, reddening, "will you not believe me worthy to share it with you?"

"Yes, Charles," he replied, "I have something on my heart, and I will confide in thee. I hold thee worthy to know how I comfort myself with the hope that thou wilt bear it bravely. But let us go a little further," he added.

These words disturbed me, and a thousand conjectures crossed my mind. At the same time there came a feeling of pride, for the confiding words of Mr. Prévère increased my respect for myself.

Arrived at the foot of the mountains, Mr. Prévère paused. "We will stop here," said he, "as we are now alone."

It was a beautiful spot, shaded by huge nut-trees, whence one could look far and wide over the fields, which here appeared as broad plains, and these were divided off by numerous hedges, in some places undulating, and covered with bushes; the Rhine flowed through them. Here and there a church-tower marked the site of a village, and near us scattered herds were grazing. On this spot we sat down.

"Charles," said Mr. Prévère, quietly, "if you ever think of your age, you will not be surprised at what I am going to say to you. The time of your childhood is past, and as you now spend your youth, your future career will be determined. Your character must now be formed by knowledge of the world and intercourse with your equals; new

studies must enrich your mind and develop your talents, that you may, by-and-by, according to your abilities, take the place which Providence has assigned you here below. . . . But, my dear son, no longer here in this humble situation—"

I looked at him with alarm;

"No longer, Charles, with me will you find this new nourishment for your mind. We must part."

At these last words, Mr. Prévère's voice broke, and for a while he was silent, while I, given up to a conflict of feelings, remained motionless. But soon he resumed:

"The duties that bind me here prevent me from accompanying you, and guiding your first steps, as I wished. But perhaps it is better for you, Charles, to pass from the hands of a too-indulgent friend into those of one more capable. What I have wanted in ability to direct you, will, fortunately for you, be possessed by another. I shall not grudge him the power to do what I would gladly do myself. This man, whom you will learn to revere, is a friend of mine. He lives in Geneva, my native city; he will take you into his house. You will then have before your eyes the example of virtues which you cannot find here, where the simple and uneventful course of life presents no occasion for the higher qualities. It is hard, dear child, to part with you, but I shall be less sorry if you yourself see the necessity of our separation. Only do not deceive yourself; look beyond your present inclinations, and never forget that we must render an account of whatever, according to our situations and our means, we have neglected to do for our own improvement, as well as for our fellow-creatures."

As Mr. Prévère ended, painful regrets and deluded hopes oppressed my heart; I was deeply moved by his words. I could not answer him. I strove only to keep back the tears that streamed from my downcast eyes.

He saw my distress, and continued: "Besides, Charles, you have a couple of years yet, before you must choose your course in life. After you have sufficiently improved your talents, you will be free to choose a brighter lot than the city may offer you; or content yourself with a simple, retired life, such as you see me leading here. I trust Providence will bring us together again; and,

should you be disposed to my calling, I may deliver over to you the charge of the little flock whose love you possess already."

At these last words, a bright ray of joy fell upon my heart. I fancied he alluded to my dearest wishes, and instantly my depression gave way to the liveliest animation. I felt myself inflamed with an ambition unknown before; separation, study, privations, all seemed easy and desirable when I was to become worthy of Louise, and to return home and devote to her my whole life.

"Mr. Prévère," I said, made bolder by these thoughts, "if I have rightly understood you, your words favor my warmest wishes; but do you think that I can do this, and that I may cherish the hope that Louise will one day share my lot, and with me live here with you? Oh, Mr. Prévère, if I could hope that this was to be the reward of all my exertions, what would a couple of years be to obtain it, and how could I call that a sacrifice, which already seems to me the brightest hope of my life!"

As I uttered these last words, I saw a cloud gathering on Mr. Prévère's countenance; a reply seemed to be hovering on his lips, which he was not willing to give. After some hesitation, he said, sadly, "No, Charles, I will not deceive you; you must give up this idea. Take courage, my son. Louise will say the same; would you have her still think of you, when the question is between you and obedience to her father?"

"Obedience to her father!" A terrible light broke upon me. Now all was clear—Mr. Prévère's sadness, the unusual behavior of the Cantor, and the whole letter. "To her father!" repeated I, bitterly; "that man has always hated me—"

"Charles," said Mr. Prévère, interrupting me, "his will, his authority over his daughter must be sacred to us. Especially, my good child, we must take care that we are not unjust in attributing to him dispositions which are far from his heart. Let us not try to pry into his reasons, which may be erroneous, without being on that account unjust."

At these words my mind grew yet clearer. "I know them," I exclaimed—"I know his reasons! Ah, Mr. Prévère, ah, my benefactor, my father, my

only friend on earth!—I am a foundling!" And I fell on my knees before him, and buried my face, sobbing, in his hands. Soon I felt how his tears flowed too, and the force of my despair was broken.

We continued silent for some time. My excitement gave way to a more subdued feeling, and when I raised my wet eyes to Mr. Prévère, I felt my thoughts completely changed.

Deep emotion was expressed in his whole countenance, and I saw in him the violent conflict between his self-command—which, notwithstanding his tenderness of heart, was great—and the strength of his feelings. My words seemed at one blow to have robbed him of the fruit of all his unwearied efforts to guard my youth from every shade of humiliation. Oppressed with the weight of this sudden discovery, he seemed to pity, from his inmost heart, the lot of the boy whom he had taken into his heart from mere compassion, and whom he had learned to love with his whole soul. I saw how, even at a sacrifice of the openness which he so much loved, he had striven to avert that sorrow from me; I saw the cause of his embarrassment, and now, as it became evident to me that by my violent exclamations I had pained him deeply, I was pierced with the most poignant regret, and I broke forth with—"Mr. Prévère, oh, Mr. Prévère, pardon me! How badly have I used this blessed opportunity of telling you, out of the fullness of my heart, how fervently I love you! Pardon me. You shall see by my conduct the sincerity of my repentance. I will strive to avail myself most diligently of all that in your kindness you have done for me. I will love your friend, Mr. Prévère; every day will I thank God on my knees, that he consigned me to your care—that he has made me the happiest of children. I will forget Louise; I will try to love her father. This very evening I will start."

While I thus spoke, the pain of my foster-father seemed gradually to be alleviated, and a faint beam of joy glimmered through his tears. At the expression of my gratitude to him, the pale cheeks of the modest, lowly man grew red; but when my voice broke from emotion, he seized my hand, and pressed it with a heartiness which convinced me of his satisfaction, and even

of his esteem. We rose in silence, and turned our steps to the parsonage.

I would gladly have met Louise, but she did not appear. Even the Cantor did not show himself, and the place was solitary. I perceived that I alone had not known what was before me, and went up into my little chamber to pack up a few things; the remainder were to be sent after me.

A little drawing by Louise, which she had given me a day or two before, and I had hung on my wall, I took down; it represented the duck-pond and its vicinity, with the pasture and the scarecrow. I folded it up, and put it in the Bible which Mr. Prévère had given me on the day of my first communion. These two things should be my remembrancers of all that I loved and venerated on earth.

Mr. Prévère came up to me. We were both so moved, that, with a mutual understanding, we hesitated to say farewell, and spoke of indifferent matters. At last he handed me something wrapped up in paper; it was two louis d'ors and some small pieces of money. Then he spread out his arms, and I fell upon his neck, and we wept together in a long embrace.

It was about seven o'clock when I left the parsonage. The bright beams of the setting sun only increased my grief. I passed the pond, and looked into it. It seemed desolate, indeed; only with some envy, I beheld the three ducks, who were passing the evening of their days in peace in the spot where they rested so quietly. I thought of the pleasant hours I had spent in their company, and I left them with the liveliest feeling of regret. Soon I reached the highway.

Now, at last, I felt myself completely cut off from the parsonage, and all alone in the world. To the acute feeling of regret there succeeded now a depression of mind which was even more bitter. Loosened from all my remembrances and my hopes, from all the objects which had been so closely bound up with my life, I found myself on the way into a new world—to a populous city, and my heart was in such a state, that I would rather have betaken myself to an uninhabited desert. I felt no life around me; all behind me was cut off, and before me everything appeared

in a hateful light. Even the inanimate objects about me—the hedges and the meadows which I passed—looked no longer as before; and, shunning the sight of them, I hastened my steps, in the hope that I should feel better when the country became less known. I was to pass through the village; but, as I saw some people sitting at their doors, enjoying the evening coolness, I turned into a footpath which led outside the village, and so came upon the old donkey belonging to the parsonage, which was grazing in a meadow.

The beauty of the evening, the landscape so varied and so lovely at that season of the year, and the sight of the long-eared old servant, who, under my leading, had so often borne Louise, all wrought powerfully upon my imagination, calling forth a host of early recollections, and gradually filling up again my empty heart. Now I thought over the morning of that very day, of my reverie at the duck-pond, of Mr. Prévère, of the Cantor, and lastly of that letter in which Louise had opened her heart. At the thought of those dear lines my heart leaped for joy. I felt, for a moment, happy once more, and forgot that every step was taking me far away from the young maiden in whom my very life was bound up.

I had reached the top of a small elevation. Before descending on the other side, I cast a look towards the parsonage, which was soon to be lost from my sight. The setting sun edged with purple the tops of the lindens and the old pointed roof of the mansion, while a bluish shadow threw its soft coloring over the valley which separated me from the place.

In the cool of the evening the blades of the grass stood up again, the buzz of insects was hushed, and already night-birds began to appear. From the distance came a solitary voice singing, or the lowing of a cow, or the rattling of a wagon; all this announced the end of the day's labor, gently introducing the repose of rural life, and preceding the profound silence of night. Gradually daylight vanished from these sweet valleys, and the smiling colors of the meadows melted in the pale twilight. I felt myself moved at the sight, and I sat down on the side of the way. As I was about to leave the spot, I felt as if under an irresistible spell, by which the

pictures hovering before my mind were repeating all the past, and dissolving my anguish in soft, melancholy emotion.

At this moment it struck eight in the church-tower. The well-known sound, filling my ears, transported me into the neighborhood of my old asylum. It was as if I found myself among my loved ones, as if I sat with them as I was wont to do at this hour, on the old terrace, where we spent the beautiful summer evenings, while we carried on our pleasant talk, which Mr. Prévère exalted by his sensible and impressive words. Especially dear had these moments become to me after a new feeling had given a deeper earnestness to my thoughts, and the idea of an all-bountiful God mysteriously connected itself with that of a young maiden of heavenly purity. At such hours, the darkness veiled our features from each other, and our mutual timidity yielded to an unforced freedom, so that, as we sat together on the same bench, the night betrayed neither our feeling of shame nor of joy. Then I had felt the folds of her dress touching my hand, or her breath on my cheeks, and I could conceive of no greater happiness.

A wagon approaching from the other side of the hill awoke me from my dreaming. I rose to pursue my way. For some moments I had lost sight of the parsonage, and I was very sad. I passed the wagon, but when I again looked back, it had disappeared. Again I was all alone, and my tears flowed. I came to a green spot; I threw myself on the grass, and sobbed outright. The image of Louise stood before me. "Ah, Louise!" I murmured, reproachfully, "Louise—you loved me—Louise! Why did I ever know you?—And you, Mr. Prévère—" I lay a long time silent, and, in weaving a thousand plans, my tears ceased.

When I again arose, night had long covered the scene, and only the far-off rushing of the river was heard. The village where I was to spend the night, at a friend of Mr. Prévère's, was yet five or six miles distant. Suppose no one should be awake, and I should be forced to disturb the people in their sleep! But the thought of seeing any one was intolerable to me. I began to think it practicable to spend the night on the spot where I was. The next day (Sunday) I might start before day-

break, and reach the city on the evening of the same day, without having anything to do with any one but myself. This plan suited well with the state of my mind. I resolved to put it into execution, and examined the hedges for a good spot on which to pass the night.

While thus occupied, it occurred to me whether it would not be better to be somewhat nearer the parsonage. The thought, however, that I might hardly justify, by yielding to this suggestion, the good opinion which Mr. Prévère entertained of me, moved me to give up the idea. Nevertheless, I involuntarily wandered slowly back, with many misgivings, until I actually found myself near the duck-pond.

How was everything changed there! Instead of finding on that spot those sweet illusions which I sought again only for a few moments, I found, to my bitter sorrow, that I was nothing but a stranger there. All was cold, and stripped of its magic; the very things which I had formerly regarded with the deepest joy pained my eye the most. I resolved to retreat, scarcely knowing myself there.

I had returned only a few steps, when a pale glimmer on the boughs of the lindens caught my attention. I observed that it came from Louise's window. I stood motionless, gazing on the window-panes upon which her shadow fell, while, at the sense of her presence, all within and around me took new life.

Louise sat at a little table near the window. She seemed to be writing, and the hope that she was writing to me cast a kindly beam into my soul. While I watched with eager look for the slightest movement of her shadow, she arose, and I saw herself. As if my eyes rested for the first time upon the touching beauty of the maiden, my heart beat again. She stepped before the looking-glass, and took the comb from her beautiful hair, that fell down over her shoulders. Never before had I seen her in this charming negligé; there came over me, with a feeling of pleasure, a sense of shame also, at being thus watching her, and I retreated from the spot.

I next heard a door open, and the Cantor appeared, with a light in his hand. I would have fled, but fear disabled me. I could only creep along by the low church-yard wall. I climbed

over, and hid myself behind it, uncertain whether I had been seen.

The Cantor stood for a while under Louise's window, as if to convince himself she had retired to rest; he then advanced, as he had probably heard the rustling I had made. The light convinced me he was coming nearer. I crept off to the church-door, opened it, and went in, shutting in softly behind me.

Now I began to take breath. I peeped through the cracks of the old door, to see what was going on without, and dimly desoried the Cantor standing and listening. At last he slowly retired, and, by the noise of his door, I was soon satisfied that he had returned into the house. A profound silence ensued. I felt myself alone and safe.

I was, however, still afraid to leave the church; so I resolved to remain there till the first gray of dawn, and then pursue my way. I took my place in Louise's seat. I heard it strike one, and I was very weary. After struggling for a while with drowsiness, I stretched myself on the seat, and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by the first bell rung for divine service. Terrified, I started up, and ran round the whole church, I knew not where. I heard some one at the door; I crept into the gallery, and hid myself near the organ.

It was the Cantor, who came to see the pulpit, and the books, and the singing. Through the open door I saw the children assembling under the lindens. When he retired, I recollected that, on account of some repairs, the organ would not be used on that day. I crept into a secure hiding-place, where I could yet see the congregation, and resigned myself to my fate, while I bitterly repented not having listened to the voice within which warned me not to return.

Soon the people began to come in, and the orchestra was filled. To increase my distress, the congregation seemed larger than usual. I remarked that the people talked together with unusual earnestness, and that seemed to secure me from their attention. Yet I heard my name whispered, and curiosity allayed my anxiety. They spoke of me, of my departure, of Mr. Prévère, and of the Cantor. None blamed them, some pitied Louise, while others condemned my foster-father for having brought me up. "You see, now," said

one, "they who are of a low origin always come to a bad end."—"Yes," said another; "it must have been beggars that left the child, because they did not know what to do with it. Mr. Prévère might have got rid of it, if he had wished; for Claude met the mother, he was sure. But Mr. Prévère would not send any one after her; so the child remained in his hands."

To this a third remarked: "Mr. Prévère did a good work. He said to himself, The dear God sends the child to me. Shall I give it back to the vagabonds, that they may throw it into the water? So he kept it. Is there anything wrong in that? I say, no, if one has means. The boy has neither father nor mother, and I would not let him have my daughter—but there is one beggar less in the world. And then, good folks, one must speak the truth—Charles was a good fellow." And here these very same people, whose selfish prejudices I had seen now for the first time in all their nakedness, began to praise me, one after another, in stronger terms, and with such heartiness of tone, that I could not doubt their sincerity. I was amazed; for I never knew till then how the most barbarous prejudices might be united with real goodness of heart; nevertheless, their words comforted me, and dropped balm upon my wounded heart.

Louise now entered, and shortly afterwards Mr. Prévère. Instantly all conversation ceased, and an unusual silence reigned through the church. As Mr. Prévère ascended the pulpit stairs, all eyes were turned first on him, then on the Cantor and Louise. She sat with downcast eyes; her bonnet hid her face.

Mr. Prévère read from the liturgy the beautiful prayer with which the service always began. Then a psalm was sung. Contrary to his practice, he did not join his voice with that of the congregation. But he kept his seat, and seemed given up to sadness. I saw him look several times towards my empty seat, and then cast a sympathizing glance at Louise. The singing was ended. After the second prayer, in which were some remarkable expressions, he opened the Bible and read, "Whosoever receiveth one such little one in my name, receiveth me." He then said:

"Beloved hearers, allow me to-day to deviate from the ordinary course of my preaching. I have truths to declare, which, for your sakes, I cannot any longer keep back. May they be uttered by my lips without harshness or passion! May you receive them with humility of heart!

"It is now seventeen years since we were awakened one night, about eleven o'clock, by the cry of a little child. It was in the church-yard. You recollect it Pierre, and you, Joseph, for you were at hand. The poor little creature was found wrapped in rags, and almost stiff with frost. We took it in, warmed it, and looked round in the parish for a mother's breast to feed it. No one refused, but no one offered. And from that night the child was nourished by—our she-goat.

"God in his mercy allowed it to draw health and strength from a dumb brute. But it knew not the tender care so necessary to the first season of life; instead of the tender caresses usually lavished in such abundance on children, a hateful curiosity pried into its cradle; and scarcely did life stir in its little bosom, when barbarous prejudice sunk with its whole weight on that innocent head. Do I say too much? Do you not remember that the motherless child could find no one among you to present it for baptism?

"It grew apace. The good qualities of the little one—his generous, amiable character—could not but find grace in your eyes. You even loved the child, you admitted him to your houses, you treated him kindly, and my grateful heart blesses God therefor. But, ah, I deceive myself! You loved him, it is true, but you never forgot that there was a stain upon his birth. You loved him, and yet he was never in your eyes anything but the *foundling*!—As such have you in the pride of your hearts despised him; so you called him when you talked of him; so he learned what for God's sake we should have hidden from him; so you covered his youth with degrading shame, and poisoned the fairest days of his life. Yes, you loved him; but if Providence had heard my fondest wish, and had put it into the heart of the youth to have settled himself here, there is not, perhaps, one of you, my brethren, who would have given him his daughter!

"With this misgiving," continued

Mr. Prévère, "I have felt myself compelled to send him away. I need not say that, already declining in years, I stand now alone in the world, and I am separated from him who would have cheered the evening of my days. I have lost the wife I had chosen for my life-companion. I have seen the only child God had given me die; upon my last blessing I dared not reckon more than on those earlier and long-vanished joys.

"But enough of him and of me, my brethren! My hopes are in heaven, and he too will place his trust there; it is not this that now fills me with sadness, that terrifies me. But in what a situation do I find myself! What have I accomplished among you? Whither have I led you? What account shall I render unto thee, O God, when, after twenty years' charge of souls, I find the flock intrusted to me in such a condition, that a barbarous pride disables them for the easiest duties, even for the joys of human sympathy! How shall we dare to look up to thee, O Saviour of the world, and what can we say to thee? Where dwells among us that love which thou didst enjoin upon the whole world, and without which one cannot be thy disciple? Thou didst commit to this flock one of those little ones whom thou dost commend to the protection of those who love thee; and he has found among us no mother, no friend, no family. He must go from among us, already humbled and covered with shame; he must seek among strangers what was refused him here. Will he find there what he seeks? Ah, you are only poor country people; you had seen him from his cradle; you knew and loved this unfortunate one—and you have cast him out! You may now easily imagine what awaits him in the bosom of a city, among the temptations of society, and among strangers, who know not his virtues, but will only too soon learn his lowly birth! Take thou him, O God, under thy holy protection! We knew how to protect him, but we have not done it!

"Charity and Christian humility, ye beautiful virtues, are ye, then, too pure for this world? Have ye ascended again with my Saviour to the heavenly mansions? Amid the noise and whirl of the city I have seen some laying offerings on your holy altars; but the rarity of such instances filled me with

sorrow, and I turned my eyes to the peaceful cottage of the rustic, where I hoped to find you. Bitter disappointment! Even there you are banished or forgotten! Even the peasants, the day-laborers, who are so near to the dust whence they were taken, take great pride in their birth, and make the child suffer for the crime of its parents!

"Let the foundling go, then, to another parish; let him knock at other doors. Here the happy repulse the unhappy; the well-to-do drive from their doors the destitute; the happy family holds itself back from him who has no family. Ah, my brethren, my dear brethren, we live here on earth for so short a time, and we use it so unwisely—have so brief an opportunity to practice the virtues, and yet thrust aside the most beautiful and the sweetest! Before our eyes is the exalted example of a divine Teacher, who graciously bade the adulteress arise, and yet among lowly mortals reign so much pride and cruelty, that they are ready to crush an honest and irreproachable youth!

"I have said hard words to you, my hearers, and am myself, as you know, only a sinful man. Forgive me; I have been compelled to restrain myself for so many years, that at last my heart overflows—and you weep. Oh, let your tears flow; they will bear good fruits, and even my pain is alleviated thereby. I feel the bitterness depart, which a sorrow long borne in silence has created in my heart. I will take hope that henceforth you will see in the poor and the helpless, in the foundling, the friend of Jesus, and the guest whom he sends to you, a child whom he commends to your loving care.

"If the seed of my words bear this fruit, I am not sorry that they have been somewhat harsh; no, I will rather thank my God that he has given to them this wholesome efficacy. If now I may hope that you will obey the injunctions of Christian love, then I shall approach the end of my course with a lighter heart. Oh, my dearly-beloved parishioners, let us faithfully pursue the way of salvation; let us improve what remains to us of life, and mark the path to the grave with deeds of mercy; and when the frail body falls back into the dust, may the Judge of the world mercifully accept us—you, who turn your hearts to penitence, and me, who have

led to him this flock, the object of my only love on earth!"

When I again looked up, I saw Louise no more. In most painful embarrassment sat the Cantor there with bowed head: I looked through my tears at Mr. Prévère, who seemed to me a celestial being; I could have kissed the hem of his garment. I felt the whole beauty and force of the sacrifice; and before my deceitful hopes could cause my pious resolution to waver, I hastened out of my hiding corner, as soon as I could do it unobserved.

Three days later I received the following letter from Louise's father:

"DEAR CHARLES,—In yesterday's sermon Mr. Prévère spoke of you, and brought forward things which went to my heart, as they came from so venerable a man. After the sermon, I met him under the lindens, and I seized his hand, but I could not speak. 'Speak,

my good friend,' said he to me; 'I have spoken too harshly, have I?'—'I do not think so,' I replied, 'but I am tormented with repentance. Next Sunday is communion, and I will not go to the Lord's table until he is here again. Give him Louise.'

"Then we embraced, and I felt that I had done rightly. I thank God that he has enlightened me in due time. Then Mr. Prévère had many things to say, etc. We were of one mind, that you should remain where you are, that you may learn somewhat. He will write to you, and Louise, too, as soon as she hears from you.

"In proof of all which, Charles, I send you my watch for a present. I had it from my father. John Renaud has put it in excellent order, and advises you not to lay it down at night, but hang it up, as it goes better so.

"Farewell, Charles. Be good and industrious.

"REINAX."

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY-TREE.

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard—
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word,
And again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey,"
She would put forth her mettle, and gallop away.

As near to the gates of a city he rode,
While the glorious sun all brilliantly glow'd,
The good man discover'd, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry-tree, in a hedge of wild briar,
High up on a bough, might have tempted a brute,
Large, glossy, and black, hung the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he long'd for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
Then stood up erect, on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature kept still,
And he gather'd the fruit, till he'd taken his fill.

"Sure, never," he said, "was a creature so rare!
How docile, how true, is this excellent mare!
See, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how bad it been, if some fellow this way
Had, dreaming on mischief, but chanced to say 'Hey!'"

He stood with his head in the mulberry-tree,
And he spoke out aloud, in the height of his glee
At the sound of his "Hey!" the mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild briar bush;
He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed,
"Much that well may be thought, cannot wisely be said."

NOVEL-READING.

"PRAY put away that book," "I wish you were not so fond of novels," and the like phrases of displeasure and reproach, are familiar to the lips of many mothers, to the ears of many daughters. Why is it that this class of books is so vehemently decried by careful, sober-judging, anxious parents? Why is it that even those novels which they themselves would admit to be good ones, valued by the highest minds among us for their elevated tone and pure morality, their graphic delineation of scene, character, or circumstance—novels that they themselves derive pleasure, and perhaps profit, from perusing—they would fain jealously keep from their children, more especially from their daughters.

"Novels are very well," a matron remarked in our hearing the other day. "I enjoy few things better myself than a really good, interesting novel. But for my daughters, it is a different thing. I consider such books decidedly dangerous for young girls. They exert a bad influence on growing minds, especially on feminine minds, by nature inclined to an overbalance on the side of feeling. They excite the imagination, arouse morbid emotions and aspirations, and so render them unfit for the homely duties and aims of common life, and cause them to feel unsatisfied with its realities."

And there is reason in this. Novel-reading, persistently and incautiously indulged in, *has* this effect upon young undisciplined minds. It would be useless to deny it. On the other hand, it is equally indisputable that some of our best impulses are often fostered, the germs of our noblest ambitions cultivated, indirectly and unconsciously it may be, but surely, by this same equivocal and perilous means. Surely there are few amongst us who cannot trace to some such source the first visible existence of an impression, the first *assertion* of some feeling or yearning, which perhaps has influenced for good the formation of the character, and, in a measure, the course of the whole after-life. For it is to be noted, that though "a good novel," i. e., one both sensible in style and excellent in tone, may give a false idea of life to those as yet utterly

inexperienced in its ways, it will always hold up a lofty ideal of character; and its standard will be an elevated one by which people, motives, and actions are valued.

Therefore, one would naturally ask, What result but good can be effected by the study of such books? Let us try, dispassionately and impartially, to examine into this question, viewing it, not only from the stand-point of one who appreciates and is grateful for the many beneficial influences which undoubtedly may be derived from certain novels, but also taking in the side of those who prize youthful freshness and singleness of heart, girlish simple-mindedness, and untouched purity of feeling, as treasures too precious to be suffered to approach even the boundaries of debatable land.

We believe that a certain amount of ill is apt to be generated when a young mind, unprepared by reflection, unbraced by experience, plunges into the delicious waves of fictitious literature. The first danger arises out of that exaggerated idea of the superior importance of the emotional or subjective over the practical and objective in the affairs of life; the undue magnification of love as the one sole aim and end of life, which we almost invariably find in books of this class. "False ideas" must assuredly be received into the mind which implicitly accredits the life of novels as the life of this busy, many-sided world. And both boys and girls are liable to be thus deceived, although not equally.

Not equally, because the two natures are different; the one more impressionable in the first instance, and more ready to succumb to imaginative influences; and also because the education and way of life of a boy takes him comparatively out of himself, leaves him less time for fancies and speculations, and is better calculated to right any subjective bias of his mind. The girl's employments, on the contrary, are chiefly sedentary, her recreations even, less physically active; while the nature of her studies appeals but seldom to the reasoning and mathematical faculties, and her life shows her little of the outside world. She has in herself, therefore, no correct-

ive to the too highly wrought descriptions of characters, passions, and events, recorded in novels, unless she possesses an amount of cool judgment and plain practical sense rarely found in early youth, and by no means indicative of the highest type of mind when so found.

Novel-reading, we are thus bound to conclude, if systematically indulged in, and especially by girls, will probably result in the acquirement of those "romantic notions" and "false views of life" so much deprecated by the parents and guardians of youth. Blanche and Maria, under this sort of training, look coolly on all matter-of-fact affairs, and give their best energies, direct their highest aspirations, towards something as yet vague and unformed in the future. The cares and duties of home are too small for their heroic capacities; the affection of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, does not satisfy their deep and yearning hearts.

Blanche, a damsel gifted with health, intelligence, loving friends, and a peaceful home—Blanche goes on imagining miseries for herself, and adroitly weeding out all the homely, sweet happiness which life offers her. She is unappreciated, misunderstood by all around her; their ways are not her ways, and she arrogantly assumes that it would be sinking herself to grow to their level. The first, best years of womanhood thus pass, and it is not till they are passed that she recognizes the unique treasure she has let slip—the absolutely priceless jewel she has lost—forever. Pity her as she slowly wakes—aroused, it may be, by the shock of some great, real trouble—to the knowledge of how morbid was the pain, how senseless the discontent, how forced and imaginary the so-called "suffering" of those years—those irrevocable years, which should have seen her fresh of spirit, brave of heart, cheerful in temper, the brightener of her home, the helper of those nearest her. But her nature has strength, strength hitherto misdirected, and she will arouse herself; she will discipline the wild feelings, order anew the untrammelled energies, and her after-life may do much to rectify to others those mispent, wasted years. But, alas, nothing in the world can give back to her the freshness, and sweetness, and gladness of girlhood. "A woman may hope one day to be an angel," a poet

once said, "but she can never again be a girl."

Maria is of a different and commoner nature; weak, and inclined to sentimentality, in which form her romance evinces itself. She is prone to confidences with female friends; writes long letters to the confidante *par excellence*—letters with the invariable postscript, "Burn this *directly* you have read it." Love is of course her grievance; and Maria is always equally in love and in distress, just like a heroine, as she consoles herself by recollecting. Her brain teems with visions of chivalric Arthurs, noble-minded (but low-spirited) Ernests, devoted Henrys, etc., of whom she has read so much. By the aid of her ready imagination, she transmutes into the likeness of these gentlemen the honest, hard-working Messrs. Brown, Smith, and Jones, young men of her acquaintance.

Oh, beware, soft-hearted Maria, of placing faith in those well-conned pictures of lovers and husbands. When Mr. Brown proposes, don't expect him to fall at your feet, nor dash his hand upon his forehead, nor glare fiercely, nor gaze with indescribable tenderness, nor, in short, to fulfill any of those conditions you have been taught to believe inevitable to declarations of the kind. When you are engaged, moreover, do not assume as a matter of course, that every other interest in Mr. Brown's life is swallowed up by that of love; and that his every thought, his looks, his words, must all naturally converge to you, and you alone, for the remainder of his natural life. Do not assume, do not expect this, or woeful disappointment, selfish pain, and vexation of spirit, will inevitably be your lot.

Not one man in ten thousand loves with exclusive devotion; and no man is at once so desperate and so unchanging, so passionate and so unselfish, so fiery fierce, and so thoughtfully tender, as your favorite romances would have you to believe. These several characteristics belong to separate idiosyncrasies—widely differing orders of individuals. In real life it is oftentimes the ordinary, common-place-seeming people, quiet, and leading unnoticeable lives, who make no fuss about their feelings, and are, in brief, neither romantic to hear about, nor picturesque to see, who are most deep-hearted, constant to one idea, one faith, one memory; and who, perhaps,

in their own still, undemonstrative way, suffer most, and endure most.

No, Maria. If your Mr. Brown be a good man, and love you truly, it is quite reasonable to suppose, that the *haven* of his busy multifarious thoughts will always be, that same little "you," to which, tired, embittered, or world-weary, he will instinctively turn for comfort, and rest, and help. See that you afford all this to him, and be content. Wholesome, everyday, household love is, after all, a better thing to live on, than all the "impassioned," "soul-subduing," "intense," kind of thing that sounds so well in novels. Bread is more nourishing than tipsy-cake.

Women in fiction are generally much more correctly drawn than men. This is attributed to the preponderance of women-writers of such books, who naturally delineate their own nature most faithfully. But another and scarcely less probable solution of the question may surely be found in the fact, that young women, being generally great novel-readers, and strongly impressed by what they read, are apt unconsciously to copy the types of womanhood therein set forth, to the destruction of whatever originality they themselves may be endowed with. We talk of the present system of female education tending to stamp all women as with one likeness, and turn them out as of one mould. Has not the indiscriminate study of novels something to answer for in this respect? Must we not confess that our friends Blanche and Maria are, in fact, but real-world, flesh-and-blood versions of certain Isabels and Helens we wot of in certain three-volume records?

Only unfortunately, while the novelist can fashion his heroine as he will, and make her, in spite of her wrong ideas, her needless desperation, and her generally picturesque unreasonableness, courageous, high-minded, and perhaps, at the end of the book, patient, gentle, and very fit to fill the position of wife and mother—while the autocratic novelist can do all this, human nature is less happy and less potent. The girl whose character is influenced by such traditions, who entertains an ambition to be like Isabel, and voluntarily or involuntarily imitates her ways, her sayings, doings, and thinkings, is apt to stop short of that which is really noble and beautiful in the imaginary woman,

while she is satisfied with catching the outside peculiarities, the romantic surface, which a false taste and a degenerate ideal teach her to consider admirable and becoming.

How many girls, so influenced, have learned absolutely to cultivate a passionate temperament as something rather "fine" than pitiable; and have clenched their hands, uttered fierce words, rushed about the house, knocked about the things nearest them, in a fashion most dismaying to their quieter relatives and friends—in a fashion which they would be ashamed to follow, if Isabel had not given them the precedent—dear, handsome, impetuous, interesting Isabel, who is so good and true-hearted in spite of it all!

Again, what a picturesque characteristic, in a novel, is that well-known "proud reserve," that dignified reticence, which never shows what it feels, and seldom says what it means—which expresses six hearts full of emotion by a tightening of the lip, or a quiver of the fingers—which lives and suffers, dies and makes no sign! How interesting all this can be made in a book; how intolerable, how unlovable, how unprofitable it would be in real life! Happily, humanity cannot attain to the ultimate perfection of this type of being. No woman can carry out to the full extent such an idea of stately calm; no woman ever succeeds in thoroughly becoming such an ice-enrusted volcano.

Still she may endeavor, and tend towards such an ideal; but, Oh, young ladies, my dear friends, if you *must* copy fictitious personalities, I do entreat you, let your model be after another pattern than this last and worst of all! Do not attempt to distort your features and behavior into that spurious placidity; do not try to curb out of your pleasant faces the arch glance, the quick smile, the numberless sweet and changeful inflections, as natural to them as to your native skies, and as dear and winning. Do not pause ere you speak, till you have arranged those well-balanced, nicely-rounded periods that fall so sublimely from the "proudly-curved" lips of the ladies of the reserved and haughty school. In short, place your ideal higher than the heroine of any novel whatsoever. Interesting, charming, nay, beautiful, as are the "female creations" of some novelists (always excepting the last-instanced variety), the second-hand

reproduction of their characteristics in living women is neither beautiful nor profitable.

It seems, then, that there are two or three things to be guarded against, before young people may safely be permitted "novel-reading." First, let them be made aware that the descriptions of life, people, and manners, in such books, are to be taken, emphatically, *with reservations*. Secondly, let this fascinating sort of reading be well balanced by a course of more solid literature; by which the intellect shall be exercised more than the imagination, the reason cultivated as well as the feelings. Thirdly, let the novels themselves be the best, and *only* the best. Second-rate fiction of the romantic order may be innoxious, because distasteful, to the experienced reader; but they are *vitiating* alike to the head and heart of the young unsophisticated enthusiast. Their maudlin sentiment is accredited; their faulty ideals of character are revered; their one-sided views of duty, their quasi-conceptions of sorrow, trial, and tempt-

ation, are believed in to the uttermost. Such wrong ideas may be expected to work their results on the character as yet unformed and unsettled.

Peremptorily to forbid novel-reading, to banish all such books from the library, and place a mandate against their entering the home, would be esteemed unwise and unworthy by most parents of this present generation. It is so simply natural for young people to desire such mental aliment, and the desire in most cases is so engrossing and insuperable, that sooner or later they will evade the restrictions, and force their way into the forbidden territory. It need hardly be said, that, under such circumstances, all ordinary dangers and disadvantages are aggravated tenfold. Better, we think, and wiser is it, that the older and more experienced should themselves pilot the untried ship through the charmed sea; should point out the rocks and sand-banks, and guide her safely past the shallows and rapids that beset the pleasant way.

A VISIT TO THE DUCK FACTORY.

ON the 24th day of September, 1854,

I proceeded, in company with Dr. Kerr, and an officer of the U. S. ship *Macedonian*, up the Canton or Pearl river, to the celebrated duck factory. Our curiosity in relation to this same factory, of which we had heard so many marvelous stories, was now about to be gratified, and our anxious longings were nearly quieted by the reflection that, in two or three hours at the latest, we should have an opportunity of seeing the wonders which we had so frequently heard described. The doubters of our party were in the majority, and threw cold water upon my bright expectations; but how their skepticism vanished, and how agreeably they were disappointed, let my story tell.

Our way led through winding avenues of *sampans*,* whose celestial owners were continually vociferating their cries of complaint, as the long sweep of our oars forced them from our track. I had taken the tiller ropes from the

coxswain, and, seated in the stern, was carefully steering the boat through the crowded river. I was just being congratulated on the skillful manner in which I had avoided a collision with a large *sampan*, when, bump went our boat against the floating booth of an itinerant fruit-monger, depositing his whole stock of bananas, mandarin oranges, custard apples, and *lichis*, in the muddy waters of the rapid stream. The careless Chinaman had endeavored to cross our bows, hoping, and, indeed, believing, that we would patiently wait until he had passed. After clearing the oars, we continued on our way, followed by the loud curses of the exasperated fruit-dealer. Fortunately for him, and for ourselves, his words were, to most of us, unintelligible.

Leaving the main stream, we now swept into a narrow creek, walled in on both banks. On either side stood a small temple; the tiled roofs covered with grotesque images of men and

* Boats.

monsters. Orange-trees, planted in porcelain vases, were ranged in rows before the temple doors, and beautiful flowering shrubs ornamented the walks. Lazy *bonzes*,* reclining under the shadows of the wide-spreading trees, or grouped about the door-ways, were smoking their tiny pipes, and commenting upon our appearance. Their sleek forms and indolent air of passive happiness almost tempted us to wish that we could exchange conditions, and, turning Buddhist priests, could indulge our meditative moods under the broad banyans and spreading shrubbery of a temple garden.

In the creek, we found the navigation more intricate. The tide was running out, and the stream, becoming each moment more narrow, was scarcely passable. Here was an excellent opportunity for an exhibition of that skillful steering upon which I so prided myself. Resolved to astonish my friends and the natives, I directed the bow towards an opening between two boats, scarce wide enough to admit of our passage. But the fates had decreed that I should never shine as a steersman; for a bamboo hawser, which had been hidden from my sight by the muddied water, now checked our progress and jolted us from our seats, to the infinite amusement of the gaping Chinamen, who had witnessed our mishap. Soon extricating ourselves from the maze of *sampans* in which we had become entangled, we slowly threaded our way through the rapidly narrowing stream, until we had reached our place of destination. But here a new difficulty was presented. The tide was out, but the mud was not; and we were obliged to cross heaps of eggshells and filth, on broken planks, over which the weight of our bodies forced the coxing slime.

Bayard Taylor, quoting Coleridge, says of Shanghai—"I counted two and seventy stench, all well-defined, and several stinks;" but, here, Bayard Taylor, or even Coleridge, would have been at a loss to enumerate the villainous smells that assailed our offended nostrils. Hastening from this pestilential atmosphere, we entered the factory. The proprietor, a portly, well-fed Chinaman, received us kindly, and, at our request, conducted us through his ex-

tensive establishment. We were first shown into a long darkened room, where the process of incubation was being carried on. Here were deep, wide tubs, lined with thick folds of soft paper, and filled with eggs, separated by layers of cloth. The temperature was regulated by a thermometer which hung suspended from the wall. After the eggs have remained twenty-five days in these tubs, they are carefully removed into a larger and lighter room, and here occurs the most interesting period of the whole process of "duck-making." The eggs are now spread in layers, two deep, in shelves arranged in tiers, when they are covered with woolen cloths, to retain and continue the necessary heat. On the twenty-eighth day, and occasionally on the twenty-seventh, the chipping begins, and the young ducks work their way from their egg prison-houses into a new world. In this work they are frequently assisted by the Chinese, who break the shell and toss the down-covered birds into shallow baskets, where they are soon joined by their newly-hatched comrades. At this operation I gave some slight assistance, and operated, during a few moments, as surgeon-general to two or three dozen ducks. When the eggs have all been opened, the birds are separated, the males from the females. The singular celerity with which this task is performed, is well calculated to astonish a person unaccustomed to the process. Some three or four thousand eggs are hatched daily, during the season, which continues through the warmer months, and yet no difficulty is experienced in finding a market for the ducks, which form a favorite article of food among the foreigners and wealthier Chinese.

Hatching ducks by artificial heat is practiced to a considerable extent in some portions of Egypt, and also in Corea; but the plan is more extensively carried out in China than in any other part of the world. This same plan might, I think, be adopted in some of our southern states, and would certainly, if successful, be sufficiently remunerative to repay the expense and trouble of the experiment.

Leaving this second room, we were taken into a large enclosure, where

* Priests.

thousands of ducks were confined by small movable fences of plaited bamboo. Here were literally acres of them, and here we thought we had certainly seen all; but our sight-seeing was not yet over, and the most wonderful was reserved for the last.

Until the ducks are well-fledged, they are fed at the factory on rice, and chopped meat, and vegetables. They are then placed in covered boats, and are floated to suitable feeding-grounds, where they are loosed to feed themselves. They are now trained to obey their master's call, and at sundown, when their feeding time is over, are brought to the boat by two or three notes upon a small metal whistle. When this call is sounded, they come scattering over the water with outstretched necks and wings, half-swimming and half-flying, all eager to be the first on board. Their clamor and evident excitement give interest and emphasis to the race, and occasion numerous conjectures as to their probable cause. Their hot haste is readily accounted for, when we learn that the last comer is invariably flogged with a leather strap. In view of these facts, we must admit that ducks are gifted with a greater degree of intelligence, or are, at least, more susceptible of training, than the rest of the feathered creation.

We had now completed our examination of the duck factory, and took our leave amidst a profusion of high-flown compliments and Grandisonian bows on the part of the proprietor, which my naval friend, who was a very pink of courtesy, pronounced inimitable; and, indeed, I was fain to believe they could never be imitated by a *fanqui*.*

Near our boat we found a crowd of young Chinese, whose repeated cries for *cumshaw* (alms) we were obliged to satisfy before we could embark. Their wants were easily supplied—a few *cash*† sufficed for all, and we left them laughing at our profuse generosity and their own good-fortune.

On our return to Canton, we pulled slowly down the stream into the Macao Reach, a favorite resort during the warm summer months for the foreign popula-

tion. Its broad surface was dotted with boats of every form and size; *sampans*, hong-boats, fast-boats, whale-boats, wherries, and yachts were pulling and sailing to and fro. The Macao Reach is wide and deep, and flows through level rice-lands, so that there is generally a fine breeze stirring to fill the white sails of the clipper yachts that dance so gaily over its dark waters.

The preparations for a race between two of these yachts had drawn together numerous interested spectators, and induced us to remain until we had witnessed its termination. The largest of the rival boats was schooner-rigged, with a black hull, and raking masts. The other, a trim little cutter, with a tremendous spread of canvas, was dancing daintily about, awaiting the preparation of her more unwieldy competitor. As they passed down together, both fairly before the wind, we soon determined their comparative merits. They both sailed finely, and were admirably managed; but in stretching up the reach, after rounding the buoy which marked their turning point, we discovered that the cutter had, in naval parlance, the heels of her antagonist, and would, if the breeze held, soon leave her astern. For a moment the schooner took the lead, and the English colors, with rapid jerks, mounted to her peak; but her advantage was only momentary, and she was again passed by the little cutter, whose owner, as she forged ahead, ran up the broad stripes and bright stars of our own national flag, and was greeted with three hearty cheers. There is a great spirit of rivalry among the foreigners here, in the way of boat racing. In nearly all the sailing races, the Americans are the victors; but, in the pulling matches between wherries, the English are confessedly superior to any nation represented at Canton.

The sun was setting when we again started for the city. Our excursion had proved more pleasant than we had anticipated, and we landed at the garden, well satisfied with the result of our visit to the duck factory.

* Foreign devil.

† A copper coin, of which 1440 make a dollar.

THE DEVIL'S DIADEN.

SIR THOMAS AP-GRIFFITH was, physically as well as feudally speaking, a powerful knight, living in chivalrous times. Sir Thomas ap-Griffith was related to the Herbert or Raglan family, and was a cousin of William ap-Thomas, afterwards Earl Pembroke, Lord of Raglan Castle, and consequently of his brother, "Risiart Hir"—tall Sir Richard Herbert of Colesbroke. These Herberts, and Griffiths, and Vaughans of Tretower, and the rest of the same race, were renowned for muscle and other virtues of chivalry; and Sir Thomas had learned tilting in the school of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, where he was head boy before he came home for good—if, strictly speaking, he can be said to have ever come home for anything of the kind.

The reputation of the Montgomeryshire knight, as a perfect master of all weapons, was so far from causing him to be held in respectful terror that he was daily pestered with invitations from other knights, who desired the honor of meeting him in single combat. Cartels in all styles of orthography decorated his chimney-glass; and he was often obliged to plead prior engagements to these pressing solicitations.

We may wonder, in our day, that Sir Thomas should have had so many calls upon his time and skill of fence; for it was a regular matter of course, that in every encounter he should come off with victory. But it ought to be considered that people have grown much wiser since that pugnacious period.

Sir Thomas ap-Griffith was being measured one morning for a new suit of mail, when the armorer's young man who had been sent to take the order happened to remark that business was looking up, just then, and that they had, but recently, turned out a most superb fit in the way of chain-mail, for a gent as didn't give any name and address, or so much as a reference, but paid most handsome for the goods, cash in advance.

"A remarkable fine-made gent, Sir Thomas, with a bass voice and turned-up moustachers. And had the suit made to fit close to the skin, Sir Thomas. Elbow a leetle higher, Sir

Thomas, if you please. Thank you, Sir Thomas."

"A stranger, say you, and of gentle mien?"

"Yes, Sir Thomas; and six foot three and three quarters; which the muscles of his hams was like hiron. You'll have the articles made as they're worn now, I suppose, Sir Thomas? Certainly, Sir Thomas, by Wednesday morn at the latest, and without fail. Much obliged, Sir Thomas, and wishing you a very good day, Sir."

Now, when the armorer's young man had departed, Sir Thomas fell into a profound cogitation. It chanced that he had thrice beheld a tall, dark, princely personage, riding near him in the chase; that, on each occasion, this unknown horseman had disappeared mysteriously just as the hunt was ended; and that nobody but Sir Thomas himself had observed the stranger's presence. On the last occasion, indeed, Sir Thomas had been nigh entering a quarrel with the strange knight, who persisted in riding his coal-black steed so short a distance in advance of Griffith's gallant gray, as to cause that noble animal, as well as his rider, very considerable inconvenience. There is no saying to what length the anger of Sir Thomas, at this unsportsmanlike proceeding, would have led him, but for a strange incident which diverted his wrath by removing the object of it. This couple of horsemen, having been separated from the rest of the field, were approaching a leap—nothing to mention, in comparison with many they had got over in the course of the day—when the black horse took it into his head to stop, which he did so abruptly that none but a most accomplished rider could have kept his seat. Sir Thomas shot past on his gray, popped over a low paling, and involuntarily turned in his saddle to see if the Unknown was following him. But the Unknown, horse and all, had vanished. The ground belonged, apparently, to the *claustra* of a cœnobitic church; and the low paling which the black horse had unaccountably refused to take seemed to be the boundary which railed off the Thirteenth Yew, named "Iscariot," and withering under the ban of

excommunication. On a little rise of turf, in the midst of the twelve "Apostolic yews" which flourished, after their gloomy fashion, within the enclosure, Sir Thomas drew rein, and looked back in a state of great amazement. Suddenly a bell, which was suspended from a branch of the nearest yew, began to ring, without any visible agency; and a column of sulphurous vapor rose out of the ground, at the very spot where, as well as Sir Thomas ap-Griffith could guess, the strange huntsman had disappeared. This was the last he had seen of that personage; and it was with a queer sensation, as like terror as anything that could enter so bold a heart, that he now bethought him, in the retirement of his castle of Caerphilly, that the knight who had withdrawn, suddenly and sulphurously, from the chase, and the knight who had ordered a new suit of armor and paid for it before it was made, were one; and that that one must be the Evil One, beyond question or doubt.

"I would wager a thousand crowns that I knew what has drawn the Fiend hither," said Sir Thomas, musingly, and under his breath.

"You would win," said a low distinct voice; and, turning quickly at the sound, Sir Thomas met the piercing gaze of the tall dark stranger.

As one, who beholds a frightful chasm leap open at his feet, without the smallest notice, looks the picture of astonishment (at least I should imagine he would), so did Sir Thomas ap-Griffith show in his face an extremity of amazement at sight of this personage.

"You would win," the latter repeated. "For you *do* know, Sir Thomas ap-Griffith, albeit my visit now may be somewhat startling, that, judging your pride to be full ripe for your soul's perdition, I have come hither to try conclusions at arms with a champion so illustrious as yourself."

"Then, I am to fight the Fiend, and to stake my soul on the issue of the combat! Pray, may I ask what he proposes to stake as an equivalent?"

"This crown," replied the Demon, as he exhibited, from the folds of his cloak, a richly wrought diadem of gold, sparkling with fiery gems.

"I abjure all such tokens," the knight said, scornfully; "nevertheless, I accept your challenge, in the hope that I may be able to chastise the enemy of man.

But I make one stipulation. I have heard much of your false tricks, and, if we are to fight, we fight fairly, with cold steel."

"Be it so," answered the Fiend. "I have the terms drawn up, including the very proviso you have named. Oblige me with your signature." And he placed a parchment on the table.

Sir Thomas having perused the terms, and found them to be just, and in accordance with the rules of chivalry, appended his name and titles. This act he accomplished without once anathematizing the pen, which spluttered, or the ink, which got over his fingers, and made many blots and smudges on the parchment. Very likely his diabolical visitor grew impatient; for, when Sir Thomas at length turned round from the table, he found that he was once more alone.

The knight looked wonderingly round the chamber, and then on the table, for the deed of conditions. It had vanished; and he saw instead, the ruby-glowing diadem. Its golden points were like sharp-tongues of flame, and every Tartarean gem flashed as it had been a red-hot coal.

No time had been fixed for the combat; and Sir Thomas waited a few days in expectation that the Fiend's will on this head would be notified to him in some way or other. At length, one cold, misty morning, the knight had a strange intuition of the event being near. Vaguely marveling at his own actions, he armed himself completely, and rode forth from the castle. Having arrived at a steep and rugged pass of the Black Mountains of Breconshire, he alighted, fastened his horse to a solitary aspen, and continued his journey on foot.

Sir Thomas ap-Griffith kept on his lonely way, still wondering at his steadfast manner of acting without any conscious purpose, or power of definite will. He walked on, until walking became a process very much akin to climbing or scrambling. At last he came to a crevice, not many feet wide, and, instead of leaping across, which he might easily have done, even with the weight of his armor, he began to descend the perpendicular cliff, by a natural series of uneven steps in the rock. When he again reached a footing along which he could walk, holding to such projections as he found in the wall of

rock above him, he proceeded along this ledge, down, down, down, until it brought him safely to the base of the precipice, and the entrance of a dark ravine, through which flowed a slender stream of water. The ravine widened, and the stream widened, as he walked along the side of the latter, until a tempered light from above found its way into that subterranean wilderness. Then he saw, a little distance in advance of him, the black steed, endorsed with the tall dark rider, and apparently as much at home down there as mortal horse might have been in a meadow on level ground.

The Demon quickly alighted, and, leaving his unearthly steed on the brink of the waters, where they spread into a pool, advanced to meet Sir Thomas ap-Griffith.

"You expected me!" said the knight, half questioning a fact which, unaccountable though it may have been, was pretty obvious.

"I did," replied the Fiend, who wore the same dress in which Sir Thomas had before seen him, but of course with the shirt of chain-mail underneath. "Choose your ground," he added.

"I am well satisfied to stand here," said the knight, boldly, "till I have made good my claim to the championship of a holy cause against the Devil, whom I defy, yea, to the outcome."

The combatants, without further parley, drew forth their swords, set foot to foot, and engaged in a furious struggle, which lasted a long time without advantage to either side. Sir Thomas perceived, at length, that the blade of his opponent, having changed its brightness for a dull purpureal tint, was now growing red-hot in the Demon's grasp.

"Keep to our compact," cried the knight, "or in the name—"

"Hold!" said the Demon; and, stepping aside, he plunged the glowing metal into the pool. In an instant the waters were discharged with a loud noise resembling that of the steam-gun at the old Adelaide Gallery. A dense cloud of white vapor filled the place; and, when the cloud had in some measure dispersed, Sir Thomas beheld no longer a pool, but a pit, with sides all charred and blistered into one black cinder. So, likewise, the stream which had fed the pool was now dried up, and

seemed like the bed of a lava-current; while everything in its neighborhood was blighted and seared as by volcanic agency.

Again did the knight and the Demon engage furiously; and again, after a long struggle, did the sword of the latter turn to a flame of steel.

"Thou art breaking faith again," exclaimed the knight. "I swear—"

"Nay," cried the Fiend, "I cannot overcome thee at cold steel. Keep the crown: thou hast won it boldly."

Then, mounting his horse in a great hurry, lest the knight should be disinclined to let him off in so easy a manner, the Fiend leaped, Curtius-fashion, into the pit that had been a pool, and which instantly closed over steed and horseman.

The knight then lay down, exhausted with his labors, and soon fell into a slumber. When he awoke, he found that he was no longer in the subterranean battle-ground, but lying within a few feet of his own horse, which remained quietly tethered to the mountain tree.

Sir Thomas did not care to sport the diadem he had won by a passage of arms with Satan. There was a weakness in those otherwise powerful times, which not only prevented men from wearing honors they had not achieved, but made them spurn the gifts of darkness. The devil's diadem was consigned to a vault in Caerphilly Castle, thence not to issue in the lifetime of Sir Thomas ap-Griffith, nor of his son, nor of his son's son's son.

Poor Sir Thomas himself was killed, very basely, in fight, near Pennal Bridge, with that Lancastrian leader David Gôch, or Gough, which means THE RED. Having with his own hand slain the sanguineous David, the Yorkist leader lay down on his face to rest, as he had lain down after his encounter with the Demon. So lying, he was quietly speared in the back by one of David's folk; and died there, of that dastard thrust.

I have said that people, in those days, did not greatly use to wear the honors they had not won. Now, Sir Thomas had the undoubted *right*; mark you, to bear the Royal Battle Birds, or Urien ravens, on his scutcheon; and to wear the Urien crown. He did not do either; and his son Rhys ap-Thomas (who chiefly helped Henry Earl of Richmond

to his English throne) did not do either. Both these gentlemen were content to emblazon the signs of their own deeds, such as they were, and would sometimes pretermitt even those.

Later in the Herbert day—'twas in the reign of the eighth Henry—a certain descendant of the old race, Average Individual, "took" the symbols of valor and prowess; had the ravens painted on his shield; nay, dragged forth the devil's crown, and placed it on his own noble head. The Tudor tiger, being jealous on the subject of crowns, promptly clawed off this particular one; taking, by-the-by, Average Individual's noble head at the same

time.

There is no more to tell. Has the story a moral? Sure, you will say, it is dull enough to have one.

O reader, who hatest humbug, don't you think the rough and ready punishment of Average Individual for trying, not to be, but to seem more than Average Individual, was salutary and just! Don't you think it were well, if much of our latter-day mediocrity could be forced to accept the aforetime perils with the modern advantages of those inherited honors which it scruples not to wear, but could never have won?

WITCHING TIMES.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JUST about this time, that is to say, not far from the first of April, the worthy minister of Salem village was also favored with a letter. That ebony Quash, already known to us as the private property of Master Curwin, came galloping up on the justice's horse, holding at arm's length a dingy epistle, and bellowing loudly for "Mass' Parris."

"What is the matter?" shouted that stoutish person, throwing up a window, and poking his crimson face out of it in some agitation.

"Hi, Mass' Parris, heah lettah," roared Quash, reaching out as if he meant to reach across the front yard.

"Well, fasten your 'orse, and fetch it in 'ere," returned the insulted elder. "Do you expect me to come out there and get it?"

"Jususus Curwin tole me gib him you right off, d'reckly, 'fore I bin forgot him," returned Quash, still keeping to the saddle, and holding out the paper.

The minister withdrew his indignant face, and slammed the window down without vouchsafing further attention to the uneducated messenger. Quash waited a while, but, finding that Mass' Parris was not coming out after the letter, he decided on carrying it in, and did so. The elder received him with offended dignity, cuffed his ears smart-

ly, and then, breaking the lumpy seal, read as follows:

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

"Have the kindness to grant us your pleasant Company to dinner to-day at my house, where you shall meet our Reverend brother, Cottonus Matherus, to discuss the Issue and Nature of the late tempestuous affairs.

"Yours in the bonds of Faith,

"NICHOLAS NOYSE."

"Ho!" said Parris, wagging his head with gratification, as a pollywog does its tail. "Brother Mather and Brother Noyse; a saintly company, surely, surely. I will come, and with 'igh pleasure."

He advanced toward the negro, who winced under the expectation of another cuffing; but Parris only put his hand upon the woolly head, and magnanimously pronounced a benediction. "Surely," he added, "this is our excellent Quash, the servant of my revered friend, Justice Curwin. Why did I not know him at the first! Why did I treat him with a seming of unwelcome."

"Doan no, Mass' Parris," responded Quash, innocently.

"And so this poor 'eathen—benighted in a double sense—'ath lately escaped from his 'eathenism, and got into the fold of the Good Shepherd—that is to say, joined the church," continued the elder, turning his bloodshot eyes heavenward.

"Dat bery true, sah," said the negro, grinning, and rubbing his chin in comic-

al imitation of the favorite gesture of Curwin. "De Jussus, he tink Quash better great sight jine ee church, an' Quash he allus do juss as de Jussus tole him do."

"Right! right!" exclaimed Parris; "a godly servant should always 'earken to a godly master. Thus doth Caesar—my affectionate Caesar—'oo 'ath likewise made a saving profession."

"Caesar—Caesar," he called, opening the kitchen-door, and beckoning to a lubberly black who crouched in a corner of the fireplace. "And you, also, Good-wife Dauntton; and you, also, Mistress Parris, come 'ither, and behold the Christian greeting of these two black lambs of the flock. Caesar, embrace Quash; Quash, embrace Caesar; exchange the kiss of peace."

The two blacks did as they were ordered, snuggling into each other's faces with a titter of mingled amusement and friendliness.

"There, good people," continued the happy minister, blowing his nose in tender agitation, "is not that a spectacle to make angels smile, to see the 'oly love and joy of these two poor discolored 'eathens, lately made so white by faith? Quash, relate now your experience; after which Caesar will relate his, and thus you will mutually encourage each other in your pilgrimage; though, to be sure, in these times of falling away from Zion—in these times of blatant Sadducism and devilism—the experience of no true professor can be very joyful. Still, Quash, relate your experience."

Quash twisted about in a most singular manner, scratched his perplexed head, and began: "De Jussus he tole me better great sight jine ee church, an' Quash he allus do juss as de Jussus tole him do, an' so Quash he—he—he jine ee church."

"Well," said Parris, after waiting a moment for the convert to proceed, "that is an experience of great 'umility, and quite conformable to that Scripture which saith, 'Servants, obey your masters.' Doth not the Scripture say thus, Caesar? You know it doth. Now, Caesar, you may relate your experience."

"Yes, Massa' Parris, tankes Massa' Parris," replied the negro; "but I jess tink Massa' Parris know more 'bout it dan Caesar; an' if Massa' Parris jess please to tole it 'hisself, Caesar berry much 'bliged to him."

"Fear not, Caesar," observed the min-

ister, encouragingly; "fear not to tell your whole 'eart. We are all professors, and not one of us, I trust, an un-believing Sadducee."

"Yes, Massa' Parris," resumed the happy negro, calling up courage, and beginning to waggle his head after the fashion of the elder. "Well, in de fuss place, bredren and sistern, I's berry much afraid o' dem Obie people; an' den I hear Massa' Parris say de Obie people neber kin hurt de raal true 'fessor; an'—an den, bredren and sistern, arter dat I lie awake all de nights, berry much 'fraid o' dem Obie people; so, den, in de last case, I tell Massa' Parris I wantee jine ee church—arter which, bredren an' sistern, Massa' Parris he take me in."

"Yes, Caesar—yes, indeed, Caesar," said the minister, patting his convert approvingly. "And 'ow is it now with your fears of sin and sinful beings? 'Ave they not all fled? Did you not leave them far behind you when you crept, trembling, into the fold? Do you not enjoy great peace of mind? You know you do—so answer us."

"Oh, yes, massa. Gib sinners now berry large piece ob my mind. Not a bit 'fraid o' dem Obie people now; an' den, ef dey come 'gen berry fierce, why Caesar jess jine ee church 'gen, an' fool 'em."

He chuckled a little at his ingenious idea; but Parris solemnly frowned him down, and proceeded: "Yes, Caesar; but is it not a subject of great grief to you now, that the Sadducees 'ave so triumphed for a while? Doth it not depress you in your spiritual exercises?"

"Yes, massa," sighed Caesar, "berry much indeed. 'Pears like I couldn't set up my 'Neezer since de Sadducism folks git de better ob us so."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed the minister, with sudden vehemence; "it seemeth so even to me. Where are the Hebenezers we all so lately set up with 'oly pride and rejoicing? Trampled under foot by infamous demons and still more infamous Sadducees. Yet you, my black brethren, have less cause for mourning than we. You, at all events, 'ave escaped out of the dry land of your 'eathenism into a land where you can 'ear the rivalets of the Gospel. Are you not thankful for that, Caesar? Do you not thank 'Eaven daily for that it brought you from sinful Hafrica to these Christian shores?"

"Guess I do, Massa," replied Cesar, grinning from ear to ear with calm gratitude. "Dey be heap Obie people in my country, an' no way gittin' 'way from um, no way. Den dey eat heap o' men in my country; an' ef I stay dere now p'raps I be eat up, head fust, all to nothin'. I'se berry much 'bliged to Heaven for fotchin' me way here to Massa' Parris."

"Truly, my simple brother, truly you do well to say so," replied Parris, patting once more the head of his rejoicing disciple, and then shoving both him and Quash out of the kitchen. In a moment after, the voices of the two blacks were heard again from the yard, where they were snow-balling each other with peals of the most extraordinary, deep-mouthed laughter.

Having now trotted out his convert before Good-wife Dauntton, and shown off his best paces, Parris recommenced the conversation on his own account. "Verily, neighbor," said he, "it is wonderful 'ow Cesar 'ath overpassed Quash in the race to glory—'ow much more complete he is in his hevidences—'ow much more satisfactory in his testimony."

"Now, Elder Parris, now I don't exactly say so," replied the woman; "Cesar do talk beootifully, to be sure; but Quash kin do jest as well when he has Elder Noyse to stir him up. Oh, Elder Noyse makes him discourse, that it's a real treat to hear; and, for my part, I think he's just as ripe a Christian as Cesar."

"Good-wife Dauntton," said Parris, with a smile of serene sarcasm, "there be ripe Christians: and rotten Christians."

The spunky woman bridled up at this remark, and answered: "Wall, now, elder, I'll tell you what I think. I think insinuations ain't sermons; no, and you may run the whole Gospel through, and not find any insinuations. And they's some elders, too, as don't use 'em. There's Elder Cotton Mather, now, that great man—one of the first three. Look at him: he's so humble; oh, he can't profess his humility enough; and yet, what a foe to the Sadducees! what a holder-forth by the hour together!"

"Sister Dauntton," said Parris, meekly, "when did you ever see me friendly to a Sadducee? or, when did you ever see me at a loss for words in the right cause?"

"Yes, Good-wife Dauntton," repeated Mrs. Parris, setting her arms akimbo, and nodding severely at the visitor, "all I wish to know is, when?"

"Wall—I don't know," returned the good-wife, drawing; for she was a little puzzled how to convict the elder of those two particular transgressions.

"Well, I s'pose you don't—I s'pose you don't," observed Mrs. Parris, triumphantly. "And then the fits we've had in our house! Talk about Elder Mather! Has he had fits, or his children? He hain't got no children."

"Be calm, spouse—be calm," interposed Parris, gently taking the two ladies, one by one, and setting them down in chairs, so that he could have the floor to himself. He then clapped his left hand under his coat-skirt, held up his right forefinger in decree of silence, and began: "Dear Sister Dauntton, this our beloved Cotton Mather is indeed a hopeful young man; but he is a young man—very young, indeed. Is it any vanity in me to say that I am older? No; for even so 'ath 'Eaven decreed it. Is it any vanity in me to say that older men 'ave a superiority over younger men? No; for even so 'ath 'Eaven decreed it. Is it any vanity in me to say that I was born in Lunnun, and 'ad to fight my spiritual way, with great loss of earthly substance, out of that monstrous pit of iniquity? No; for so also 'ath 'Eaven decreed it. So you see why I 'ave the advantage over our beloved Mather; but, to prove it further, let us indulge in a few more queries. Who commenced the battle, a year ago, upon Satan's kingdom 'ereabouts? That unworthy vessel, Samuel Parris. Who followed in his footsteps, and came after him, gleaning in his labors? Our young brother, Mather. But shall he who gleaneth be greater than he who reapeth? Not so; although even those who enter the vineyard at the eleventh hour 'ave likewise their reward."

"Wall, now—yes—but I want to say—" broke in Good-wife Dauntton.

"I wish unto you a good-morning, sister," replied Parris, without waiting for the conclusion of her speech.

"Thanks for this precious visit, and thanks again for the savory chicken-pie that you brought us when you came before."

He swung his head at her, and retreated obliquely into his study, closing the door after him. Jealous, unsatisfied

Elder Parris! he was tormented with a love of money and power, and still more, perhaps, with a morbid passion for notoriety. How could he help being secretly indignant at the talented young preacher of Boston, who had so successfully stolen his thunder?

The conversion of Quash and Cæsar, by the way, was nothing extraordinary. When the delusion burst, there was a general stampede of the "afflicted" into the church; some running to the fold of their own accord, and others hurried there by their parents; but all, doubtless, for the same simple purpose of escaping punishment and regaining popular favor. None of them, as we can find, ever confessed their lies; and the devil himself must have laughed and snapped his black fingers at such converts as they.

At eleven o'clock, Parris was on his way to Salem, wriggling in his usual style to the few friendly faces which greeted him, and arrogantly scowling back the grim aversion of the many. "Thomas Bibber," said he, on arriving at Noyse's door-post, "leave not this poor beast in the street here. I would not for some pounds expose him to the wickedness of those sons of Belial, the children of this village. I have cause to believe that they would clap briars under his tail, or do something else of that nature. Take him to the barn for shelter; and, while you are there, Thomas, you may give him a peck or two of corn—eh?"

"Ho, Brother Noyse," he continued, as his host came out to meet him, "the Lord be with thee. And where may be our young brother from Boston?"

"He has ridden out this morning to try and compose the minds of some who are still fractious and vindictive concerning their imagined wrongs," said Noyse. "If any one can mollify this stiff-necked people with the ointment of holy eloquence, it is he. But it is time he return. Yea, I see him there, approaching in haste."

In great haste that energetic young Mather certainly appeared to be; for, down the street he came at the very topmost speed of his sleek, round-bodied pony, casting hasty looks behind him occasionally, like a man who fancies himself pursued. Pulling up at the gate with a jerk, he exhibited to his wondering brother elders a face cher-ry ripe with unspeakable indignation.

"God help us!" he exclaimed, dismounting. "When matters are come to this turn, well may one say, oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them!"

"Ay, Brother Mather?" said Parris, as the party reached the keeping-room and he ensconced himself in the best chair. "Do you find them so unreasonable, so tough-headed, so flinty-hearted, as to leave no 'ope in the softening effect of grace? Nay, I 'ope not; nay, I 'ope for better things; nay, I 'ope for a speedy shower of love and gentleness."

"Shower of snow-balls, and of junks of ice and of pebbles from the gulleys," interrupted Mather angrily. "Is it their reasonings that I find so hard? Not so. I can return reason for reason, and answer for answer. It is to be hooted at, yea, it is to be snow-balled, yea, it is to be stoned, that fills me with grief, and perplexity, and confusion. Have I been from my youth an elder in the congregation—have I come of a family of elders—do I preach in Boston to his excellency, our governor, that I am held worthy only of howlings and lapidations here in Salem?"

"What! Is it possible? Have you truly been stoned?" said Noyse with a look of great alarm.

"Yea, that I have," vehemently returned Mather; "and by the younglings of your flock, brother, and by the tender lambs of your charge—and called names by them, into the bargain—names such as shame me to repeat. Think of my entering Salem on an errand of mercy, to hear myself entitled an old halter, a hangman's cart, a prophet of Moloch, and a mountebank priest!"

Yes, it was perfectly true that the reverend Cotton Mather had been both hooted and pelted after a small way by some vicious Salemite urchins, no doubt set on, or at least countenanced in the outrage, by some of the adult members of the community. No wonder that he was indignant at such an ignominious assault upon his personal and official majesty; it must have been a terribly bitter pill to a man who had been accustomed from childhood to hold himself in every kind of extraordinary admiration and respect.

"I will tell you, brethren, what I thought of when I heard those yelpings

and felt the pebbles hit me in the back," he continued. "I thought of the wicked children that mocked at the prophet of the Lord, saying, 'Go up thou bald-head;' and of the two she-bears that came out of the wood and tare forty and two of them."

"Yea, verily, an appropriate Scripture," observed Parris ferociously; "and our sinful children of Salem would do well to be thankful that no such avenging miracle is wrought upon them. Would they not? Yea, I am thankful every day that I was not torn by bears when I was a boy. All boys are naturally wicked, and partake of a peculiar degree of the original sin. And, had such a bearish remarkable occurred to-day, what great occasion would all good men 'ave 'ad to cry, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory!' Would you not 'ave cried thus? Naturally, you would. I would. But, Brother Mather, what say the parents, what say the older ones concerning the late calamities? What is the general nature of their talk?"

"They prate of nothing but confessions, and humiliations, and apologies," replied Mather. "They are not satisfied with our friend Noyse's confession; but they must have one from you, brother; yea, also, and a confession from me, who am of Boston. After all my unwearied cares and pains to rescue the miserable from the lions and bears of hell which had seized them, and after all my studies to disappoint the devils in their designs to confound my neighborhood, why must I be driven to the necessity of an apology?"

"But," interposed Noyse, in a kind of humble whimper, "they say that, with whatever conscience we labored, we fell into grave and calamitous mistakes, which in some sort require a public acknowledgment."

"True, there have been mistakes," replied Mather slowly, as if he were trying almost in vain to remember one.

All human efforts, even in the cause of Heaven, are clouded with mistakes. I do myself conceive that one case here in Salem proceeded from some mistaken principle."

"I feel much grieved," whined Noyse, "when I reflect how we listened to those afflicted ones, who now are all quiet, showing, I fear, that either they swore falsely, or else that the old

serpent imposed upon their senses for the time being with some demoniac illusion."

"Nay, that is dubitable, extremely dubitable," said Mather. "I grant you that when the prosecutions ceased the afflicted grew presently well; but I take it that that was because the Lord immediately and in a peculiar manner chained up Satan."

"Surely, undeniably," chimed in Parris. "Is not the Lord able to chain up Satan? Questionless, he is; and I, for one, would rather be damned than deny it. And as for these confessors, if they 'ave dealt falsely, and so brought damnation upon their souls, must we shoulder their sin and suffer with them? I prefer to suffer with the people of God for a season."

"I hope that no severities will be practiced on those poor, deluded creatures," murmured Noyse, in a low-spirited tone. "I should be loth to hear of any more courts and hangings. I would that there were no prospect of any more such dreadful things."

"Calm yourself on that score," returned Mather coolly. "I know from men in authority what road will be followed to reach the ending of this matter. The whole affair hath already been so murderous, as well as so confused, that it hath been thought best to make no inquiry into the confessors' conduct. Some of our best physicians declare that perhaps the children had a certain disorder which did force them to act as they did. The more fools they, for thinking so; but such an opinion aids to shield the children." Thus the public mind is greatly divided as to the confessors; and, finally, they be fifty-five in number, which is too many to punish."

"But what a shock all these doubts, and clouds, and adversities give to faith! I confess that I have been so shaken in soul lately, that various times Satan nigh upon threw me. Yea, I have had most grievous temptations to atheism and the abandonment of all religion as a mere delusion."

"Ah, Brother Mather, ah! I have much sympathy with you on that score of temptation," sighed Noyse. "It sways much upon my soul that we of New England, who held ourselves a peculiar people set apart for Heaven in this wilderness, should have been so taken unawares and overcome by Satan."

Oh! I too have felt mighty impulsions to believe that we belong to the party of the pit, and not of Heaven."

"Not so!" exclaimed Parris, throwing up his red face in contempt of all seductions to forsake the faith; "because the devil assaults me, am I a devil? On the contrary, I am not a devil, and desire not to be one. Yea, brethren, I had rather be a believing fool in holiness than the cunning old serpent himself in wisdom."

"It is a matter of disputation yet," said Mather, "whether we are fools in any sense, the devil himself being witness. Suppose this whole excitement hath been false; and yet consider what a fervor of devotion it hath thrown our community into. The young people used to spend whole nights by whole weeks in prayers and psalms. Some scores of youth, strangers to piety, have been struck by the lively demonstrations of hell, evidently set forth before their eyes; and of these also it might be said, behold they pray in the whole. All the afflicted have not only been delivered, but I hope savingly brought home to the fold."

"Yea," observed Parris, kneading his hands together in token of immense gratitude; "and if our shame be taken away thus, we may well say, Praise God for our shame."

"Then there is another reason," continued the consolatory Mather, "why we should not be humbled overmuch, that the devil hath chosen our New England to play his pranks in. We are not alone in that. In Suffolk, in England, about the year 1645, was such a prosecution, until they saw that unless they brought it to a stop it would throw all into blood and confusion. The like hath been in France until nine hundred were put to death; and in other places the like. Particularly in Sweden, in the years 1669 and 1670, they had some hundred of their children carried away by spectres to a hellish rendezvous, where the monsters that so spirited them did every way tempt them to associate with them; and the judges of the kingdom, after extraordinary supplications to Heaven, were so satisfied with the confessions of more than twenty of the accused, that they put several scores of the witches to death, whereupon the confusions came to a period. Yet, after all, the chiefest persons in the kingdom would question whether there were any

witchcrafts at all in the whole affair; so that it must not be wondered at if the people of New England are full of doubts about the steps which were taken while a war from the invisible world was terrifying them, and whether they did not kill some of their own side in the smoke and noise of this dreadful war. Well, there are other instances which show that others are as easily over-reached by the devil as we. Thus, a certain inquisitor in the subalpine valleys consumed above a hundred women-witches in the flames, until the country people rose and by force of arms hindered him. Thus, too, at Chelmsford, in Essex, in 1645, there were thirty tried at one time before Judge Coniers, and fourteen of them hanged, and a hundred more confined in the prisons of Suffolk and Essex. So you see that New England is not the only place circumvented by the wiles of the wicked and wily serpent in this kind."

"Truly, I knew all these things before, and yet it refreshes my soul to hear you rehearse them," said Parris. "It would look as if the devil took us for blocks, if he had tried to practice his impertinences on us alone. But am I a block, even if the devil thinks me one? Is he not himself the most stupid block in creation, to try to war against the Lord of all?"

Throughout all this tedious babble concerning the by-gone tragedy, not one of these men mentioned what had really led him to be one of its prominent actors; not one of them expressed any personal disappointment at its result, or alluded to what most annoyed him in the bursting of the bloody bubble. Noyse said nothing of Rachel: nothing of his love, his rejection, and his revenge. Parris uttered no regret that, so far from quelling his parish enemies, and making himself widely popular, he had only become hateful at home and infamous abroad. Mather lifted no pious moan that the reign of the Lord's ministers in New England was now apparently further off than ever. Each kept his lust, his hate, his ambition in his own heart, nor would exhibit it even to the eyes of his fellows in violence, and selfishness, and error.

"Ah, Brother Parris," responded Mather, after a few moments' silence, "flashy people may burlesque these things, and, doubtless, will burlesque them. But we are not fools, neverthe-

less; and this is a country where they have as much mother-wit, certainly, as the rest of mankind."

"Then," struck in Noyse, "I propose that we show our mother-wit by sitting down to dinner."

Having duly laughed at this extraordinary stroke of humor, the three elders took their seats, pulled solemn faces, said grace, and ate a sufficiently gloomy repast. As we have probably had more than enough of their conversation by this time, I shall take the liberty of softly pulling to the door, and leaving them to their wild goose and venison.

CHAPTER XXX.

THAT was a memorably jubilant day in the spring of 1693, on which Sir William Phips, governor of Massachusetts, granted a full pardon and liberation unto all captives groaning in dungeons because of witchcraft. How the people flocked around the prison gates, with shouts, and hails, and sudden laughter, and loud, joyful weeping, to meet the hundred and fifty saved ones who then stepped out of bonds and the fear of death into liberty and the fullness of life. Hands that had been long separated linked again; eyes that had wept often hopelessly apart wept now in unison; forgiveness was asked and granted, and friendships once broken joined anew together. It must not be supposed, however, that the whole community rejoiced in this most unparalleled of New England jail-deliveries. There were many who said that the governor was over-merciful; who looked askance upon the liberated ones, or even yet believed in their great transgression. Mather, Stoughton, Curwin, Parris, and men of that stamp kept far away from the dungeon doors on this morning of mercies. They were not glad to hear the breaking of yokes, nor to see the oppressed go free. They were afraid also of receiving insolent words, or the still ruder wrath of brickbats even, from the excited men who shouted and shook hands with each other before all the prisons.

Of the prosecuting set in Salem, however, there were two, Elder Noyse and King's Attorney Newton, who were present at the jail when the captives received freedom. The minister smiled and wept unstanably through the crowd: he bowed, shook hands, mumbled

hymns, congratulated and ejaculated: he was the happiest and humblest of men, the most penitent, the most philanthropically thankful. Thomas Newton, Esquire, hardly knew, for his part, whether to be downcast or elated. No more courts of capital cases for him at Salem, and Ipswich, and Charlestown, and Boston. But then it was to be considered that he had thus far got very slim pay for his legal efforts; and that, by order of the governor and council, he was to receive thirty shillings a head for all those who now stepped out of their shackles and threw down their manacles. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, thought Thomas Newton; and so he took what he could get, and smiled his blithest.

Lunatic John Bowson was present, in a fervent joyful persuasion that the affair was a great witch-meeting; and that all Salem had happily come over to the prince of darkness. Observing Noyse sidling from group to group, he addressed him as the "Man in black," and begged the loan of a fast broomstick. "He, he, he," laughed some impudent boys and darkeys. "There goes the Man in black. Won't you lend us some broomsticks? Hullo, Man in black!"

Noyse stealthily hastened homeward, fearing worse than mockeries. His rowdy jeerers were rebuked and brought to quiet by Justice Hawthorne, who was present in his calmest self-possession; dignified, unassailable, loudly in favor of the liberation, and frank in regretting the dire extremities to which things had gone; but determined, as he said, that the village should be soiled by no more violence. "I am no bigot, good people," he observed; "on the contrary, I am greatly rejoiced that we have got out of this fanatic snare; but then we ought to countenance no riots, no rabble-work. We have gained a victory of mercy; and now let us take for our watchword, moderation."

While these captives were leaving their prisons of wood and stone, an aged spirit in the village was bursting from its prison of flesh. Mistress Bowson and Good-wife Stanton watched all that night over the last short illness and death-scene of Goody Bowson. This antique female, now, according to her own belief, somewhere beyond ninety years of age, came over a season or two after the arrival of the Mayflower. She

had therefore witnessed nearly the whole history of New England; its great sorrows, its martyr-like endurance, its heroic struggles for life against men and nature, its steady and healthy growth, and finally that terrible lunacy during which it wandered among tombs, foaming and cutting itself with stones. What kind of woman she had been in her prime, I cannot say. For the last five or six years she had been a mere case; an old lantern battered by hard service, from which flickered the smallest possible gleam of intellect. She did not seem to die of anything in particular, but, rather, went out, in a draught of air, entirely without pain. Her most lucid observation was, that "she was a very old 'ooman, but very comfable," which was quite correct. Chubby Good-wife Dauntton, already known to us as a connoisseur in death-beds, reported that "she made a beootiful end, and went off singing psalms like an archangel, very happy and composed like."

Poor John Bowson was quite unobservant of his mother's exit, being occupied in manufacturing a doll with a cocked hat, whereby to bewitch Sir William Phips. He went very willingly to the funeral, fancying that at last there was really going to be a satisfactory witch communion. But when he stood by the grave and looked at the withered white countenance, as the coffin lid lay turned back from it, a ray of intelligence seemed to penetrate his benighted intellect. He shivered and crouched away like a frightened child; then, hiding his face and gray hair in his broad-brimmed hat, he burst into a loud fit of crying. The shock apparently awakened, in some degree, his reason; for, at intervals afterwards, it surged fitfully back to him again.

Goody Bowson, a year before, had made a last will and testament, by which she bequeathed her little property of £300, or thereabouts, to Rachel. John Bowson, as yet sane, and kind, and generous, had persuaded his mother to do this for the love that he bore the pretty girl who was then the joy of his heart and the glory of his household. "He wanted none of the goody's shillings," he said: "he had enough and to spare of his own making; and when he died, they should go to Rachel also." Afterwards, when he had learned to believe all the Mores were witches, he

wanted to destroy the will; but he was unable to find it; nor could his mother remember where she had put it; nor could he ever persuade her to make a second. A day or two subsequent to the funeral it was brought to light from its retreat under the cover of the Goody's psalm-book. Rachel, therefore, was now the possessor of some twelve hundred pounds sterling. The sum would have been larger, had not three hundred pounds or so disappeared from her father's estate, in a manner which could only be accounted for by the fact that Messrs. Newton and Herriek were both particularly flush of silver shillings about that period.

But where was the dear little heiress all this while? That was what nobody in Salem could guess at, with much precision, until Sarah Carrier danced home one day with a story that the sloop Blunderbuss was in the harbor. Hastily enough did Good-wife Stanton, and Aunt Ann, yes, and the poor ex-deacon himself, put on their hoods and hats, and run down after Sarah to the landing. An old sailor, in a loose long jacket and very loose brief trowsers, took his three-inch pipe from his mouth (where it was smoking his nose into a kind of salt-bacon), and, pointing to a sloop which had just come to anchor, growled his opinion that "that 'ere craft was the Blunderbuss, if ever there was a Blunderbuss." A little boat went down the side; a couple of sailors leaped into it; then came a tall fellow in landsman's costume; and lastly a woman was lifted down and placed in the stern-sheets. With feathery oars, and quick, short-winded jumps, the corpulent little shallop dodged away from the vessel, and commenced butting through the ripples towards the shore. How like, and yet how unlike, were the circumstances of the scene to those which marked that by-gone morning when Rachel came to the self-same landing with her father. Have the kindness not to look under the women's hoods, thou ancient mariner. Art thou not conscious of the impropriety of staring into the faces of people who do not know whether they are crying or not? And lo! the ancient mariner is conscious of it; for he hitches up his trowsers, though they are too short already, and sidles off, muttering: "Heave ahead, Jack, and let the women pipe their eyes."—Commendable, delicate-hearted ancient mariner!





There was a shout of "Hurrah, mother! hurrah, Aunt Ann!" from the boat, and a weak, tremulous, tearful response of "Mark! Rachel!" from the shore. Then the boat thumped against the stairway, and, with a hurried, heedless rush, the two exiles once more reached New England soil. "My eyes, what a pooty gal!" muttered the ancient mariner, from a respectful distance. "What a cary of busses she's a unloadin'. I'd give my figgerhead to b'long to that 'ere crew."

Even John Bowson, forgetting all his thaumatographical theories about the Mores, threw his arms around Rachel's neck, and received a kiss which made the Jack on shore and the two Jacks in the boat wince with jealousy. After which, cramming his hat over his face, he set up a hullabaloo of inappeasable, childish weeping, stumbling on in the train of the others as they hurried away up the street toward the homes where they had been so miserable and so happy.

As the party turned a corner, it came full upon Elder Noyes and Justice Hawthorne walking in company. The minister halted as if petrified, blushed, turned pale, and finally put out an unsteady hand, stammering: "Oh, truly—yes—it is Mark and Rachel."

Mark stepped straight by him, and shook hands heartily with the Justice. Rachel curtsied slightly, but without speaking, or so much as withdrawing her fingers from the grasp of Aunt Ann and Good-wife Stanton. The conscience-stricken man's arm dropped, and he slunk aside to exchange a confused greeting with lunatic John Bowson. "I am right well pleased to see you again, Mark," said the gentlemanly, self-possessed Hawthorne. "And you also, Mrs. Rachel, it rejoices me to find you in safety and in such excellent health. Mark, my young friend, have no manner of uneasiness because you broke jail—nothing will come of that matter. I will see to it myself that no complaint be made. Never was rum put to better use than that wherewith you beguiled those vagabond guardsmen. Gentlewomen, my respects to you all. I will pleasure myself with seeing you again soon at your houses."

"What a kind o' good friendly man Justice Hawthorne is, to be sure," said Good-wife Stanton, as the parties separated. "How very curious that such a

friendly man should 'a been so fierce in the prosecutions!"

They had almost reached the gate, when John Bowson startled them by running ahead and pointing with an alarmed look behind. They turned, and saw a small, shaggy dog, lean, starved, and shabby, with very much such a figure and air as would have been produced by slipping a canine skeleton into the skin of the vanished Frisk. The creature was following them at a little distance, its head and tail humbly depressed, but watching them furtively from under its nervous eyelids. "Why, it is Frisk!" said Aunt Ann. "Why, Frisk! Frisk! come here, poor fellow!"

The dog seemed to think that he was indeed a poor fellow, not worthy the notice of such good people; for he approached hesitatingly, sidling, whining, trembling, and wagging his humiliated tail with a gesture of timorous deprecation. It was with great difficulty that they coaxed him to them; and when Mark took him up, he shivered and whimpered in an ague of fright. He hardly seemed to know one from another, or, indeed, to recognize any of them distinctly; but he licked all their hands, and, when his name was called, acknowledged it by turning his sunken eyes on the speaker. "He has been almost starved, poor fellow!" said Mark; and Frisk replied by two feeble wags of his tail, as much as to say—Yes, indeed, I have been almost starved, good people. They carried him into the house and fed him; half forgetful for the moment of their own past sorrows, so movingly did the inarticulate woes of Frisk call for immediate pity and sympathy.

Very soon old Mr. Higginson hurried in joyfully to greet the returned outcasts. Of course they asked him to read a chapter in the Bible, after which came a short prayer, and a hymn uniting all voices. Frisk lay and listened, with only one feeble whine, lamentably different from his sturdy protests of former times against the sound of psalmody.

The next day, by special, yea, by most urgent invitation, Skipper Hilton found himself seated at the still plentiful and hospitable board of the Bowsons. There was Rachel on his left and Mark on his right; Aunt Ann here and Good-wife Stanton there; John Bowson, grinning timidly, opposite to Sarah Carrier; and, at the head of the table, the vener-

able Higginson. Hannah rushed in and out, on her errands of supply, crimson with heat, haste, and happiness. Teague grinned through the doorway, in a state of inestimable delight, or eased his feelings by capering about the kitchen in the wildest of Irish jigs. Even Frisk had recovered a portion of his ancient spirits, and carried his wagging tail about from one to another of the party, as an offering of gratitude and a symbol of hope. The eating and drinking went on cheerily, and the talking also; sometimes sad, indeed, but generally gay, for the sake of the captain. How flattered the good women were at his appetite; and how they wondered with increasing wonder at his mighty thirst. Then it happened that he electrified them five or six times by swearing; after which he always half rose to his feet, and "begged pardon of the ladies and the parson," remarking that he had "learned to talk down in the Virginias, where they wasn't pertickler." Which excuse was accepted by Elder Higginson and the ladies as a very natural one; they not having the highest opinion of the state of morals in those same episcopal, Puritan-persecuting Virginias. But, in spite of his peccadilloes, the captain made a good impression; all the better, no doubt, because he was something of a novelty; for such a hearty, roaring, roystering, jolly hurricane of a man was seldom seen in the serious society of New England.

"Lack-a-day, me," said Good-wife Stanton; "we was so mortal sorry you wouldn't come ashore with them yesterday, and put up with us from the first."

"Oh, mother," interposed Rachel, "we tried all we could to bring him. And you would'nt come; would you, captain?"

"Not I, my beauty," responded Hilton. "Bless my stars, I wasn't going to land cargo before it was wanted. Ye see, marm," (to Good-wife Stanton) "I says to myself, says I, lay off, Jim Hilton, till they've sarved out a good shake o' the hand all round; and then, if they offers you a turn, why, put in your hipper hearty. Marm, I looks towards ye."

He poured down a bumper of venerable canary, and followed it up by a smack, at least as considerable in its way as a fishing smack. Good-wife Stanton nodded, simpered, tasted her

wine, and actually blushed a little behind her goblet. The captain was certainly a good-looking man, and had a very taking way with him; but it would not do to think of marrying again at her age; and doubtless he meant nothing at all; it was only his manner.

"And so that's the little gal as had the tantrums?" continued the skipper, staring rather surlily at Sarah Carrier, who, despite her large stock of native impudence, flinched beneath his eye, and looked as if she wanted to creep under the table. She had conceived a strong liking and a profound respect for this great, hearty, deafening man from foreign parts, and would rather have been frowned upon by a dozen elders than by him.

"Oh, captain," said Rachel, "Mark and I, we feel as if we couldn't bear any grudge to Sarah, for all her convulsions. If it hadn't been for her, I don't know as we should have been married to this day."

"Don't know as I feel any the more obleeged to her for that," growled the skipper gallantly, giving Rachel a wink sufficient to have upset a jolly-boat. Hereupon every body giggled, except Sarah, who looked quite drowned in shame and affliction.

"Captain Hilton," said Elder Higginson presently, "let me invite you to fill your glass; and let us all drink to the continuing happiness of that espousal which was celebrated amid so much distrust and weeping. I am aware that the numberless and prodigious exorbitances of health-drinking are to be avoided by every Christian, and have been justly lashed by many of my pastoral brethren. But it is quite another thing to drink to such a holy institution as marriage, which is celebrated, for the most part, only once in a man's life, and for which our Lord himself made wine in Cana of Galilee. Wherefore, let us, once for all, fill our cups in memory of the nuptials of our dear Mark and Rachel."

"Fill the little gal's cup, too," struck in that good-natured Hilton. "If she helped splice 'em together, let her bear a hand in wishing 'em good luck."

Sarah's eyes, which had been growing dim and misty in grief, sparkled up with delight, as she glanced from the stranger's smile of favor to her bubbly glass of canary. And thus the entire party drank a hearty bumper of benevo-

lence to the present and future of the youthful couple.

All this time, poor John Bowson, once so gay and loquacious on festive occasions, sat quiet and silent in that timidity which often marks an unhinged spirit. None of the family spoke to him, for fear of striking out from his weak brain some absurd spark of lunacy. Rachel filled his glass, and smiled kindly in his unsteady, humble eyes; but he only seemed embarrassed by her attentions, and looked hastily away, as if unable to bear the gaze of her gentle sanity. Once he asked Sarah Carrier, in a loud whisper, "who was that lady?" Rachel heard him, and replied, "Why, uncle, I am your niece, your little niece?" "Oh," said he, with a nervous glance of admiration at her handsome face and genteel matronly carriage, "I—I didn't know as I had such a fine niece."

He was evidently wandering in vain among shattered recollections of the past, quite unable to identify her with that shadowy, by-gone Rachel, who, in her supposed witch character, had been to him as a nightmare. Hilton stared at him with a frank, vigorous, pitiful interest, which put him greatly out of countenance. Several times the skipper lifted a glass, as if to drink his health; but the poor, broken-down man's eye always dodged away, and hid itself in some corner, or under the table. When the cat came in, and smelled about from guest to guest for some small charity in the way of a chicken bone, he looked stealthily at Hilton, as if to see what that great personage would do in such a dangerous emergency. It was an evident relief, and yet a disappointment to him, when pussy was *shoved* away harmlessly into the kitchen. But he dared not express his feelings on the mighty event; for he was completely cowed by the solid, vigorous rationality of the minds about him.

Rachel looked at her aunt, and thought that she had never seen a more saintly visage. Thin, pale, composed, subdued, Mistress Bowson had a certain prayerful expression, which told of great griefs borne daily to sepulchres hewn in the Rock of ages. Rachel's own face had a little, a very little, and only at moments, of this seeming; but flushed over by the glow of health, and that abounding hope which scarcely any affliction can

wholly dissipate from the morning of life.

Well, in spite of these little sorrow-clouds blowing from the past, the meal went on cheerfully for the most part; and, in its jolly progress, finally reached the stage of dessert. It was the custom in those good old days, not only to ask a blessing over the dinner, but to return thanks after it; and this second devotion was often introduced just previous to the dessert, so that the children could be sent away from table; for our sensible ancestors thought it unwise to expose the little people to the temptations of strong liquors and rich pastry. Accordingly, on the advent of the pies and rum-punch, Elder Higginson rose, and murmured a short expression of gratitude for the abundance which had been vouchsafed. Now, Skipper Hilton had either never seen this practice in Virginia, or else he had forgotten it in the course of his multitudinous voyagings; for he fell into a very curious and memorable mistake on the occasion. Hearing a few words about Heaven and Divine Providence, he thought it was a religious toast; and rising also, with an air of profound respect, he drank it in a full bumper. Elder Higginson sat down in much wondering confusion, while the rest of the company made haste to get their mouths into their sleeves, so as to smile invisibly.

The next incident was, that John Bowson actually spoke, and made a very sane and very characteristic observation. "Cap'n Hilton," said he, grinning quite in his old style, "why don't you buy Tituba and Mary Watkins, and sell 'em in Virginia?"

The captain stared in surprise to hear such a practical question from an old gentleman whom he had supposed to be entirely idiotic. Then, shaking his head in grave disapproval of the proposition, he replied: "Witches, arn't they? Sold to pay prison expenses, I s'pose. May I be sunk if ever I buy any of your old Salem witch-meat!"

The women laughed, as they now did at everything that the skipper said; and John Bowson, much abashed, sidled after Sarah Carrier into the kitchen. "Well, my lass," said Hilton, turning to Rachel, "now what's a going to come of you?"

The young wife smiled, and, reaching across him, took the hand of her husband.

"All right!" shouted this thunder-gust of a sailor, clasping both of those hands in his own. "And may we three come to the same good port at last together."

"Yea, verily," added Elder Higginson, with his kindly smile; "a good port I hope it will be, and large enough for more than we think of, or could think of."

"And I hope Master Mark will be a justice of the peace," broke in Sarah Carrier from the door-way, anxious to maintain her post in the general favor.

"And I hope that old gentleman will find his wits again, or get along comfable without 'em," said the skipper, pointing to John Bowson, as he sat staring at Frisk in the kitchen.

"Surely, I hope so, if it is best," observed Elder Higginson.

"And good luck to all good people!" roared Hilton, draining off a final bumper, and rising from the table.

And so they disappeared, all of them—good and evil—kindly and selfish—rich in a pure conscience or stained with the blood of innocence—all flying away and vanishing from my mind's eye forever. If I believe, or dare affirm, anything of the subsequent life of any of them, it is in accordance with the kindly wishes of this last banquet. Concern-

ing those whose names were not mentioned there, we may frankly accept some indistinct knowledge from history. It is history which tells us that Elder Noyse was able to retain his post by dint of a fair-faced penitence; and that Parris, after holding on sullenly for four years, was obliged by inappeasable public aversion to go out of Salem Village into unknown places; to fly away altogether, with his own sins and the sins of his people upon him, like the scapegoat of Israel driven loathingly away into trackless deserts. Cotton Mather clung to his pulpit in Boston, working diligently at sermons and church-histories, winning slowly back some of the golden opinions that he had lost in this game of witchcraft, but never after quite as opulent as before in the general confidence and love. Credulous superstition had led him to mount the pale horse of death; and domineering self-conceit had spurred him on to despotic bloody extremities. Let all future Cotton Mathers learn charity from his unintentional sins, and the mortifying inevitable manner in which they found him out. For, if there is any lesson to be drawn from this book, it is, that, even in such a trinity as faith, hope, and charity, the greatest and most beautiful thing of all is charity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

I.—NEW BOOKS.

—*Virginia Illustrated: containing a Visit to the Virginian Canaan, and the Adventures of Porte Crayon and his Cousins. Illustrated from Drawings by Porte Crayon* (Harpers). A large, handsome volume, the text and cuts of which have already appeared in Harper's Magazine. It is a record of adventure—of camping, and fishing, and frolicking; of character, life, and manners in the Old Dominion; and it is executed, both by pen and pencil, in a most lively and attractive manner. The author is a person of very close and humorous observation, and a great deal of skill in humorous delineation. The first trip to "Canaan" was made by a party of friends, whose enjoyment, despite all the little inevitable inconveniences of such an excursion, was so

decided, that a bevy of lovely friends and cousins besought, with lips and eyes, the gallant Porte Crayon to "take us somewhere." Happy, no less than gallant:—will any young gentleman—let him be an artist, a poet, and a humorist, also—fancy himself taken out upon the piazza by the loveliest of her sex, and entreated, cajoled, flattered, to take her and her friends "somewhere." Our author is the man who has not only suffered that sweet torture, but he has done the thing; he takes the ladies somewhere, and invites us to accompany him, in so sprightly a style that only a churl would refuse. They go to famous and pleasant places—to Weyer's Cave, the Natural Bridge, Monticello, Fauquier Springs, Berkeley Springs, as well as to

other purely picturesque parts of their state. It is a thoroughly American and racy book.

—The Reverend Charles Haddon Spurgeon is, probably, at this moment, the most famous preacher in the world. Various circumstances may account for the fact, but the fact is unquestionable. In this country very large editions of his sermons are sold, and many anecdotes are constantly told of him in the newspapers. But no man who has witnessed the popular excitement attendant upon the preaching of certain clergymen, like the late Rev. J. N. Maffit, for example, is ignorant that the immense reputation does not necessarily imply an equal power or genius in the individual. Certainly, in the case of Mr. Spurgeon, there have been no extracts from his sermons published which evince a very great talent in the preacher himself. A fine fervor, extreme youth, and a bold, almost an audacious, rhetoric, are almost enough to explain his position. But to these we must, undoubtedly, add what only his hearers can experience—great personal magnetism and persuasion, the magic of oratory, the tone, the mien, the manner, which cannot be reported, but which are of the profoundest effect. There are very few orators in whose discourses the manner is exactly proportioned to the matter. There is always a little disappointment in reading a fine speech. Even what seemed best in thought as well as in oratory, when it was spoken, seems tame when it is read.

But by whatever means a man becomes famous, and however justly, everybody wants to know something about him. Probably as many of us would crowd the street to see Lucrezia Borgia as Florence Nightingale. What pleasure there is in reading of George Fox, and Whitfield, and Wesley, as well as of Nelson and Decatur. It was to be expected, therefore, that some enterprising publisher should issue, as soon as it could be collected, *Spurgeon's Life and Ministry*, which is republished here by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

Of course, there is very little to say of him. We learn that he comes of ministers—his grandfather and father, both of whom are living, being clergymen. The biography informs us, in stately style, that "Mr. Spurgeon is of Nonconformist descent, and entered this world on the 19th June, 1834." He is, consequently, now about twenty-

three years of age. He began to address Sunday-schools when he was about sixteen, and soon after preached his first sermon. In 1853, "just turned nineteen years of age," he was called to London to New Park-street Chapel. Personally he is "a little below the common stature, with a person that inclines to the thick and plump. The color of his eyes is black, that of his hair, dark chestnut, and his complexion is bloodless; his face is a medium between the circle and the square, and approaches either according to the point from which it is viewed. It is rather sleek and inexpressive, and, as the lymphatic prevails in his temperament, it is in keeping with a spirit naturally cheerful and content. . . . His joints are by no means firmly set, and he has a curious liteness of limb.

"One is at a loss to comprehend how the oily and the adipose could long keep the company of so firm, active, and persevering a mind. His voice is full, clear, and musical. It is not commonly raised above the conversational tone, and is never heard in vociferous bursts and fulminations. It is singularly adapted to the expression of the plaintive and the pathetic. He is not a rapid or fervent speaker, being never caught up and carried away with his subject, but rather keeping that firm footing whereby he is able to catch up and carry away his audience. His gestures are few and natural. When animated with high thoughts, he looks aloft, and has the rapt and enthusiastic air of Powers's new statue, *Il Penseroso*; when his ideas are familiar, he stoops over the pulpit, rests on his elbow, and sometimes ungracefully places his breast on his open Bible. His general manner is serious, frank, and calm, yet tender and genial. He has more humor than wit, but little of either has yet ever appeared in his sermons, and it may admit of a doubt whether either has much share in his mental composition."

The portrait prefixed to this little volume is not prepossessing, and the specimens of the preacher's eloquence evidently require his utterance to give them their proper point. We subjoin one of the passages, from which the reader will readily infer that the spoken effect may have been very impressive, although there is no fine touch of poetry or imagination in the words themselves:

"There was a feast once, such as, I

think, scarcely ever was seen. Ten thousand lamps lit up the gorgeous halls; the king sat on his throne; and around him were his wives and concubines. They ate, they drank; the bowls were filled to the brim, and merrily the hours danced on. Loud was the bacchanalian shout, and loud the song. They drank deep, they drank curses to the God of Jacob; they took the sacred wine-cup, and they poured in their unballowed liquors; they drank them down, and drank again, and the merry shout rang through the halls; the viol and harp were there, and the music sounded. List! list! list! it is the last feast that Babel shall ever see. Even now the enemies are at the gates. They come! they come! O Belshazzar! read that writing there—"Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting." O Belshazzar! stay thy feasting; see the shaft of God. Lo! the death-shaft! It is whizzing in the air! it has pierced his heart! He falls! he falls! and with him Babel falls! That feast was a feast of death. 'Better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting' such as that. I have read thy record, O mistress of the house! I say, woman! I have read thy record, and it is enough. I need not cross thy threshold; I do not want to see thy magnificent temple; I never wish to sit in thy splendid halls. It is enough! I am satisfied. Rather would I sleep nightly in my shroud, and sit on my coffin, and have my grave-stone in the wall of my study, and live in a vault forever, than I would enter that house of feasting. Good God! may I be kept from sinful mirth! may I be kept from the house of sinful feasting! may I never be tempted to cross that threshold! O! then, young man, who art enchanted by its gayety, charmed by its music, stay! stay! for every plank in the floor is rotten, every stone that is there is dug from the quarries of hell; and if thou enterest into that house, thou shalt find that her steps lead down to hell, and go down to the chambers of everlasting woe."

—*Glimpses of Nineveh* B. C. 690, (Miller & Curtis). A quiet book in a bustling time; a curious and felicitous picture of a civilization which lies buried under Asian sands, and to which Layard has so effectively directed modern attention. The work is in the form of letters between friends traveling from Nineveh to Babylon, and enjoying the experience of both cities in the days of Sennacherib, the king. By a close and faithful study of the literature in which those cities and their remains are preserved to us, and by a natural aptitude to a kind of recondite romance, the

author of this book succeeds in portraying the probabilities of Assyrian politics and society, with a tranquil vividness which, to many tastes, is sure to be fascinating. The very design of the work is not without the fascination of audacity. That any man, especially any American, should deliberately devote himself to such speculations, is, in itself, remarkable; that he should turn them to such good account, is admirable. Yet our author is in good society. Landon and William Ware are two conspicuous examples of the skill with which such works may be executed. Our author's claims are modest, but firm. His work belongs to pure literature. It shows more than scholarship—a sympathetic insight into the genius and character of the age he describes; and, as a romantic and popular presentation of the interesting discoveries of Layard, it claims a permanent place in the library.

—The Rev. D. R. Thomason contributes to the debate upon the morality of the theatre a little work called *Fashionable Amusements, with a review of Rev. Dr. Bellows's Lecture on the Theatre* (M. W. Dodd). The essay is written in a temperate manner, but it is a mistake to call the theatre a technically "fashionable" amusement. The opera, undoubtedly, is such, and the opera is free from many of the objections of the theatre as it is now conducted. However, the word "fashionable" is of so uncertain a meaning that we are not disposed to argue the matter. The subject of amusements is not an easy one to deal with, and the universal interest excited by it is shown in the late controversy upon occasion of Dr. Bellows's discourse. Every amusement or recreation supposes some kind of excitement, and every excitement may be made injurious. How most wisely to control a natural and innocent tendency, is a problem for the most thoughtful minds.

—*The City, its Sins and Sorrows*, by Thomas Guthrie, D. D. (Robert Carter & Brothers), is a volume of sermons which discuss, in a candid and appreciative spirit, the characteristic aspects of city life. The author is an eminent Scottish preacher, and he speaks in this volume directly, frankly, and strongly. It is a good book for young men whose feet totter in the uncertain streets of the town.

II.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE AND GOSSIP.

THE *Historical Magazine*, published in Boston, is a handsome monthly quarto, devoted to historical intelligence and research. We receive the following reply to a "Query" in the June number, from a most competent and genial critic, whose memory is itself a magazine of the choicest historical lore.

"Many thanks for the *Historical Magazine*, which I return. It appears to me invaluable for the historian, as a rescuer from 'the tooth of time' of scraps of importance, and, also, as a general reference and index to historical and biographical works, both published and in progress of publication.

"I like the Queries, and will answer the one on '*American Baronets*,' p. 187, viz.:

"Did the second Sir William Pepperell inherit his title from his mother? Answer: *No*.

"The first Sir William Pepperell, ennobled for his capture of Lewisburg in 1745, married Mary, daughter of Grove Hirst, a granddaughter of Chief Justice Sewall, of Massachusetts. Their only son (Andrew) died in 1751, aged twenty-five, and their only daughter (Elizabeth) married Col.* Nathaniel Sparhawk, of the Council of Massachusetts and a judge. Sir William died in 1759, and Lady Mary in 1789.

"William, son of Col. Sparhawk, at the request of his grandfather, Sir William P., (who made him principal heir to his great estate) had his name changed to Pepperell by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and fifteen years after the decease of his grandfather was created a baronet, viz., in October, 1774.

"The last Sir William married a daughter of Col. Isaac Reyall, of Medford, and both the Baronet and Col. Reyall went to England as loyalists in 1775. This baronet's only son also died before his father, viz., in 1809—the baronet died in London, Dec. 2, 1816—when the title became extinct. Two daughters of the Baronet were living in England at my first trip across the water in 1832, viz., Lady Palmer and Lady Congreve.

"Now, you will ask how I came to know

about this nobleman, and I will tell you. He was first cousin to my maternal grandmother, who was a Sparhawk, and the wife of Judge Ropes, of '*Mass. Sup. Cur.*' before the revolution."

The "*Blackwood*" minor stories, in the interval of Bulwer's more serious performances, have been very admirable and very popular. It will be pleasant to our readers to know that *Katie Stewart*, *The Quiet Heart*, *Zaidee*, and *The Athelings*, are by the same author—Mrs. Oliphant.

That glorious veteran of letters, Walter Savage Landor, of whose choicer bits of wisdom and sentiment George S. Hillard made so discreet a selection, so worthily printed by Ticknor & Fields, has recently written the following letter. "Time cannot wither" him "nor custom stale." He is a noble Roman to the end.

"I have been reading, in Howitt's '*Haunts and Homes of British Poets*,' a statement that some of Shakspeare's family are living in obscurity and destitution. God forbid it should continue so! * * *

* * * I know not whether I have said it anywhere, but I have often thought it, that all the poetry that has existed, from the song of the angels at the creation down to the present hour, it is not worth his and Milton's; nor has there been any philosophy so applicable, so generous, or so sound. He and Defoe have afforded the most delight to their native land. Some little was done for the descendant of Defoe; shall nothing be done for the descendant of Shakspeare? Pardon, sir, my importunity. You have once made my voice heard; raise yours above it now, in a cause more noble still.

"During the short term of my life I will subscribe £5 yearly to avert a national disgrace. If, as Mr. Howitt says, every man who has been delighted by Shakspeare will give only one penny, once for all, it will be done."

Mr. Bayle St. John, now, we believe, of Augustus St. John, both English authors of good repute, has just abridged the "*Memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon*, or the reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency." In the course of the work the reader will

* Son of Rev. John Sparhawk, of Bristol, R. I., and brother of Rev. John Sparhawk, of Salem, Mass.

find the following illustration of the delectable state of society in the royal days of France.

"Bonnell, introducer of the ambassadors, being dead, Breteuil obtained his post. Breteuil was not without intellect, but aped courtly manners, called himself Baron de Breteuil, and was much tormented and laughed at by his friends. One day, dining at the house of Madame de Pontchartrain, and speaking very authoritatively, Madame de Pontchartrain disputed with him, and, to test his knowledge, offered to make a bet that he did not know who wrote the Lord's Prayer. He defended himself as well as he was able, and succeeded in leaving the table without being called upon to decide the point. Caumartin, who saw his embarrassment, ran to him, and kindly whispered in his ear that Moses was the author of the Lord's Prayer. Thus strengthened, Breteuil returned to the attack, brought, while taking coffee, the conversation back again to the bet, and, after reproaching Madame de Pontchartrain for supposing him ignorant upon such a point, and declaring he was ashamed of being obliged to say such a trivial thing, pronounced emphatically that it was Moses who had written the Lord's Prayer. The burst of laughter that, of course, followed this, overwhelmed him with confusion. Poor Breteuil was for a long time at loggerheads with his friend, and the Lord's Prayer became a standing reproach to him. He had a friend, the Marquis de Gesvres, who, upon some points, was not much better informed. Talking one day in the cabinet of the King, and admiring in the tone of a connoisseur some fine paintings of the Crucifixion by the first masters, he remarked that they were all by one hand. He was laughed at, and the different painters were named, as recognized by their style. 'Not at all,' said the Marquis, 'the painter is called *IGNIS*; do you not see his name upon all the pictures?' What followed after such gross stupidity and ignorance may be imagined."

The wretched fate which persecuted poor Bürger, the poet of "Lenore," through all his life, seems even to follow him beyond the tomb. Even his grave was for a long time unknown, until, in 1845, some Göttingen students, warmed, by the reading of Herr Otto Müller's novel, the subject matter of which is Bürger's life, resolved to find it out. They succeeded, indeed, so far as to discover a sexton who remembered the statement of a tailor, to the end that a poor man of the name of Bürger had been buried, years ago, on a

certain spot in such and such a grave-yard. That poor man Bürger had died from want and misery; only the publisher, Mr. Dietrich, of Göttingen, had followed the coffin and planted an acacia-tree upon the tomb. The acacia-tree was found, and by this means the unhappy poet's last resting-place identified. The students applied to the Hanoverian government and had the place granted to them for the purpose of erecting a monument on the spot. The acacia was cut down—and there the affair has rested ever since. The monument has not been erected, for want of funds, and the graceful tree which a kind hand had planted, and which alone singled out the poet's grave from the rest, has disappeared. The grave of Bürger is not only without a monument—it is lost altogether.

The author of the two popular novels, *Frank Furleigh* and *Lewis Arundel*, is F. E. Smedley.

MM. Firmin Didot, of Paris, have produced a pocket edition of *Horace*—the edition of John Bond, of classic and Elzevir fame—with copious notes, an admirable introductory sketch of the poet's life, by Noël des Vergers, and a series of studies and landscapes illustrative of the text. It is a delicious edition.

An admirable library edition of *Thackeray's Miscellanies* has just been completed in London, in four volumes. It contains the various papers and sketches published here in a pretty series, four or five years ago, by the Appletons.

"Our own" Mr. W. H. Russell, of the London Times, is issuing, serially, the *British Expedition to the Crimea*. The narrative will be completed in twelve monthly parts, of which four have been published. It is not a reprint of any previous work, but a recasting of old personal knowledge, for the filling up of gaps, and for the removal of what flaws may have appeared in it. The work is illustrated with maps, plans, and pictures; and of a siege that had in itself the dimensions of a European war. It is such a history as our own time only could have furnished.

A handsome quarto volume is just published in London, containing Addresses on

Different Public Occasions, by H. R. H. Prince Albert, K. G., President of the Society of Arts.

Stepping back two centuries, it appears that the first book published in British America was "The Psalms, in Metre, faithfully translated, for the Use, Edification and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New England," printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The version was made by Thomas Welde, of Roxbury, Richard Mather, of Dorchester, and John Elliot, the famous apostle to the Indians. The translators seem to have been aware that it possessed but little poetical merit. "If," say they, in their preface, "the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishing; for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended to conscience rather than elegance, and fidelity rather than poetry, in translating Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English metre." Cotton Mather laments the inelegance of the version, but declares that the Hebrew was most exactly rendered. After a second edition had been printed, President Dunster, of Harvard College, assisted by Mr. Richard Lyon, a tutor at Cambridge, attempted to improve it, and in their advertisement to the godly reader, they state that they "had special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of sacred writ and sweetness of the verse." Dunster's edition was reprinted twenty-three times in America, and several times in Scotland and England, where it was long used in the dissenting congregations. The following specimen is from the second edition:

PSALM CXXVII.

"The rivers on of Babilon
There when wee did sit downe,
Yea, even then, we mourned when
Wee remembered Sion.

"Our harp wee did hang it amid,
Upon the willow tree,
Because there they that us away
Led in captivitee,

"Requir'd of us a song; and thus
Askt mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among a Sion's song,
Unto us then they said.

"The Lord's song sing can wee, being
In stranger's land? then let
Lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.

"Let cleave my tongue my pallet on
If mind thee do not I,
If chiefe joyes o'er I poize not more
Jerusalem my joy.

"Remember, Lord, Edom's sons' word,
Unto the ground, said they,
It rase, it rase, when as it was
Jerusalem her day.

"Blest shall he be that payeth thee,
Daughter of Babilon,
Who must be wase, that which thou hast
Rewarded us upon.

"O happie hee shall surely bee
That taketh up, that eke
The little ones against the stones
Doth into pieces breake."

The *London Athenaeum* speaks with great difficulty of any American book, and finds the fact, that it is American, sufficient condemnation. When it can possibly utter a word of praise, it is proportionably valuable, and we quote the following favorable notice of a recent good American story. There is a very characteristic fling at the end:

"*The Bay Path: a Tale of New England Colonial Life.* By J. G. Holland. (New York, Putnam & Co.) Stories about the early settlers in New England will always have an interest to the English reader. It is the romance of American history. 'The Bay Path' is not a powerful tale, but it is a very interesting one. John Woodcock is an excellent character, with his shrewd, quaint, good sense, and intractable nature, his false position amongst a decorous, orderly community, and their entire inability to understand him or deal with him. Indeed, all that concerns John Woodcock is extremely well managed. Mary Woodcock, the daughter, is less successful. The pity and interest which every reader must feel in her fate, can scarcely overcome the repugnance excited by her forward behavior towards her lover; even her incipient insanity is not a sufficiently mitigating circumstance. Mary Pyncheon, the legitimate heroine falls into a similar, though less pronounced, unfeminine line of conduct, which detracts from the reader's respect for her. Mr. Moxon, the weak, foolish, scrupulous, conscientious minister, with his bewitched children, is a good character well worked out. The pictures of early settler life are well drawn, the whole story is interesting, and has an air of truth and reality which is highly to be commended. The style, too, is good and simple; and the

English is not American, which will be a recommendation to readers on this side of the water."

But, in the following, the truculent *Athenaeum* revels in the onslaught:

"*Gracie Amber*. By Mrs. W. C. Denison. (New York, Sheldon & Co.)—'*Gracie Amber*' is a foolish, ambitious American novel, written after a magic-lantern pattern. The heroine is a 'veiled lady,' who lives in elegance and mystery. She goes every Sunday to church and sits in a 'richly-furnished pew.' 'A long thick veil fell in full folds all over her person, her dress was unrelieved even by a white collar—all was black, dead black. Like a statue she remained, looking neither to the right nor left, holding her black-bound hymn-book in her black-gloved hands.' The bad hero and the second heroine have an interview. 'It is needless to tell what transpired in the brief fifteen minutes he remained. Gracie left that presence a high-souled, indignant woman, her eye flashing,'—and so forth. 'No longer a child to be subdued with a look, she herself had looked the base, unprincipled aristocrat down, had caused him to falter, to apologize, to humble himself to her, and he had left her, baffled as he was, with a tide of hate coursing through his cowardly bosom, and an unheard but deep threat of vengeance burned upon his lips!' The good hero is accused of murder (wrongfully, of course), and is tried for his life; but virtue must be respected even when in difficulties—accordingly. 'The cell in which Hart was confined wore an appearance of comfort. A soft and rich carpet covered the narrow floor, a beautiful little table and writing-desk stood beneath the window, which was covered with a full white curtain, embroidered and festooned; the bed, so narrow and uncomfortable, was decked with a pretty quilt of white Marseilles, and a few choice pictures hung against the wall.' '*Gracie Amber*' is not even a good story of its kind; it is a trashy, incoherent, foolish book, below the level of the plot of a Victoria Theatre drama."

Of the author of *The Dead Secret* and his novel, which was so popular among us, when published in scores of newspapers, and which has so extensive a sale, now that it is complete in book form, we find the following appreciating notice from one of the most competent of English critics:

"To say that Mr. Collins constructs the best story of any living English writer—that he has more power than all his contemporaries in fascinating the reader's in-

terest by some perplexing mystery, some shadowy terror, with which he lures you on from page to page until the end is reached—is, by this time, almost to utter a truism. But it would be doing him the grossest injustice if the often insisting on the fact were to lead to the inference that that is his only merit. On the contrary, he has all the other qualities of a storyteller; and in none of his works have these been more apparent than in '*The Dead Secret*.'

"No one is less didactic than Mr. Collins. He provides us with no copy-book texts; does not put on cap and gown to tell us that virtue is a good thing and vice highly improper; refrains, indeed, from expressing any opinions on the subject; but makes us *feel* what is right and what is wrong, as perfectly as the touch discriminates between smooth and harsh. This is the truest province and the highest triumph of all art, which sickens to its death when once it indulges in sermonizing.

"As a mere story, '*The Dead Secret*' is one of the author's best. The mystery is of a nature to excite the keenest curiosity, and is admirably concealed till it is the writer's pleasure to unfold it.

"The various elements of romance produce a tale which Mrs. Radcliffe herself never surpassed for awful fascination, while, in other respects, the superiority of the living writer to the dead enchantress is too obvious to need pointing out.

"Another characteristic of the story is the quiet ease with which the respective characters are dismissed at the close. They disappear, as they might in real life, into whatever new phase of their existence may be waiting for them beyond the limits of the story; they do not descend through a trap-door, or vanish in blue fire. This may be particularly noted in the last which we hear of the old misanthrope, Andrew Treverton, and his equally misanthropical servant, Shrowl—both purely original sketches.

"We have purposely avoided mentioning the nature of '*the Secret*' in the course of this notice, because there may be some of our readers who have not yet read Mr. Collins's story; and, for the opposite, or rather correlative, reason, that, probably, most of our readers *have* by this time en-

joyed the tale, we make no extracts. Mr. Collins speaks with too well-known a voice to need the help of any reviewer. We have merely given expression to the delight we have received with all the earnestness which we feel.

Of Charlotte Brontë's *Professor* the following seems to be the general judgment:

"Miss Brontë does not exhibit her characters in critical action, or under strong temptation. Low chicane, astuteness, sensuality, and tyranny, are keenly and observantly drawn; but throughout the novel the quietness is unnatural, the level of fact too uniform, the restraint and the theory of life too plain. The principles and the art of the writer, though true, excite no corresponding sympathy on the part of the reader—few demands being made on his softer or gentler nature. There is no Helen Burns that we can watch or weep over—no sprightly little Adele that we can sport with. Frances may possibly be the mother of Lucy Snow, and Mlle. Reuter and M. Pelet the co-efficients of Madame Modeste and Paul Emmanuel. Similarities of opinion respecting marriage may be traced, not as a crime, but an imbecility. Now and then there is a touch of grandiloquence that astonishes us. Words and events are utilized in a way that now, knowing the author's opportunities, appear to us remarkable. On the whole, this tale bears to Currer Bell's later works the relations which a pre-Shakespearian story does to the drama—it is curious to an artist or psychologist. On closing this posthumous chapter, and ending Charlotte Brontë's strange literary history, we are reminded of a saying of Jean Paul's—'God deals with poets as we do with nightingales, hanging a dark cloth round the cage until they sing the right tune.'"

The Rev. W. W. Carus Wilson has written a pamphlet to defend the memory of his father against what he considers the aspersions cast by Mrs. Gaskell, in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, upon the school at Cowan Bridge. Miss Brontë has left her opinion of it upon record in *Jane Eyre*, in her description of Lowood School. Her statements to Mrs. Gaskell were doubtlessly colored by her bitter feeling at the loss of her sister there. In any case, a charity-school for the children of poor clergymen in England is not likely to be a paradise.

A few months since, a son of Thomas Hood published a volume of prose and

verse. It was pretty good. Now Moxon has issued *Way-side Fancies* by his daughter, Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip. They are also pretty good. But if she did not wear a Hood-ed name, they would hardly excite attention. Here is a specimen:

SLEEP.

When in the silvery moonlight
The lengthened shadows fall,
And the silence of night is dropping
Like the gentle dew on all,

When the river's tranquil murmur
Doth lulling cadence keep,
And blossoms close their weary eyes,
He giveth all things sleep.

From the little bud of the daisy,
And the young bird in the nest,
To the humble bed of the peasant child,
All share that quiet rest.

It comes to the poor man's garret,
And the captive's lonely cell,
On the sick man's tossing, feverish couch
It lays a blessed spell.

And the Holy One who sends it down,
For a healing and a balm,
Doth bless it with a mighty power,
Of peacefulness and calm.

He counts the buds that fade and drop,
And marks all those who weep;
And closes weary, aching eyes
With the holy kiss of sleep.

The truest comfort He has given
For all earth's pain and woe,
Until that glorious life beyond
Nor tears nor sleep shall know.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold, by his son, Blanchard Jerrold, are announced as preparing by Bradbury & Evans.

Hans Christian Andersen's new book is not a success. The fairy story-teller makes a poor theologian. Thus:

"The *New Hamlet* might have been—and perhaps was—the title of M. Andersen's new work. It is a book of speculations; and the Danish hero of the modern tale has something in common with the ancient Danish prince. The stories march in a parallel line. In both there is a background of war, forcing out the dim train of speculative ideas into sharp relief by its own positive terrors. In both there is a loved—and lost—Ophelia, dying, that the hero may moralize on fate, and love, and death. But the parallel reaches no higher than a general imitation of the grand dramatic grouping and procession of events. Hamlet is a real personage, perennially interesting to all men—of all

creeds and all races. His speculations are our speculations, and his very errors and infirmities link him to the common heart. Niels Bryde will be perennially wearisome to all men and all races—with the exception, perhaps, of a partisan here and there. Between the order of their ideas, a chasm gapes, wide as the distance from Shakespeare to Andersen. Hamlet's speculations on time and eternity have a spiritual basis; Bryde's speculations have a sectarian basis. Both minds are religious; but the piety of Hamlet is the generous piety of a philosopher—that of Bryde is the piety of a formalist.

"M. Andersen has meant to frame a story which should rank as one of the 'Evidences'; but his failure is absolute. We may go further, and say, in his anxiety to appear impartial, and allow each side its hearing, he has stated many arguments, stereotyped and usual, but plausible, which he has left unanswered. With great force and clearness he has put together all that science, half understood, is imagined to oppose in the way of natural fact or reasonable inference to the religious belief of mankind. These statements are left to produce an impression; and in the end they are vaguely met by an assertion that faith is a gift, not an acquisition. In his hands, the worse is allowed to appear the better reason."

And again, another critic says:

"To assert against materialists the immortality of the soul is a large and very serious theme for a short novel, by a lively teller of good stories. A very good story is this of *To Be, or Not To Be?* wherever (as in the first five chapters, and afterwards in various odd pages) the story runs unweighted by the sermon. In the way of human fame, at any rate, Hans Andersen has known how to assure us of his immortality by writing fairy tales; but, alas! when he writes for us a sermon, we may find in it reason enough to doubt his possession of a soul."

The day of dear books is past, even in England. Smith, Elder & Co. announce that they are about to publish a select series of cheap reprints, from their copyrights of standard books, including works by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell (Misses Brontë), W. M. Thackeray, Miss Martineau, Wilkie Collins, Leigh Hunt, Talbot Gwynne, Holme Lee, the author of "*John Halifax*," the author of "*The Fair Cairew*," etc.

The admirable labors of Professor Child, in our early literature, are thus recognized by the London *Athenæum*:

"The Americans have recently undertaken a good work, which they have placed in the hands of Mr. Child, one of the Professors of Cambridge College, Massachusetts. It is to consist of a collection of all the ballads and ballad poetry of England and Scotland, from the earliest date to, we believe, the reign of Queen Anne. It will, of course, embrace the works of Percy, Ritson, Uttersen, etc., in this interesting department of letters, as well as every production of the kind in black-letter, now known, or which may hereafter be recovered. If well executed, it will form a useful work, and we are sorry that it has not originated on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Child is known by various works upon early poetry and philology, and last by an excellent edition of all the works of Spenser, published about a year ago in Boston."

We have had an American opinion of Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, not very flattering to the last work of the great novelist. There is something so cordial, and genial, and appreciative, in the English notices, that we shall please our readers by extracting the point of some of them. The *Examiner*, an old and faithful friend of Dickens, says, in a thoughtful article, written, probably, by John Forster, and which we commend to an equally thoughtful attention, as an illustration of criticism, not of book-noticing:

"We do not hold it to be either Mr. Dickens's best or his worst work, but, as we have said, we believe it to be of all others, as to its aim, the highest, and, we may add also, as to its manner of construction, the one that is most characteristic of his genius.

"Its aim, from which never a shaft diverges, is to show the beauty—even the sublimity—of a simple, unaffected, and unselfish doing of all duties, great and little; the ugliness and baseness of the qualities that are antagonist to this. Little Dorrit is the subject of the novel, and she means Duty, as, in Spenser, Una means Truth, or Duessa Falsehood. The words *Do It* begin and end, possibly, not by accident, her very name. Her character, the character of Duty, runs as a golden thread through the whole story. The tale is divided—no scheme could be simpler—into two parts, Poverty and Wealth. Through poverty and wealth, the golden thread of Duty runs, ever the same. Little Dorrit is tried by endurance of the lowest depths of want, hopeless confinement in a debtors' prison, and is then submitted to the test of an abrupt change from want to wealth. The golden thread runs on without a break, without a bend. Little Dorrit

is then tried with gold, and afterwards submitted to the test of an abrupt fall from wealth to poverty. She mounts up to heaven, she goes down again into the depths, but her soul is not melted because of trouble. The even line of Duty never is turned to the right hand or to the left.

"Then again, we have in little Dorrit's character the nature of Duty—the forgetfulness of self, the thoughtfulness for others, the constant patience, the noiseless endeavor to be straightforward and right in little as in great things, and the habit of doing everything in the most kindly manner. Selfish relations do not weaken in her heart the filial tie. She is laughed at, patronized, nominally held in low esteem, but she wins more or less of love and reverence from all, and, in an hour of need, even those who affect to laugh at her rely upon the wisdom of her counsels.

"Around the path of Little Dorrit, whose life shows us how duty is done, are grouped illustrations of the way in which it is left undone. There is the Circumlocution Office, specially bent on the solution of its problem, How Not to Do It. There is Mr. Merdle, doing nothing in the world of commerce, yet contriving to amass a fortune—but no stable fortune—by the force of selfishness, by pushing his way on, rather than working it on, totally regardless of all claims of duty. There is Mr. Casby, doing no duty in life, but subsisting blandly on a reputation for benevolence, while he can get even extortion done on his behalf by a paid deputy. There is Miss Wade, doing no duty in life, but tormenting herself with a selfish delusion, by which she is made useless to society. There is Tattycoram, needing the same wholesome lesson, and receiving it at last, in homely words of truth, from Mr. Meagles. There is Mrs. Clennam, wasting her years as a victim to that intense form of selfishness which gets, from a misread Bible, justification of its evil passions, and professes to leave duty undone in the name of God. There is Henry Gowan, a painter, who gives no toil to his calling; a man who has no purpose before him, who is not to be made happy by the fairest gift of fortune, and upon whose married life there may well come the shadow of Blandois of Paris. As Little Dorrit represents, in the book, the Angel of Duty, so, in Blandois, we have the Demon of Selfish Idleness. His smile that is a sneer, and his white hands that never have been applied to labor, are the constantly recurring emblems of his character in passages of personal description. He is a gentleman for whom others must work, to whom others must give way, who regards none as certainly as Little Dorrit regards all. If Little Dorrit be the Una, he is the Duessa of the tale.

"We do not mean for a moment to assert that, in writing this novel, or any other of his novels, Mr. Dickens has proposed to himself to construct an allegory as complete in all details as that of any book in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Upon that principle, no novel of modern life could possibly be written. But Mr. Dickens, as most readers have felt, is at once poet and story-teller. Many of his paragraphs happen, indeed, to be really written in good verse, though it is not in metre that their poetry consists. It was not metre that made a poem of the tale of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, or of that portion of *Dombey and Son* which told the life and death of little Paul.

"From other English novelists we think that Mr. Dickens may hereafter be distinguished as the one writing most habitually with the temper of a poet. This it is, in no slight degree, which gives their peculiarity to nearly all the characters he paints. They are personifications, and as such their names pass constantly into our common speech as pleasant equivalents for the particular qualities they represent. A particular form of hypocrisy in a man is expressed by calling him a Pecksniff, or a particular form of worthlessness in a statesman is expressed by calling him a Barnacle. Of the sins of a class Mrs. Gamp is an emblem; Mr. Bumble is an emblem of another thing, and Mr. Merdle of another.

"In the same spirit a common abuse in statesmanship, being seized and idealized, is reproduced under the type of the Circumlocution Office. Every one of these personifications is to be taken, rather as one of the elements of truth reduced to its pure state by the chemistry of genius, than as the ordinary compound truth which enters into everyday life. Of course one may complain of a chemist who experiments on oxygen that it is air with the nitrogen improperly left out; and so one may complain of Mr. Dickens's sketch of the Circumlocution Office, that it shows only half the constitution of the air in Downing-street.

"In the same way, too, nearly all his characters may be pronounced monstrosities, for nearly all the elements of which the world is made, when seen alone, can be seen only as monstrosities in nature. We do not complain of the chemist for delighting us when he reduces to their essence a few compounds of dead matter, nor need we complain of the poet—or the novelist who chances to do poet's work—when he also reduces to their elements a few compounds of life.

"Very lightly let us touch upon one other consideration. We have said that *Little Dorrit* is to be regarded as the most characteristic of the works of Mr. Dickens,

meaning thereby that it is the best example of the way in which his novels are constructed. We need hardly remind any reader that it is characteristic also in a higher sense. The spirit of the author's life is in his story. What Englishman does not know how the fame won by the brilliant sport of genius in *Sketches by Boz* and *Pickwick* filled its author's heart, not with a weak self-worship, but with a deep sense of duty to be done. From the moment when his name became a name to conquer with, Mr. Dickens has made only one use of its great influence. As novelist, as journalist in every honest way, he has steadily and day by day, to the best of his knowledge and the utmost of his talent, been maintaining what is good, attacking what is evil, and bent wholly on the doing of his duty."

And here is the good word of the *Athe-*

naught :

" 'Little Dorrit'—as a tale—a fragment of life, wrought up in the romancer's hand—is less complete than some of its author's works. During the year and a half of its existence as a proceeding fact in English literature, we have often heard that it was cloudy, diffuse, uninteresting—that it was false in art, exaggerated as to character, and the like. We have not found these things true. We have had the fortune to peruse it all at once—away from coteries—on the sea-shore, with the accompaniments of swelling surf and blowing west wind; and looking at the story as a contribution to literature, weighing it as we should weigh 'Tom Jones' or 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' we have found it neither false nor weak. Some readers may honestly prefer other works by the same author to this work; we ourselves have our preferences; but we know of no other author in our time who could have produced 'Little Dorrit.' The spirits are as fresh—the humors as droll—the pathos and tenderness as deep—as in anything we know from the same hand. What an invention is the Circumlocution Office! What a marvel is Mrs. Clennam! What a picture is that of the Marshalsea! Except in 'Amelia,' where have we such another prison interior! We see in 'Little Dorrit' no decrease of power, no closing of eyes, no slackening of pulse. There is enough of genius in this book to have made a sensation for any other name. To say it is not worthy of Dickens, is to pay him an immense compliment."

The *Leader* says :

"The completion of one of Mr. Dickens's monthly number books is to the critic what the termination of a year of great events is to the politician, or the close of an epoch

to the historian. The general reader may pass from the perusal of the last chapter to the first chapter of some new work without endeavoring to harmonize and arrange the various impressions and emotions he has derived from the whole; but it is the duty as well as the pleasure of the critic to turn the completed globe round upon its axis, and trace the various lines as they converge towards the final result. Even to him, however, the task is not easy. There is such an affluence of life in all Mr. Dickens's books—so vast a range of character and observation of the world—so broad a canvas, crowded with so many shapes and incidents—that the effect on the mind is not so much that of glancing over a finished story, as that of looking at an epitome of life itself. If this involves some degree of imperfection in the mere matter of storytelling, it also involves the highest eulogy that can be pronounced on a novelist whose especial calling is the portrayal of human nature and human action. Mr. Dickens is the most dramatic of the novelists. He reflects the whole round of life, from the richest and most refined circles to the humblest and roughest; and looks, with a penetrating eye, and with the intuition of intense sympathy, into all the depths of the human heart, all the secret nooks of the affections, all the crooked subtleties of villainy, all the tangled combinations of good and bad, which make us what we are. We do not exaggerate when we say that his genius possesses some points of resemblance to that of Shakespeare—something of the very thing which, more than anything else, makes Shakespeare the greatest of dramatic poets. It is not merely that Dickens is himself a poet, and in nothing so much as in his exquisite sensitiveness to those fine threads of analogy which connect the animate with the inanimate world, so that the still life of his scenes is constantly made to reflect the dominant emotion of the characters, in a manner which may appear extravagant to matter-of-fact minds, but which is wonderfully true to all who have ever felt emotion; it is not merely that many of his characters have in them such a strong and self-existent vitality that they have already become part of our actual experience, and remain there like remembrances of our own life; it is not merely that Dickens has added phrases to the language, which are to be found in almost any column of a newspaper you may take up to read haphazard; it is not simply on these accounts that Dickens shows some affinity with Shakespeare, but much more on account of that feeling of universal sympathy with human nature which breathes through his pages like the 'broad and general' atmosphere. He soars above all considerations of sect, above all narrow isolations of creed; and, though a more deeply religious writer is not to be found, in all those elements of re-

ligion which rise eternally from the natural emotions of love and reverence, he is never disputatiously theological or academically dogmatic. Certain University-bred reviewers, whose shriveled souls cannot understand the fresh, spontaneous efflorescence of genius, and who will accept no gold that does not come to them impressed with the college stamp, may affect to despise the large regard of Dickens; but the world will recognize its great ones, whether or not they wear the uniform of cap and gown."

An extensive theft of valuable books and manuscripts from the library of the British Museum has just been discovered. Among the books stolen are Sir Walter Scott's, and the poets Gray and Goldsmith's works, most of the productions of Longfellow and Gautier, and the celebrated "Navarrete Coleccion de Documentos," from Madrid.

Some of our contemporaries, says the *Illustrated London News*, assure us that Mr. Croker is restored to health. We wish, indeed, that we could confirm their statement. He who who writes this had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. Croker only a few days ago. His mind was bright and clear; his sarcastic eyes nearly as fine as we remember them many years ago; and his recollection of by-gone times perfectly marvelous.

The same authority asks: "Are we to have a life of Mr. Jerrold? Two or three Richards are in the field, it is said, claiming a monopoly of life-writing on their deceased friend. Who is to write it? We remember hearing Mr. Moore (Tom Moore) urging a monopoly of the life-writing of Sydney Smith. We remember, on the same occasion, Mr. Rogers (Sam Rogers) knocking down 'Erin's bard,' and *proving* that Moore was unfit (as unfit he was) to render justice to the great Sydney. We have not much confidence in the fitness of any one person to write Mr. Jerrold's life. Why, when the beautiful burial service for the dead is still in its last accents in our ears, and still moistening our eyes, should we be troubled with a three-volume life? It is easy to note that men who live too near to, or too distant from, their heroes are likely to fall into fearful errors. Ask Lord Campbell."

A Mr. James Barnes, of Manchester, in England, has published four volumes of dramas. Nobody ever heard of Mr. James Barnes; but it will be everybody's fault if he is not hereafter famous. Will everybody please attend to these extracts, and justify us:

"ENTER—A Porter.

Hesketh Plush. Good-morning, porter.

Porter. Good-morning, sir.

Hes. The duke, I see, is at the castle?

Por. He is, sir.

Hes. Say is the public eye allowed to rest

On its internal splendor and upon its rarities at such a time?

Por. No difference whatever is made between his grace's residence at the castle and his absence from it. The public are at all times free!"

Mr. Plush wears his poetry on his sleeve. And again, observe the dialect of the "ring."

"Ben. Blhast him, crash into him, Dick?

[*They fight.*

That's ract; punse him i' th' shins!

Dazzy-noe. Mack o' ring, mack o' ring; stond back; ler um ha' fair play.

Joe. New Bill!

Ben. That's t' road, Dick; brhast his noze!

Joe. Smash him i' t' e'en, Bill!

All. Hurray!

Daz. Stond fur awf; dam yo, ler um ha' rhewm!

Joe. That's it, Bill; thew haz him new!

Ben. Inta hiz wint-pipe, Dick!

All. Hurray!"

And now come passages which must make the novelists writhe with envy.

"Mother, could you but see Miss Rich-enough as I have seen her—bare to the shoulders, saving a necklace of the choicest pearls, and a band of rubies, emeralds, jaspers, amethysts—I cannot enumerate the precious stones, but they were all there—the rarest beauties of the earth uniting to decorate the sweetest of God's creatures; a fine drawn oval face; a brow erect, intelligent, and thoughtful; eyes, hazel, accompanied with hair of blackest hue; and lips too sacredly defined to be approached by man; and if you knew as I all these were freely offered you, you would as I go mad with ecstasy."

That is prose, although the rapt reader might not suspect it—and this is poetry, subject to the same condition.

"*Eliza.* You have a splendid dress, Miss Possible.

The two deep founces of rich Brussels lace, Headed with *ruche à l'avis*, set it off

Delightfully. Your wreath and bouquet too,
Of orange blossoms and cape jessamine,
Make your appearance chaste and beautiful.

Harriet. I think you flatter me, Miss Richenough.

I was about to pay the compliment
To you, for really I have not seen
A lady in more beautiful attire.
I like the bows above the petticoat,
And round about the sleeves; so delicate
The feather trimming looks; and how the
black

And the red currant colors harmonize."

* At this moment, Edward interrupts in the epio ten syllables:—

"Will you accept me for a partner, Miss?"

Of Professor Gray's book of botany, of which we spoke highly last month, we find the following "good notice" in a London paper:

"Prof. Asa Gray is so well known in this country as the most distinguished botanist of the United States, and as one of the most accomplished and sensible cultivators of botanical science now living, that any work from his pen would demand the most respectful attention, and would be sure to contain sound and practical matter."

Miss Julia Kavanagh, whose novels are republished by the Appletons, and afford great entertainment and consolation to many of her sex (she wrote *Nathalie*, which would have been so good if it had only got the start of *Jane Eyre*), has had a very pretty quarrel with Mr. Newby, the London publisher, he having put her name upon a work as author, which she declares she only edited.

George Sand has written a new novel in her old style.

"*La Daniella* is a work belonging to that period of decadence for which so few writers of works of imagination, if they be fertile, prepare themselves. Tired, it would seem, of the simplicities which have never sat naturally on her, to which her late fictions have been devoted, Madame Dudevant here has done her best to get back into her old domain of improbable, passionate, eloquent romance. But 'to will' is not 'to do' in every case. We have strain, vehemence, fine language in plenty,

but not a character in whose existence we believe—not a page that makes us think—not a scene that makes us tremble—not a description that brings forms and colors, familiar or unfamiliar, before us. The meekest story of the most unexceptionable *Hannah* and *Abraham*, ever brought up in adjoining parsonages, who, after duly going to school, married one another because nothing else was to be done, exceeds in excitement and liveliness *La Daniella*."

Why "true blue?"

Here is the answer.

The following lines are by the Rev. John Eagles, author of *The Sketcher*, and were first published, many years since, in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, in England:

"TRUE BLUE.

"TUNE.—'I've kissed and I've prattled with
fifty fair maids.'

"There are fifty fine colors that flaunt and
flare,
All pleasant and gay to see;
But of all the fine colors that dance in the
air,
True Blue's the color for me.

"True Blue is the color of good true love,
For it melts in woman's eye;
True Blue is the color of Heaven above,
For it beams in the azure sky.

"True Blue is the vest that Nature free,
Has spread round the joyous earth;
True Blue is the hue of the dancing sea,
As it gave to beauty birth.

"True Blue it flows in the soft, blue vein
Of a bosom that's fair and true,
As the violet, softened by Heaven's own
rain,
Is tinged with the heavenly hue.

"True Blue, it is seen in the distant vale,
Where the fond hearts love to roam;
It curls in the smoke from the sheltered
dale,
As it guides the wanderer home.

"True Blue hangs glorious over the wave,
From a thousand ships unfurl'd;
It clothes the breast of the British brave,
As they bear it round the world.

"And when the skies grow dark, and the wild
winds yell,
If he sees but a streak of blue,
The Steersman is glad, for he knows All's
well,
And his guardian Angel's true.

"Then let all the fine colors go flaunt and
flare,
All pleasant and gay to see,
True Blue's the color alone to wear,
True Blue's the color for me."

ANON.

"W. W." writes to *Notes and Queries* :

"I trust you will permit me to record in the pages of 'N. & Q.' that the remains of my late deceased friend, the well-known author of *Home, Sweet Home*, lie interred in the cemetery of St. George at Tunis ; a ground supported by contributions from the English, American, and other Protestant countries. I would also add, that over the spot which marks the place of his burial, the government of the United States has very recently erected a monument, which bears the following inscription :

"In Memory

of
Colonel John Howard Payne,
Twice Consul of
The United States of America,
For

The City and Kingdom of Tunis,

This stone is here placed,

By a grateful Country.

He died at the American Consulate

In this City, after a tedious illness,
April 1st, 1852.

He was born at the city of Boston,
State of Massachusetts.

His fame as a Poet and Dramatist
Is well known wherever the English language
is understood, through his celebrated Ballad of
'Home, Sweet Home,'
And his popular tragedy of 'Brutus,' and other
similar productions."

"I remember to have read, in a London publication, a complimentary notice of Colonel Payne, shortly after his decease. I think it appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and although I have referred to several volumes of this work for the purpose of finding it, still I have failed in my search, there being no index to guide me.

"Can I be favored with this reference, as

also with the date of Colonel Payne's birth, the writer of his epitaph having left a blank on the marble for its insertion; so soon as it shall be correctly known.

W. W."

"Malta.

Charles Reade, the author of *Peg Woffington*, *Christie Johnston*, and *Never Too Late to Mend*, has recently commenced the publication of a new novel called *White Lies*, in the *London Journal*, a small weekly. The American publishers of Reade are Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who issue this new book. The following is the opinion Mr. Reade holds of European republicanism. He is speaking of the old French revolution :

"Doctor St. Aubin had lived in the chateau twenty years. He was a man of science, and did not care a button for money ; so he had retired from the practice of medicine, and pursued his researches at ease under the baron's roof. They all loved him, and laughed at his occasional reveries, in the days of prosperity ; and now, in one great crisis, the *protégé* became the protector, to their astonishment and his own. But it was an age of ups and downs. This amiable theorist was one of the oldest verbal Republicans in Europe. This is less to be wondered at, as in theory a republic is the perfect form of government. It is merely in practice that it is impossible ; it is only upon going off paper into reality, and trying actually to self-govern old nations, with limited territory and time to heat themselves white hot with the fire of politics and the bellows of bombast, that the thing resolves itself into moonshine and bloodshed—each in indefinite proportions."

III.—OUR WINDOW.

As we look out upon the fading summer, we hear this pleasant voice below Our Window.

"Now is the season of the golden harvest. The tall, yellow grain is being laid out upon the ground, just as you and I, my friend, will be, after a time.

"I sit with my eyes fixed upon the reapers, away off in the low-lands, and my heart keeps time with their measured strokes, as they stretch the heavily-loaded

stalks upon the earth. They advance steadily towards my window, with unfaltering steps ; I wonder if the veterans of Napoleon advanced with a front as firm and unbroken, when the great Emperor swept the fields of Europe, leaving behind him cripples and corpses for stubble, and erecting upon every plain an enduring monument of his fame as a warrior. We meet these monuments as we do the shocks of grain.

"What an intensely hot evening it is; not a breath of air ruffles the surrounding foliage, and the reapers stop now, under that elm, and wipe their foreheads, after conquering one wing of that army of gold. The evening advances, but no breath stirs the forest poplar which shades me. All nature is quiet, save a few sounds, which are heard more clearly because there is a calm. The river steals sluggishly along behind the sycamores, three hundred yards to my right. Away over in the distance, I hear plainly the 'caw, caw, caw,' of a crow, and immediately, near me here, he is answered by another inky rascal, who, as though alarmed by his own discordant notes, makes a precipitate retreat to the hills beyond the river. Now he is gone, there is no motion within range of my sight, save the constant reapers, and their motley followers, in the low grounds. Another battalion has been laid low by their charge, and soon they stop to prepare their weapons of assault for another onset. The clear ring of the whetstones, against the scythe-blades, comes to me like chiming from the belfry-bell. There they go again, and again the golden stalks are laid upon the earth.

"What does this calm in nature betoken? The farmer says we shall have a storm.

"Ay, look! Suddenly a long surging wave agitates the yellow ocean, and the advancing columns stop, throw down their scythes, and, baring their dripping heads, stand facing the breeze, as if doing homage to their kind refresher. The wind drops again, and they resume their work with renewed vigor, and, this time, with a song.

"White clouds are rolling up in the western horizon, and the heaviest already wear a tinge of leaden gray upon their lower borders, as if they would deluge the campaign with ink. The western heavens are rapidly becoming overcast. The cloud-bank mounts higher and higher, and the intense stillness of every leaf is awful. I am tired of the painful calm, and light a cigar, and as I sit in my chair, looking upon the landscape, now overcast with shadow, I smoke and ponder. The ash upon my cigar becomes long, and begins to look as if seen through a yellow medium. A moment more, and the wind, so long confined, is loosed from its chains,

and comes awaying everything before it, and with the speed of lightning. The yellow-looking ash is quite white now, and is scattered abundantly over my coat. As I knock the white powder from my clothes, the heavens seem for an instant to open wide, and a stunning flash of the glory from within blinds me, and is closely followed by a terrific volley of Heaven's artillery.

"The army of harvesters are seen hurrying in from the field, unable to face this new ally which comes to the aid of the surging grain. The sheep, which have been leisurely grazing upon the lawn, led by a large patriarchal-looking fellow, with a tinkling bell, rush past my window to gain their shelter. The swarm of troublesome flies nestle close to my arm-chair, ever and anon chasing each other around my head. My dog comes running into my room, and, panting with the heat, lays his chin upon my knee, and asks me out. I follow him to the door, and go out as the harvesters gain their shelter. Now comes another blinding flash of fire from the clouds, with a shock of thunder so awful, that the sky seems riven asunder, and, involuntarily, I stagger back towards the porch, and just in time to escape the deluge which burst upon us in an instant.

"Oh! ye brick-bound denizens of the city, ye know not the glories which attend the god of storms in his career through the mountain country. How, silently and stealthily, he gathers his forces behind the western mountain, using it for a breast-work, and then rushes madly over mountain and valley with his charging troops, while his great batteries play from the heavens, and the hardy mountaineer stands wondering at the grandeur of his Creator's power.

"A month has passed, and is recorded, with its deeds and misdeeds, among the things that were. The harvest month died last night under the canopy of Heaven, hung with mourning, and amid the wild moanings of the thunder. The sky wept a deluge of tears for the Independence month that is gone, and for objects gone with it, to return no more forever."

That pompous man of straw, *The Best Authority*, who is the most absurd and

most absolute of tyrants, gets this admirable knock on the head in Dickens's *Household Words*. Let us hope it is the beginning of a revolution :

"Is he a burglar, or of the swell mob? I do not accuse him of occupying either position (which would be libelous), but I ask for information. Because my mind is tormented by his perpetually getting into houses into which he would seem to have no lawful open way, and by his continually diving into people's pocket-books in an otherwise inexplicable manner. In respect of getting into the Queen's Palace, the boy Jones was a fool to him. He knows everything that takes place there. On a late auspicious occasion, when the nation was hourly expecting to be transported with joy for the ninth time, it is surprising what he knew on the question of chloroform. Now, Dr. Locoek is known to be the most trustworthy even of doctors; and her Majesty's self-reliance and quiet force of character have passed into an axiom. I want to know, therefore, how, when, where, and from whom did the Best Authority acquire all that chloroform information which he was, for months, prowling about all the clubs, going up and down all the streets, having all London to dine with him, and going out to dine with all London, for the express purpose of diffusing? I hope society does not demand that I should be slowly bothered to death by any man, without demanding this much satisfaction. How did he come by his intelligence? I ask. The Best Authority must have had an authority. Let it be produced."

A personal friend of Douglas Jerrold writes thus of his burial: "The funeral of Douglas Jerrold was in all respects a fitting and characteristic tribute to his memory. There was too much real grief amongst those present for any parade of conventional mourning, and everything connected with the event was quiet, simple, and impressive. The cemetery is just the spot he would have chosen for his last resting-place—a green and wooded knoll, surrounded with rich meadows, and within sight of the great world of action amongst whose noblest workers he had resolutely toiled for nearly half a century.

"The ocean roar of distant city life, which for years beat a fierce, tumultuous music

on the brain and heart of the slumberer, melts around his grave to the inland murmur of a shell. He sleeps amidst the summer blooms and waving shadows that he loved. For you cannot help seeing in his writings that, with the keenest relish of city life, Jerrold had a poet's fondness for wild flowers, green fields, rustic scenes, and fresh country air. Glimpses of the fair and smiling fields of Kent, of its trim hedges, 'wayside cottages, with garden-strips of brimming flowers,' often occur in his works, especially—and as a welcome relief to its gloomy pictures of city wretchedness, luxury, and crime—in his longest story, 'St. Giles and St. James.' He rests, too, near his earliest friend, Laman Blanchard's grave being just opposite, on the other side of the path.

"The number and character of the mourners who followed his body to the tomb were a living epitaph on the deceased, more eloquent and striking than any words could be. The funeral was private, and the place of burial being distant and difficult of access, it was naturally thought that comparatively few would be present. With the exception, however, of one or two friends unavoidably absent through illness or distance, the mourners at the grave included all who knew him, or who were connected with him in any way, from the most distinguished members of his own profession to the pressmen and compositors from the printing-office, who were now and then cheered at their work by his kindly word and radiant smile.

"The time fixed on was scarcely convenient to some who might have wished to be present. It was the first day of the 'Handel Festival,' and while the sad procession wound slowly up the rising ground of the cemetery, the sublime anthems and swelling choruses of the *Messiah* flooded the crystal dome of the neighboring palace with the noblest sacred music ever composed; but this did not thin the numbers in the quiet burying-ground. To all who knew him, indeed, there was a music that was touching and profound in the words of consolation and hope spoken at the open grave of one so loved and honored. The gathering round the grave was spontaneous, the loss heart-felt, and the grief sincere.

"What an impressive sight it was! Every turn of the winding carriage-way showed

In the procession some well-known face, saddened by the common loss. Immediately behind the hearse you saw Dickens's noble brow, energetic form, and worn, intense mournful look; and not far off, Thackeray's grand head, white and uncovered, rose like King Saul's, far above all his brethren. Behind followed members of almost every profession—barristers, physicians, clergymen, artists, with the President of the Academy at their head, managers and actors from various theatres, leading publishers, headed by the veteran Charles Knight, while every department of literature was represented by some of its foremost men, who had numbered Jerrold amongst their chosen friends. The grave of the man whose hand was said to be against every man's, and who through life had, according to some, been making only enemies, was crowded by sorrowing friends, who were heart-stricken at the thought that they should hear that earnest voice and feel the grasp of that faithful hand no more. We cry 'Poor Jerrold,' but it is we that are the poorer for his death."

Bayard Taylor has been further up the Nile than any other American, and further, we think, than any Englishman. Some kind of spell veils the sources of the sacred river—some untoward event prostrates every exploring enterprise that might reveal the mystery; and we remark, as the last news in the investigation of the problem, that Mr. A. W. Twyford, who was the only Englishman in the late scientific expedition to discover the sources of the White Nile, has returned to England by the overland mail. He had proceeded up the Nile, with the steamers and boats under his charge, as far as the fourth cataract (Meroe), when he was recalled by the Pasha of Egypt, who had determined to break up the expedition.

While, under the sea, we grasp the hand of the other continent, an effort is to be made, "above board" and on land, to bind still more closely England and America. Contemporary English pictures are, perhaps, less known to us than those of any other nation. An occasional Landseer or Herring, with works of minor men, are all that we have had, together with tempting rumors that, in some enchanted castle in the

very midst of us, some Turner-esque splendor had been known to glimmer. The German school we know well—the modern Italian we know as well as it is worth knowing—of the French we have had specimens in many engravings and some Delacroixes; but the English masters are known to us chiefly by name.

Now we are to be personally presented, and Millais, Mulready, MacIise, Hunt, and others, are to measure themselves by the side of our own men. Happily, art is of no climate, and beauty is cosmopolitan. We shall welcome the new-comers heartily for this, if for nothing else, that if it be really a representative collection, it will either show the general superiority of our own school, or, should the boot be on the other leg, it will pique our pride into a healthful struggle.

The London *Leader* says of the project:

"It is in contemplation to organize in New York an annual exhibition of the works of living British artists, painters, and sculptors. There is good reason for believing that such an exhibition would be welcomed by the Americans. The wealthy classes in New York are well known to be lavishly sumptuous in the arrangement and decoration of their dwellings, and it is confidently anticipated that they would be glad not only to call in the aid of fine art for this purpose, but to have its productions brought home to them for that constant contemplation and study which exhibitions and museums of a similar order receive from the cultivated classes—indeed, from all classes—throughout Europe. The taste for art is growing in America, as it inevitably must grow with advancing wealth, population, and resources; Americans are already, in Europe, keen competitors at any sale of objects of *verité*, or of antiquarian interest.

"The success which appears to have attended the exhibition of paintings of the Düsseldorf school, now for some years established in New York, may also be deemed an encouraging precedent; it is difficult to imagine that, if the works of this alien school excite the interest of Americans, those of a race to which they are so closely allied in blood, character, and tradition, will be otherwise than successful with them.

"Should the experiment prosper, it is hard to say where its results will stop. It

would promise to be, in fact, the creation of a second public for British art, only inferior in importance to the public at home. The influence, also, of the exhibition upon the native art of America would probably be early and decisive, and a mutual action and reaction would be established, beneficial to both.

"Active measures are already in progress for making the projected exhibition a fact. Mr. Augustus Ruxton, the original projector, left London for New York at the beginning of May, with the view of communicating with some of the leading men in the states, and of obtaining a gallery. Mr. Ford Madox Brown, the historical painter, has consented to accompany to America the works that may be offered, and to superintend the hanging, and all other such preliminaries. Contributors may, therefore, rely upon it that justice will be done to their works. An unexceptionable guarantee fund will be obtained before the works are removed for exhibition, including ample insurance, to the extent, probably, of not less than £50,000.

"An eligible offer has already been made for this purpose; and one main object of Mr. Ruxton's visit to America is to prosecute further inquiries on the matter. Exhibitors would be relieved from all expenses of transport; but a moderate percentage, to be fixed before final arrangements are made, would be charged upon the sale price of any works disposed of out of the exhibition. The first exhibition will, it is hoped, be opened in New York in October next, and remain open for some months; and it would be for the contributing artists to determine whether any of their works which might remain unsold at the close of the term should be returned to them (transport free), or should be left to reappear in the exhibition of the succeeding year.

"We are glad to learn that this excellent project meets with the sympathy and support of many of our leading artists, amongst whom we may already mention Millais, Holman, Hunt, and E. M. Ward. The American native artists, and some capitalists and public men in the United States, receive the idea warmly. We heartily hope a collection worthy of both countries may be formed. Mr. William Rossetti will act as secretary; his ability and energy are a pledge that nothing will

be wanting on this side of the water to secure success."

Ours is the age of English humor. The day of Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, and "Punch," is the most brilliant epoch of its kind. Pathos belongs to it inseparably, as shadow to sunshine. It has created the most humane literature in history, and makes it the lofty delight which it has always claimed to be. In the same strain a recent writer says, speaking of Jerrold:

"There is no more honorable trait of intellectual life in our times than the uses to which it has applied wit and humor. When we recall the scorn evinced by Wycherley, Farquhar, and Congreve for all that is healthy in principle or generous in feeling, the virulence of Swift, and, in later times, the purposeless brilliancy of Sheridan, we may well respect those contemporary wits who have turned vice into ridicule, and made heartlessness contemptible. It is needless to say, that in this brotherhood Douglas Jerrold held a foremost place. He contributed materially to the high tone that now prevails in our literature. The fine spirit was touched to fine issues, and the influences which he aided by his life will be his enduring bequest to the future."

Willis, dipping his pencil in rainbows and honey, thus paints Everett—an orator painted by a poet:

"I am free to own that I have never fairly touched ground since I was 'carried off my legs,' by Mr. Everett in the pulpit, many years ago. His eloquence was an entirely new revelation to me then, and, with all my travelings and listenings, he remains still a monotype to me. I know nobody who approaches him as an orator—though that word, in its ordinary acceptation, does but very partially define him. The wonderful gift of *prose-poetry* that gives such headway and lift to his sweep over a subject—a soaring eagle harnessed to a shallop that were else swift and buoyant only by paddle-toll and sail—is, in its degree and discipline at least, exclusively his own. It is more like our ideal of an improvisatore, in fact, than like a public speaker armed with only argument and persuasion. With the most absolute dexterousness of elocution, he plays along quietly with the taste and fancy of his

audience, till, of a sudden, at some startling phrase, the blood begins to tingle, and, the next moment, lifted into his cloud with him, you soar away—all forgotten but the theme on which you float, and the tears, pulses, passions, and emotions on which he so resistlessly plays. To most listeners, no doubt, it is a pouring forth of inspiration, as spontaneous and effortless as the rushing of a flood; but, to the practiced writer, the habitual weigher of words, the poetic trainer of the giddy falconry of fancy, what a marvel of completeness it all is! How every syllable has its music—how every epithet, ever so intense, is of well measured graduation—how the reason is first satisfied with logic, and the passion-call of nature in the heart tenderly answered, and the taste, or patriotism, or religion, whatever is likely to need tribute or to occasion a mental reservation, duly ministered to—all making ready for the seeming abandonment, at the close, to a most daring culmen of imagination. And with what wonderful skill and suddenness is sometimes introduced the short plain word that strikes the key-note of all hearts—the familiar expression that alone could be the plummet of thoughts carried else beyond their depth! Of that one precious gift which distinguishes us from all the other creatures of the earth—of human utterance and its wondrous miracles of variation—how consummate is the mastery by this man!

"Of Everett's physiognomy, often as he has been portrayed, Stuart alone has hit the expressive peculiarity. In the Dowse Library is a sketch by the old painter, and, though drawn when the orator was very young, it should be engraved from, and made classic, as his likeness. There is a single line, directed like a pointed finger to the word he is uttering—the line of the thin nostril, aimed straight at the centre of his parting lips—which curiously concentrates and brings to a most expressive point the various qualities of his features—their dignified deference, their Ciceronian courtesy, and their inevitable acumen. I was strongly impressed with this, in the profile view which I had of him while listening to the oration at Cambridge; and, the next day, chancing to come upon the sketch by Stuart, I saw at once that the old artist had seized upon it as the exponent of his sitter's character. It express-

es an intense power of concentration—the focus by which genius brings out its fire—and it even becomes more tense and definite, compelling and directing to the same point of expression the whole action of the inspired face, as the impassioned fervor grows apparently uncontrollable. As the single wonder of his kind in a whole epoch, Mr. Everett should be portrayed, for history, as we who see him will remember him; and what a picture might be made by such a pencil as Horace Vernet's—Everett (in his academic robes of black silk) coming forward with advancing stride upon the platform before an audience, his arms at their highest lift, and his nervous fingers spread with their quivering fling upwards, while over his radiant features burns the fire of that rapt eloquence at its height!"

It is pleasant to recall a beautiful interchange of compliments—sincere as the speakers themselves—which took place between Jerrold and Leigh Hunt, at a dinner given, some years ago, in honor of the latter. Jerrold said of the veteran essayist and poet, that, even in his hottest warfare, his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, "he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook;" and Leigh Hunt, with equal grace and truth, observed of "his friend Jerrold," that, "if he had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey."

"Xtopher flings from Paris into Our Window this capital account of the French pictures:

"On the 30th May the great stream of pictures, statues, etc., flowing from the studios to the salon, made its dive down out of sight. On the 15th of June it reappears in the great tank on the Champs Elysées—that is, that portion of it which has not ebbed back to the studios in the form of "works refused." Six weeks seems a good while for the honorable jury to decide upon, and arrange, and hang the pictures; and especially so to the artist, to whom the burial of his works for this period of time is barely compensated in the distinction conferred by having his canvas hung out of sight, and his name on the catalogue of exponents. We say nothing of the mortification incident to the rejected brethren—the temporary burial of

the pictures *without* such consolatory compensation—the expense of sending the works and then sending for them—the damage to the frames, etc.

"Who risks nothing gains nothing. It is, doubtless, honor enough to squeeze your pictures in. No inconsiderable honor and good-fortune, when you know that about 3,000 are said to have been refused out of 5,000 odd, and when you reflect that the oldest and most distinguished of the French artists have, in years past, had works refused year after year.

"The new aspirant to exhibitionary honors, therefore, must not be too much buoyed up with regard to his own small contribution, as he enters, for the first time, the nine grand salons, whose walls glow with the talent of all France and Belgium. He must not be troubled, if he have to search for hours before he exhumes his own darling canvases and frames. If he is reasonable, let him remember that, in the first place, he has a season ticket gratis—the privilege of going any day and studying works of great merit, from which he cannot fail to derive benefit. Let him remember that, if his pictures are not in the very best light, they are in good company; for I think you could find few positively bad pictures in the exhibition.

"This being the first regular exposition of fine arts I have seen in Paris (I except, of course, the famous Exposition Universelle of 1855), I cannot say how it compares, either in quantity or quality, with former ones. I should judge that it differed somewhat from some of the past expositions, losing in some respects and gaining in others. For instance, you lack something of the very cream of French art, when you find that a considerable number of their most distinguished names do not appear on the catalogue. Ingres, Ary Scheffer, Couture, Delacroix, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, Decamps, Diaz, Henri Lehman, send nothing. Most of these you miss. On the other hand, there are hundreds of clever *genre* pictures and landscapes. There are pictures of animals, of fruit (no marines, that I recollect), but numbers of capital designs, aquarelles, and smaller things of that sort.

"I am struck with the number of very excellent pictures—works of a high order of talent. At present I can scarcely go into detail; and will mention only some of the

names of those whose works impressed me during the necessarily distracted first visit. In history, genre, and portrait, we find the names of Müller, H. Vernet, Pils, Winterhalter, Dubufe, Baudry, Benonville, Bouvin, Jerome, Hamon, Knaus, Meissonier, Millet, Stevens, Willems, and many other men of mark. In landscape there are Rousseau, Blin, Bodmer, Boulangé, Cabat, Castan, Coignard, Belly, Corot, Courbet, Dargent, Xavier de Cock, Daubigny, Doré, Durand-Brager, Français, Gourlier, Hano-teau, Lambinet, Lapito, Ouvrié, Prow, St. Marcel, Teinturier, Thullier, Ziem, and many more. In animals and still life—J. Stevens, Polizzi, P. Rousseau, Jadin, Monginot, Couturier, etc. These are only names picked out as some of the best. I don't pretend to say that there are not many others as deserving of mention as these; for, only think of it, there are 1,168 painters who exhibit on these walls; and how is it possible to do justice to the great unmentioned majority.

"But let us draw our impressions to some focus. With regard to this exhibition, I should say, great pictures—that is, works of genius—hardly appear. Nor should they be expected. A great picture, like a great poem, is a sort of century-flower. Don't look for these sublime visions—these marvels—they are for the few—the grand and isolated mountain-tops. Come a little lower, and our mountain-slopes are populated with talent. Here are works of immense cleverness. Here are true artists. Here is knowledge, skill, study of nature, study of character, in abundance. I have before said how the French school impresses me. But I feel that the superiority of this school to other modern schools cannot be too much dwelt upon. I mean, of course, the best and freshest, not the old, insipid, stilted, unnatural, French school—happily passing away, like dirty clouds from the blue sky. The school that can boast such names as Delacroix, Delaroche, Decamps, Couture, Troyon, and a host of others but a little lower (Belgian as well as French, for they are one as a school), others fast rising and growing into celebrity—a school so fresh, so vigorous, so original, so fertile, and, above all, so sure of its material power of expression—is a fact rather noteworthy, and which we Americans have got to learn. What other school compares with it? I only know

two other schools of painting at the present day—the German and the English. That both of these schools have great merits and produce men of talent, there is no denying.

“As for the first, there seems to be something lacking in the German nature to make a complete artist. There is a certain heaviness, a ponderosity, phlegm, opacity, literalness, laborious conscientious patience, adherence to standard authorities, and what not, which characterize alike the people and their art. Then there is the English school—fallish considerably from the days of Hogarth and Gainsborough, into a fog of self-conceit, where it endeavors to express itself before it has mastered its art language—before it knows more than its alphabet of color and tone—before it has learned half the subtle and delicate nuances of nature. These are the three schools of painting. There are no others, except as dependent on and growing out of these.

“The English school dabbles in water-colors (and here is its *forte*), expressing itself by splashes and sketchy effects. The German designs and draws forever, and expresses itself by hard lines. The French school, it seems to me, does neither, but draws and colors equally well, and better than the German or the English. It knows what it is doing. It has a fuller art language than the others. For color, especially, what is there finer, in modern times, than the best works of some of the masters I have named? Particularly to be noted, is the French landscape-school. Green is, perhaps, the most difficult of all colors to manage. What abortions the tyro produces who touches it ignorantly! A tree, or a bit of grass, looks to him so green that he does not conceive how it can be represented otherwise than by one uniform tint. It may be years before he is undeceived. Meanwhile, he goes on painting, what some term, Pre-Raphaelite greens, and repelling all lovers of nature and art.

“Why is this? Why should a color, so lovely in nature, be so disagreeable in a picture? Perhaps it would take me too long to tell why, just now. But if any one looks well into the greens of the best French landscapes, he will find them composed of a variety of tints, ranging from brown through green, greenish gray, yellow and blue, but all composed with inti-

mate knowledge, as well as feeling, of the secret of color. And, in this, the artist is merely following nature, who only gives up her secrets to the faithful student of art as well as of nature. No painters manage this difficult color as well as the French. Hence, their greenest landscapes seldom offend, but refresh. Then they understand contrast and gradation in color. Every part of the picture will keep its place and be proportioned harmoniously.

“But I don’t mean to go into the subject of ‘greens,’ or any other hue, except in the way of illustrating my point, which is the excellence of the French school of Paysage. If you ask me if their subjects are always the best, I am forced to say, no. Anything serves them as a subject. Nature is nature, they seem to say, and wherever you open the door on her, it is as a door into a garden. Here is another point on which I might open a discussion: The very flatness of French scenery may possibly have the effect of concentrating the paysagistes upon excellence in a few simple elements of landscape.

“But I refrain. I will only remark, that I cannot help noticing a resemblance between modern pictorial art and modern polite literature. Poetry goes no more upon stilts, nor clothes herself in rainbow hues, nor utters Byronic ravings or sentimentalities. The poet finds his subjects in common life. Still more emphatically does the tendency to everyday life and to familiar scenes show itself in our best modern novels. Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, all describe what passes right under their eyes, and their photographic world becomes high and heroic. It is the writer, more than the subject, the artist, more than his models, that open for us the windows of the soul, and let in the light of beauty, goodness, and truth.”

Lord Byron was a great poet, and a poor orator. His maiden speech was a failure. In truth, John Bull seems to have established the failure of maiden speeches as an institution, and the brilliant Sergeant Kinglake, author of *Eothen*, had no right to hope for success upon his first parliamentary appearance. He has lately made his failure, as we see by the following kindly notice:

“In that same discussion, when the author of ‘*Eothen*’ rose to make his maiden

speech, the House paid him that tribute which is generally the utmost they afford to the greatest of out-door celebrities—they prepared to listen to him. They certainly did not expect that so world-famous a person could deliver himself of some evidently preconceived and arranged sentences for about seven or eight minutes, and, having reached an oratorical climax, pause, falter, and finally sit down—a failure. With all his admitted talents, better men than Mr. Kingslake have found the difficulty of first facing the House of Commons too much for their nerves; and he may be sure that faith in his capability of yet doing himself justice in Parliament is by no means extinct. There were few who witnessed what is technically called his 'breakdown' who did not murmur 'He will do yet!'—and so much will you find in the *Social Tread-mill* in *Punch*.

The author of the *Social Tread-mill* in *Punch*, who calls himself a sufferer, has a great deal of the humorous earnestness which has marked the best things in that humane institution. He has received some letters of complaint from two sweet young ladies, and, as the ills of which they complain are not exclusively English, his reply may chance to meet the eye and heart of some lovely American Constance or Emily who is gazing at Our Window, to hear what we see.

"Of foreign languages," write Constance and Emily—thank you, young ladies, for your pretty names, at all events—(if too many be not crammed into our heads at once) we do not complain. We like traveling, and when we go abroad the knowledge of these languages conduces much to the pleasure derived from the trip, and is extremely useful.—'to us?'—no—the sly pussies—to Papa, and brothers, who, having had their time taken up with Greek and Latin, Law and Physic, seldom speak French or German intelligibly."

"We will allow Constance and Emily their little joke at the expense of masculine ignorance. At the same time we should like to ask Constance and Emily to put their taper white hands on their hearts—if those articles have not been stolen—and say how many of their friends have learnt, either at school or from a governess, to speak French, Italian, or German, so as to

enable their Papas or brothers to dispense with a courier in the family travels?"

"But," continue Constance and Emily, 'why should we all, irrespectively of the talent we may or may not possess, have music and drawing inflicted on us? We are told these arts afford enjoyment to the rich, and employment to the poor. So they may when there is great talent; but, alas, to the majority of us, they are but sources of grief when we are learning them, and of shame and mortification when we are compelled to show off our accomplishments to our unadmiring friends. We can perfectly appreciate the verdict "very sweet!" pronounced by sarcastic persons on our most bitterly out-of-time-and-tune performances, and the contemptuous "very pretty!" when our bad drawings are displayed.'

"Grief, shame, and mortification, my dear young ladies! You forget you are in training for the Social Tread-mill. You have no right to any such feelings. The Artful Dodger might as well talk of grief, shame, and mortification, when brought before the beak, for being found with his hand in a gentleman's pocket. You must put such puling sentimentality in your pockets—if you wear those antiquated receptacles—and learn to brazen it out, like your sisters in check aprons and blue stuff bed-gowns at Brixton, and take your punishment like 'game 'uns' and 'trumps'."

"You write, in your simplicity, as if you thought the object of your education was to make you better and wiser women. My dear children, you have described that object much better when you spoke of being 'in training for the Social Tread-mill.' It is to harden your hearts against self-accusation, to plate your faces against shame, and to steel your nerves against weariness, that they are putting you through this preparation for your life-long penances. You are to be fitted to catch husbands, not to live with them. The one is a great art—the other comes by nature, I suppose."

"It is clear to me, however, that your training is being very seriously neglected. You talk about 'wishing to be taught to play and sing simple English songs,' instead of 'difficult fantasias or astonishing bravas in a few guinea lessons from German or Italian professors'—about 'much preferring to learn to read well aloud good English poetry and prose, to sitting for two or

three hours daily on a hard music-stool, before a tinkling piano, practicing horrid exercises and dreary pieces.—Why, bless my heart! the chafing silly which you see Miss Reynolds putting through its paces in Rotten Row might just as reasonably complain of that young lady's sharp curb and stinging little whip, or of the tiny spurs hidden under the short skirt of her habit. The silly is not there to enjoy herself, but that she may learn to carry a lady! So you are not being educated to make the best of your head and heart, but that you may learn to 'attract a gentleman!'

A classic ghoul, meditating at midnight in a grave-yard, heightens the hilarity of this song by putting it into a dead language for the comfort of our readers.

The raven sits

On the raven stone,

And his black wing flits

O'er the milk-white bone;

And to and fro,

As the night winds blow,

The carcass of the assassin swings,

And there alone,

On the raven stone,

The raven flaps his dusky wings:

The fetters creak,

And his ebony beak

Croaks to the close of the hollow sound,

And this is the tune,

By the light of the moon,

To which the witches dance their round.

Corvus instat

Patibulum

Alis plaudat

Os lacteum—

Cadaver huc

Sicari illic

Se noctis jactat in flabro

Et per solum

Pennis corvus

Circumvolat patibulo

Crepit ferrum

Ejus rostrum

Ad crepitum occineret

Lucente luna

Ad hos saga

Modulos orbe saltaret.

This is the moment of public dinners at colleges; but when is it not the moment for public dinners? Let us take another turn upon the *Social Tread-mill* with our friend, the *Sufferer*, who treats this very point.

"I have often wondered what sin the late Duke of Cambridge could have committed in any of his earlier phases of existence, to have been condemned, while in the flesh under his last title, to preside at so many public dinners.

"This social punishment—the public dinner—is, I believe, peculiar to this island. An attempt was made to introduce it into France, which ended, as might have been expected, in a revolution. Yes—the Provisional Government of 1848 was installed in consequence of the public dinners—'*les Banquets*,' as they were called—organized by the Parliamentary Reformers of Paris. You may tell me the revolution broke out because the public dinners were not allowed to take place. I will not quibble with you about a word of three letters. But I know how history is written; and I know—do I not know?—the miseries of a public dinner.

"You admit a connection between the public dinner and the revolution of 1848. Very well, then. I assume that the French are, at once, a social and a gastronomic race. I can understand such a race rising as one man against the attempt to thrust a public dinner down their throats. But I cannot imagine their upsetting the government which protected them from the infliction. I go on probabilities, which to me are proofs, for they rest upon the eternal nature of things. I still believe the rising of Paris, in 1848, was against the attempt to introduce the punishment of the public dinner, and that, in the confusion, the Provisional Government somehow got flung to the surface, and staid there till further orders.

"Prisoners, under tyranny and long-continued torture, have sometimes risen, brained their gaolers with their handcuffs, and either broken prison, or been shot down, sullenly, in unappeased revolt. I wonder why we, who are condemned, most of us, to public dinners in perpetuity, do not, some day, rise at the Freemason's Tavern, or the Albion, beat out the brains of the landlord and waiters, strangle the stewards, choke the glee-singers with the pastry, and tear that Toole of tyranny, the toast-master, limb from limb.

"I think we shall hear of these things happening some day—and then the site of the Freemason's Tavern will be what the site of the Bastille is now. There will be a column erected to the memory of those citizens who arose and plucked down an odious tyranny. Those who had long groaned under public dinners, will come annually and deposit wreaths of *immortelles* on the base of the column.

"I am willing to guide the movement. I demand the head of Toole! I refuse to be any more treated as a social vassal, 'taillable et corvéable à merci' by Hospitals; by Asylums; by blind, deaf, dumb, halt, lame, and maimed Institutions; by Curates', Governesses', Printers', Clerks', Widows', Orphans', Shoeblicking boys', Image boys', Climbing boys', or any other kind of boys' Aid Societies; by Young men's, Old men's, Middle-aged men's, Bargemen's, Market-Gardeners', or any other Mutual Instruction Associations! By Funds—Literary, Dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian; by Scotch Widows; by Decayed or Shipwrecked Mariners; by Foreigners in distress; by Distressed Needlewomen; by Oppressed Dressmakers; by Intending Emigrants; by Club-footed persons, or those afflicted with Spinal Disorders, or Ophthalmia; by Invalid Gentlewomen, or Sick Children, or Incurables; by Licensed Victuallers, Butchers, and Bakers. I fling all 'the objects of this association' to the wind. I will not be a steward, though tempted by a dinner-card gratis; I will not put down my name for a handsome donation, though quite aware that I never shall be asked to pay up; I will cut my tongue out rather than acknowledge a toast; I will mount the scaffold sooner than the chair; and I will perish before I pay for a ticket. I am ready to enroll members in an Anti-Public Dinner Association, the foundation of which shall be celebrated by a public—Good gracious!—How difficult it is to shake off the habits of the prison-house! Men who have long worn fetters will ever after, we know, walk as if the iron was still about their ankles.

"I and my association were on the verge of self-destruction, about to be rendered up again, by this hand of mine, to the tough mercies of Messrs. Bathe and Breach, and the tortures of Toole! Not that the tyranny of these men is ever openly protested against. There is either a hollow submission to it, or a callous courting of it, and an exaltation under it like that of French *galériens* slaving in their *chaîne*. There are few things sadder than to see a prisoner insensible to his shame. To hear John Bull talk, you would imagine he looked upon the public dinner as a privilege and not as a punishment.

"We English!—he will tell some poor,

eagerly-assenting, smiling, galvanic foreigner, who bows affirmatives to every sentence before it is well spoken.—We English are cold, shy, stiff; but at bottom we are a social people, Mosoo. We can do nothing without a dinner. When our hearts are warmed with a good meal and a social glass of wine, Mosoo—'Gad, we are the best company in the world—can't refuse each other anything;—we are full of enthusiasm, air—running over with loyalty and brotherly love;—we think nothing, Mosoo, of collecting a thousand pounds in the room while the singing's going on.'

"And the foreigner is amazed at the '*force d'agglomération sociale*' among these English, and goes home and tries to intrude the public dinner on his countrymen, and government perishes in the attempt.

"How should we like to see introduced among us those Chinese punishments, of which such agreeable representations have been figuring of late in the cheap print-shop windows, of people being sawn to death between planks, planted up to the neck in the ground to starve, with food and drink just out of reach of the lips, and so forth?

"I look on the introduction of the public dinner into any country where it is unknown, in much the same light as I should the extension to our criminal system of these penal refinements of the Celestial Empire. When I hear a brother Bull cramming such statements as are above written into foreign ears, I blush for my species.

"For whatever outward submission there may be amongst ourselves, I know that I never mention the public dinner to an Englishman singly, but I find him, like myself, glowing with impatient disgust of that infliction, and ready to join in any attempt to put it down. Unless, indeed, he happen, at the moment, to have been sentenced as a steward with the aggravation of a list to make up—added, as they add private whippings to a term of imprisonment, sometimes—or, still worse, condemned to the chair, with hard labor at the toasts. In such cases, instead of responding to one's own impatience, men will endeavor to draw one on into participation in their punishment—as convicts are always found anxious to do.

"But with foreigners it is not uncommon to hear the tone taken which I have described above.

"Now, the man who talks thus knows, as well as you or I, that it is all humbug; that there is no sociality in the public dinner; no real kindness of heart engendered by it; no wholesome and blessed charity set flowing by its aid; that the speeches spoken at it are tissues of gross and fulsome flattery; that its enthusiasm is as evanescent and spurious as the bead in its gooseberry champagne; that its brotherhood is maudlin; its philanthropy a sham; its music generally the grossest form of the art; its cookery and its wine frequently abominable; its talk either stammering, incoherent imbecility, or fluent balderdash. In short, if I were asked to sum into the briefest expression the spirit of the public dinner, I know of no better words than 'SHAM' and 'SHOWBISHNESS.'"

Mr. Ten-thousand-a-year Warren has made not a constructive, but a positive failure. Mr. Samuel Warren and Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper are the *Geminis* of the English literary Zodiac:

"It must be not a little scandalous, in the eyes of many persons, to see in a newspaper report of a speech in Parliament the quotation of a solemn text of Scripture followed by the words 'roars of laughter.' Now, it was Mr. Warren, and not the House, who was answerable for that unseemliness. If that gentleman could deliver what sounded like a wild chapter from the 'Lily and the Bee' (can the force of language further go?) in a tone which can only be described by a seeming contradiction in terms—namely, as that of a High Church conventicle (there are such things as High Church Radicals, be it observed)—members could hardly be blamed for yielding to their risible impulses before they had time to consider the exact sentence they were laughing at. The honorable member for Midhurst is, unless he is much belied, capable of better things than the speech he was unwise enough to deliver on the Oaths Bill."

Here is a strain beneath Our Window, suggestive of the manner whereby Gibson lost his pantaloons. The profound public interest in that inquiry will now be put at

rest, and, at the same time, the claim of a new voice, to be ranked with our most humorous singers, be justified. Our readers will recognize our bard of "1775" and "1693."

NIP AND TUCK.

A BALLAD.

'Twas on a bright October day,
When every crimson leaf was still,
That Gibson took his usual walk
Along the brow of Staddle Hill.
The chattering chipmunk bears his step,
With tail erect and eager ears,
While master woodchuck, waddling off,
Straight for his distant burrow steers.

Now, Gibson was a brawny man,
Of lofty port and mighty limb,
And all the country wrestlers stood
In reverential awe of him.
The famed athlete could boast no form
Of nobler mould, in olden days,
Than our good friend, whose ponderous
strength
Belled his gentle thoughts and ways.

And as, in meditative mood,
He wandered on his lonely way,
Behold a bear's neglected cub
Right in the open pathway lay.
To see if its wild dam were near,
One searching glance he cast around,
Then cried "a prize!" and lightly raised
The struggling vagrant from the ground.

The cub across his shoulder flung,
He started off with rapid stride,
Mistrustful that the young one's cries
Might bring its mother to his side.
And so they did. For Bruin heard,
And, leaping to the fierce attack,
Cried out, as plain as bear could cry,
"You rascal, bring my baby back!"

But deuce a bit for that cared he—
So, straightway starting on a run,
He cursed the brute, and only wished
That he had thought to bring his gun.
Now for a race! The man's ahead
But Bruin gains at every bound
Four legs are more than match for two,
And Gibson's plainly losing ground.

One desperate leap, and Bruin's teeth
The robber's linsay-wolsley tore;
The nip was close, but only urged
The wounded man to run the more.
Another spring—when Gibson dodged
Behind a hemlock, neat and clever,
But all too late—for Bruin's grip
Had spoiled his pantaloons forever!

Down went the cub—and Gibson turned,
With rearward smart, to face the foe,
And hand to foot they had it now,
With hug for hug, and blow for blow.
But, quite accomplished in the art
To scientific wrestlers known,
The man displayed his skill, and soon
His brute antagonist was "thrown."

But neither one was freed as yet
From that uncomfortable hug,
And Bear, defiant, gnashed his teeth,
While Gibson cursed her ugly mug.

The grim embrace, to both, was like
The anaconda's crushing fold,
As o'er the bank and down the hill
The desperate couple, fighting, rolled.

The snapping twigs, the rattling stones,
And clouds of dust betrayed their track,
Until the two, with sudden jolt,
Brought up against a hackmatack.
With one accord they loosed the hold
That bound them in this social tie,
And, sadly blown, and bruised and banged,
Each turned and bid his foe good-by.

'Twas a drawn game—and victory raised
No flag when the encounter ceased,
But that rough tussle was enough
To satisfy both man and beast.
And thus came off this rasciest
Of all impromptu rigadoons,
Where Bruin lost her precious cub,
And Gibson lost his pantaloons.

A wicked correspondent, for whom we
make no defense, says:

"DEAR PUT.—As I was looking out of
my window, I spied the following. Now,
don't you believe that Major-General
Sir Richard Airey must have studied
under ——— ?

"Yours,

P. PUT.

"The following official announcement
lately appeared in the London papers:—
'Major-General Sir Richard Airey, Quar-
termaster-General, having received such
numerous applications for tickets for ad-
mission of persons to witness the distribu-
tion by Her Majesty of the Victoria Cross
on the 26th inst., regrets that he has not
been able to comply with the requests of
all the applicants, the tickets to the full
extent of the accommodation having been
already appropriated, and begs to *express*
his regret that the press of business entailed
upon him, by the arrangement for the in-
tended ceremony, prevents his replying
otherwise to such persons to whom he has not
been able to send tickets.'"

Rumor declares that Mesdames Alboni
and Nantier-Didée are to form part of the
company at the Italian Opera this winter;
and (as usual) that Madame Stolz is so dis-
tracted by the magnificent engagements
offered to her, that she has not decided
whether she goes to America or to Mont-
pellier. Among events which have just
happened, or are "coming off," meetings
are mentioned of the "Orphéons" at Bor-
deaux—of the Swabian *Liedertafel* societies
at Tubingen—one at Revel, at which
thousands of singers were, orientally, ex-

pected to congregate; and (to pass to a
distant quarter of the globe) an execution
of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at Buenos
Ayres. M. Vieuxtemps has been invited
to take the lead in forming a "conserva-
tory," or music school, at Constantinople.

A musical and competent John Bull says
of our pretty Pyne what none of us will
believe. To the ear of the most English
Bull, any singer probably is spoiled who
has warbled in America. She must get the
Yankee air out of her lungs before they
will generate notes which the amiable
Bull will honor. Thus, he says:

"If Miss L. Pyne had determined to
show that an American tour is not to be
gone through without 'wear and tear,'
she could not have accomplished her ob-
ject more completely than by selecting the
Trio of voice with flutes, from 'L'Etoile
du Nord,' as her song of return. This
too, she sang in its shortened version (the
one arranged by M. Meyerbeer for the
stage), and not as a concert-piece. But the
attempt proved that her voice stands in
need of rest; and the style, formerly so
neat and pointed, of being polished anew."

Mr. Henry F. Chorley, a caustic, but
competent, critic, says that "Paradise
Lost" seems to have been found tempting
by the composers of late years (not ex-
cluding the poets, and thus comprehending
Mrs. Browning, whose "Drama of Exile"
was dared successfully, even though Eve
had been already the heroine of Milton's
epic). Two English composers, Dr. Wyld
and Mr. Lodge Ellerton, have attempted
the subject—and last, and most aspiring
of all, comes M. Rubinstein. It seems, Mr.
Chorley says, full of matter to advance the
young composer's reputation—the first
part being devoted principally to the bat-
tle of the angels and the fall of the rebels,
with *Lucifer*, "son of the morning," at
their head; the second, to "the Crea-
tion" of the world and of our first parents;
the third, to the temptation—"Man's
first disobedience," and the expulsion of
the pair from the garden of Eden.

It is announced that Signor Verdi has
contracted to compose a new opera for
Her Majesty's Theatre, which, we presume,
will follow the production of his long-
talked of "King Lear" at Naples.

IV.—THE LITTLE JOKER.

A TEAR-COMPELLING HISTORY.

Of one who dwelt in London would I sing,
 Mercantile his profession, huge his wealth.
 Ormsu looked poor beside him! As for
 Ind—

Ind was a very circumstance to him!
 "Great diamonds, heap of pearl," him full
 of coin,
 Gold in great pigs—as common folk have
 lead—

Crowded his warehouse to its cockloft's peak.
 Warehouse, which strangers in the city took
 For some cathedral, such its grandeur vast,
 And, turning to some passer-by, would say,
 "Sir—madam—sonny!"—as the case might
 be,

"Tell me, I prithee, if yon pile is Paul's."
 This wealthy merchant—Smith by name, I
 think—

Beside his grocer goods, a daughter had—
 Oh! but she was a daughter!—beautiful?
 Yes, I should think so—though tradition's
 dumb

Upon this point, and merely calls her "fine."
 "Uncommon fine," and "young"—about
 sixteen—

Her name was Dinah—many were her spoons
 Both present and prospective—peerless girl!
 How sad thy fate! How doubly sad to
 think

That thou didst live and die before my
 time!

Of course fair Dinah had a host of youths,
 Self-offered victims to her priceless charms—
 But, of this mass of palpitating hearts,
 Two only on th' historic page survive;
 And, of this pair, we know but one by name,
 Hight Villikins, and him sweet Dinah loved;
 The other was a party vaguely called
 By Dinah's governor, "this here young
 man!"

Rich we may fancy him, if nothing more—
 For old man Smith would have him marry
 Dinah.

One summer day Miss Smith went forth to
 walk,
 And chose the garden for her promenade.
 The flower garden this, where grew the
 plants—

The hollyhocks—the Williams-sweet, her
 pets—

The perrywinkles—and et cetera—
 There, deep in sweetly painful thought, she
 paced.

To her comes presently the "Herr Papa,"
 And thus exclaim'd—"Go, Dinah, to thy
 room!

With gorgeous raiment there bedeck thy-
 self—

For, gay and gallant, thy bridegroom
 waits."

Poor Dinah scarce her faithful ears could
 trust,
 So sudden was the shock—and thus began:

"Oh father! oh papa!—you frighten me!
 My mind is not made up—to marry yet
 Methinks I decline—take all my funds!

Gladly to thee my fortune I'll resign
 If single I may live a twelvemonth more!"
 To whom, her parent thus, with angry
 tone:

"Go! boldest daughter! Get thee from my
 sight!

An thou wilt not consent to be the bride
 Of this here youth, thy fortune I'll bestow
 Upon the next of kin, and thou shalt reap
 Not e'en the benefit of one poor pin!"

He spoke, and swiftly, wrathfully withdrew.
 The evening came, and with it Villikins,
 To meet his Dinah in the garden's shade—
 The other garden this—where grew in rows
 The huge "cab-bah-jes," and the pommes de
 terre.

To the appointed spot he softly stole,
 And whistled low the tune that Dinah lov'd.
 Time fled—no Dinah came! Impatient grown,
 He sought the garden round with hasty step.
 At last he found her—oh distressing find!
 Stretch'd on the ground, beneath the moon's
 pale beam—

Stiff as a poker, as a snow-ball cold,
 Poor Dinah lay! Beside her stood a cup,
 And by that cup a letter—ah, poor girl!
 She'd been and gone and done it—for the
 cup

Held the remains of what had been a pint
 Of lodamon—cold poison! And the letter,
 A billy-dax to her dear Villikins,
 Told how, despairing, she for love of him
 Had killed herself, and hoped he would not
 grieve.

Not grieve indeed! But then she meant not
 that,

Or little had she known the wealth of love
 That gush'd from out his loving soul towards
 her!

Upon his knees down went the poor young
 man,

Called her his Dinah with a voice of woe,
 Kiss'd her "cold corpus" some ten thousand
 times,

Then seized with trembling hand the poison'd
 cup,

Drained it with courage like a lover true,
 And fell—"a body"—by his Dinah's side!

They buried them together where they
 died,

And o'er the grave was raised a sculptured
 stone,

Telling the sad particulars at length,
 In Roman letters of befitting size.

The parent stern in twenty days went mad,
 And ceaselessly would sing a childish song,
 Something like this—"Tooral-lal-looral-lay."

Now listen to the moral: Maidens all
 Take warning—be good girls and mind Papa!

And you, oh fellows in your youthful prime!
 When tempted from prudent path to stray,
 Take special heed—remember Villikins!

The poison'd cup and Dinah's hapless fate!—
 And all you stern parents I pray draw it
 milder,

Or you'll come to grief like your unhappy
 childer.

Mr. Conner was a well-meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs. Conner was continually boasting no man should rule her, that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time. Poor Mr. Conner submitted to this thralldom very patiently, rather than contend with her; for, when he did try to contend with her, she got into such dreadful passions that she actually terrified him half out of his senses, and he trembled like one in an ague: to secure his own peace, therefore, he consented to her ruling him, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr. Cooper, a neighbor, was fond of laughing at Mr. Conner's weakness.

"Would I," he often said, "be such a poor, spiritless being as to be ruled by my wife? No, never! Poor Conner dares not say that the sun shines, without asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed."

Now, this very positive, overbearing disposition on Cooper's part enabled his wife to manage him easily. If she wanted to stay at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, to show he was master; if she really wished a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs. Conner and Mrs. Cooper once agreed to have a day's pleasure; it was, therefore, settled between them, that their husbands should take them to a place of popular resort, about twelve miles distant. It was only necessary for Mrs. Conner to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her over. Mrs. Cooper, however, went another way to work. She was determined to go, and commenced to her husband as follows:

"Would you believe," said she, "that our neighbors, the Conners, are silly enough to spend a whole day in a visit to Boxhill? they mean to go to-morrow."

Says Mr. Cooper—"I do not know there is anything so silly in it; if I felt disposed to go there or anywhere else, I would go."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cooper, "you

might go, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will."

"Against your will, indeed!" said Mr. Cooper; "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband; if I thought proper for you to go, you should go."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Cooper, "you have had your own way too much; if I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me."

"Trouble in persuading you," said Cooper; "then I am resolved to go, and you shall go, too. I will have my way, Mrs. Cooper, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning prepare to go to Boxhill, for, whether you will or not, there shall you go."

"Mr. Cooper," said his wife, "I know, when you take a thing into your head, you will have your own way; I never yet met with so determined a man."

"Well," retorted Mr. Cooper, "I will have my way, and to show you that I will, I will have a chaise at the door at eight o'clock."

In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Conner set off, and, soon after, the Coopers. Mr. Cooper fully determined to convince his wife that he was master; his wife secretly delighted to think how well she had managed him.

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under government, were scattered on the tavern porch talking, when an old toper, named D—, came up to them. Now D— is a person who is very loquacious when drunk, but directly the reverse when sober. At the present time, being "tight," he said if the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that, one day, the king took it into his head to go a-hunting, and, after summoning his nobles, and making all necessary preparations, summoned his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted on a jackass; he advised them to return, 'For,' said he, 'it will certainly

rain.' They smiled contemptuously on him, and passed on.

"Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the countryman's advice, as a heavy shower came up, and they were drenched to the skin.

"When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely, for telling him that it would be clear when it was not.

"I met a countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not.'

"The king then gave the philosopher his walking paper, and sent for the countryman, who made his appearance.

"Tell me,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain.'

"I didn't know,' said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.'

"And how, pray, did he tell you?' the king asked in astonishment.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty.'

"The king now sent the countryman away, and, procuring the jackass, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. And here," observed D—, looking very wise, "here is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" asked his auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said D—, with a sweet smile, "every jackass wants an office."

The following is a literal copy of the card which was invariably transcribed for Madame Catalani, whenever she was called on to sing in "God save the King."

"Oh Lord avar God
Arais schaeter
Is enemis and
Mece them fol
Confond tear
Politekse froastre
Their nevise trix
On George avar hopes
We fix God save the
Kin."

During the Revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company, to make their

objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came forward, and made his bow.

"What is your objection?" said the captain.

"I ca-can't go," answered the man, "because I st-st-stutter."

"Stutter!" said the captain, "you don't go there to talk, but to fight."

"Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ba-half a mile before I can say, 'Wh-wh-wh-who goes there!'"

"O, that is no objection," replied the captain, "for they will place some other sentry with you; he can challenge, and you can fire."

"Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the b-b-b-body, before I can cry qu-qu-quarterm!"

This last plea prevailed; and the captain, laughing heartily, dismissed him.

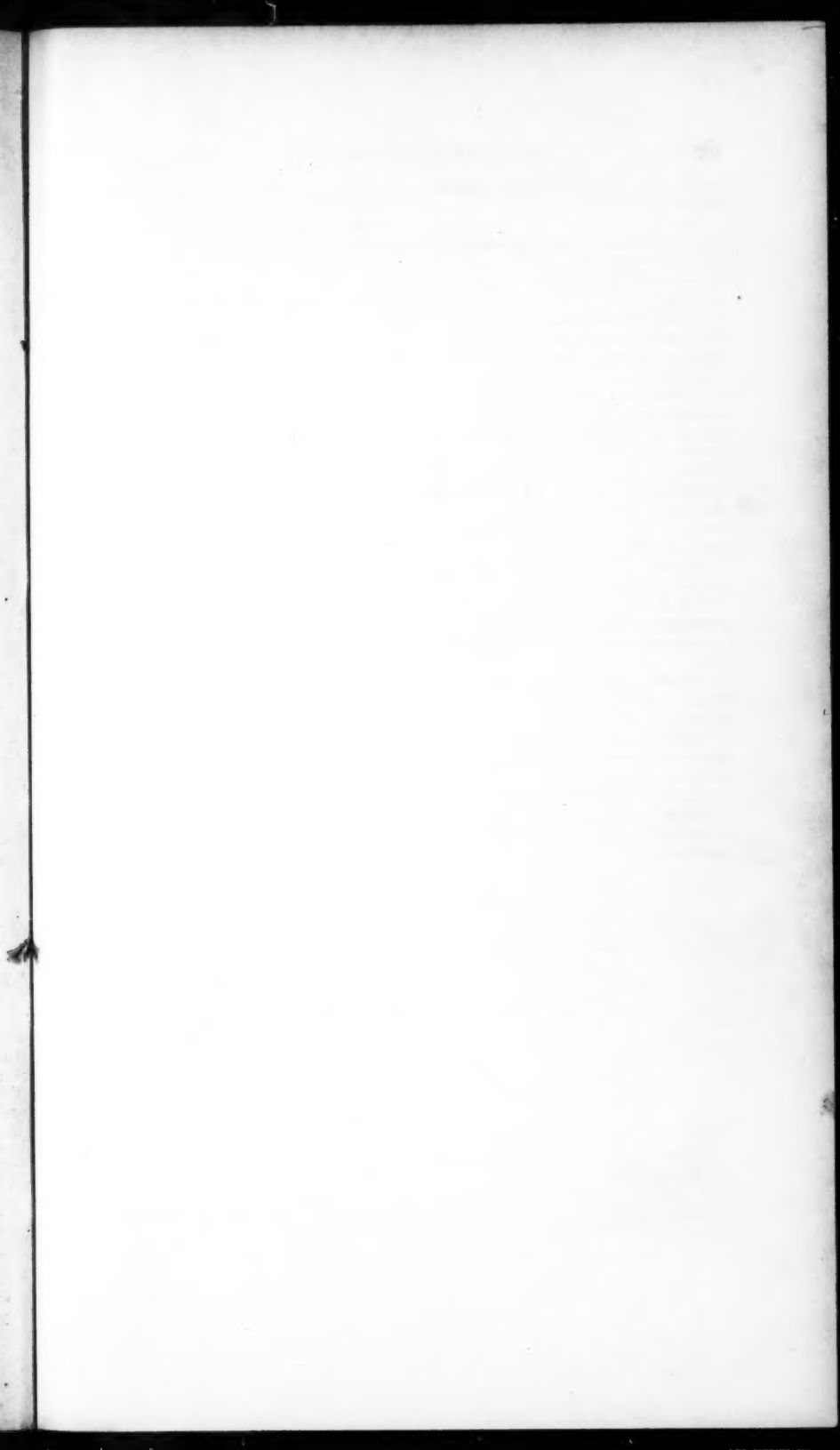
Sheridan used to pretend that he put Law down effectually. "When Law said, 'Pray, Mr. Sheridan, do answer my question without point or epigram,' I retorted, 'You say true, Mr. Law; your questions are without point or epigram.'"

A young wight, who, being wed,
Was always reading in his bed,
His wife addressed, with gentle look,
And said, "I wish I were a book!"
"Why so, good wife!" the wag replied.
"Because you'd love me then," she cried.
"Why, that might be," he straight rejoined,
"But 'twould depend upon the kind;
An *Almanac*; for instance, dear,
To have a new one every year."

When a Mr. Winter was announced, a well-known inspector of taxes, Hook immediately roared out—

"Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes, I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes, I'd advise ye to give him, without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary."

Punch says: "With what wonderful accuracy does *Young Nerval* in the Scotch tragedy, in the account which he gives of his supposed parentage, indicate the character of a Yankee dealer! He describes his father as an individual 'whose constant care was to increase his store.'"



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During the Revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company, to make their

objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came forward, and made his bow.

"What is your objection?" said the captain.

"I ca-can't go," answered the man, "because I st-st-stutter."

"Stutter!" said the captain, "you don't go there to talk, but to fight."

"Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say, 'Wh-wh-wh-who goes there!'"

"O, that is no objection," replied the captain, "for they will place some other sentry with you; he can challenge, and you can fire."

"Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the b-b-b-body, before I can cry qu-qu-qu-quarter!"

This last plea prevailed; and the captain, laughing heartily, dismissed him.

Sheridan used to pretend that he put Law down effectually. "When Law said, 'Pray, Mr. Sheridan, do answer my question without point or epigram,' I retorted, 'You say true, Mr. Law; your questions are without point or epigram.'"

A young wight, who, being wed,
Was always reading in his bed,
His wife addressed, with gentle look,
And said, "I wish I were a book!"

"Why so, good wife?" the wag replied.
"Because you'd love me then," she cried.
"Why, that might be," he straight rejoined,
"But 'twould depend upon the kind;
An *Almanac*, for instance, dear,
To have a new one every year."

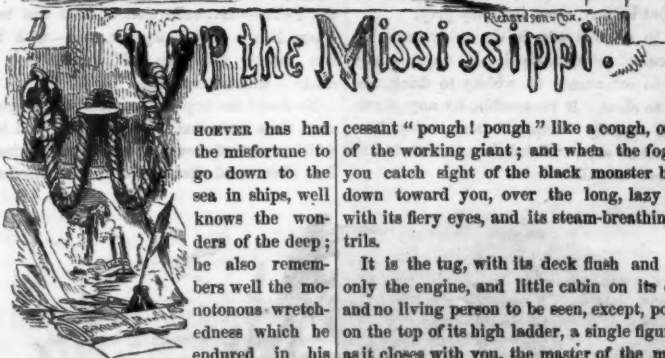
When a Mr. Winter was announced, a well-known inspector of taxes, Hook immediately roared out—

"Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes, I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes, I'd advise ye to give him, without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summery."

Punch says: "With what wonderful accuracy does *Young Norval* in the Scotch tragedy, in the account which he gives of his supposed parentage, indicate the character of a Yankee dealer! He describes his father as an individual 'whose constant care was to increase his store.'"

Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly

VOL. V.].....OCTOBER, 1857.....[No. 49.



HOEVER has had the misfortune to go down to the sea in ships, well knows the wonders of the deep; he also remembers well the monotonous wretchedness which he endured in his

confined transit from these green and breathing shores to some distant land; he, therefore, can fully sympathize with the glad anticipations which possess the voyager as he sails into the muddy waters which pour out of the great river, and overlie the clear waves of the Mexican Gulf.

Though years have now passed, I do not forget with what satisfaction I climbed into the cross-trees, to catch a fresh glimpse of the desired land, nor how pleasant to me seemed the strips of flat, reedy shore, seen through the waves of drifting fog.

Presently there come to the traveler, through the fog, sounds of some living thing—that in-

cessant "pough! pough" like a cough, or snort of the working giant; and when the fog lifts, you catch sight of the black monster bearing down toward you, over the long, lazy swells, with its fiery eyes, and its steam-breathing nostrils.

It is the tug, with its deck flush and clean, only the engine, and little cabin on its center, and no living person to be seen, except, possibly, on the top of its high ladder, a single figure, till, as it closes with you, the master of the machine is discovered with the magic wheel in his hand.

A few words suffice, and the black monster seizes the white-winged ship. Her wings are closed, and she is borne away with irresistible power over the bars, and through the slimy mud, till she enters between long, low mud lines, which here border the "Father of Waters."

For a time no living thing breaks the profound solitude, or relieves the wide waste which spreads away on all sides; and you almost wonder that the bitter or the alligator should here continue to live. They are the only indications of life, till among the marsh grass of the ooze, a curling smoke, or the rude "look-out," tells of a fisherman's shanty.

From this point he goes out in pursuit of fish, lobsters, and oysters, and along the gulf-shores, and its many bayous he gathers good spoil, with which the New Orleans market is so well supplied. In the Spring of the year, the palate of the epicure luxuriates on the rich and delicate flesh of the sheephead and redfish, and on lobsters, craw-fish, and abundant oysters.

Little recks the fisherman of changes in state or church. To him, black Democrats and Black Republicans are only words. He cares nothing for the prices of stocks, and heeds not the difference between a "bull" and a "bear;" while the only "lame ducks" he has heard of, are those his bullets have winged. If he had ever seen a book, he would consider it beneath contempt, and he never reads any thing; he would rather have a good piece of canvas to mend his sail than the most elaborate and frightful picture painted by the Pre-Raphaelites. Indeed, he would decline the best picture of Millais, unless he could have some money with it. Whether he shall live in town or country disturbs him not; nor is the fashion of his clothes subject to change. He retires early to his couch, to enjoy the sweets of profound repose, and awakes sometimes, that he may chase the flimsy prey.

Such, in a few words, is the fisherman's life in the ooze of the Mississippi. He requires only enough to eat, plenty of whisky to drink, and tobacco to chew. If reasonable, he may, therefore, be entirely "happy," and enjoy himself as much as a well-fed hog, which has no good place to wallow in.

The pilots who live at various "stations" along these shores are a little further advanced in civilization. Now and then, they see a newspaper, and their minds are exercised as to whether they are "Native Americans," or "National Democrats." They have begun to be unhappy, and to feel the pangs which civilized nations endure; yet here they continue to live, father and son, in huts perched high on piles driven in the mud, hopeful only for twenty shillings a foot pilotage on ships.

The "Delta" of the Mississippi is a boundless waste of mud, water, and reedy thicket—the haunt of countless water-fowl, and the sunny retreat of hosts of alligators, whose notes of love are sometimes heard sounding like the bellowing of bulls of Bashan. Through this delta, in all directions, flow those mighty waters which, leaving their small heads in the White Bear and Itaska Lakes, and in the crystal springs of the Rocky Mountains, bring down the yellow lands of the Platte and Kansas country, to form new states and kingdoms in and around the Mexican Gulf.

The "pough, pough" of the high-pressure tug drags you up against the yellow current, past the Belize—that collection of huts and houses where live a sort of aquatic men—with noses like fishes', fins like alligators', feet like ducks'—who never drown.

No doubt the hopeful traveler will be glad to meet those little, but brave and historical beasts which swarmed down upon Muscogee (when he first discovered the mouths of the Mississippi,



in the year 1542), and blackened his sail; they feared nothing, and attacked his men regardless of death. The philologist may well inquire if they are named Musketoos in honor of Muscoco, the explorer of the passes of the river. Of them, more may be said hereafter.

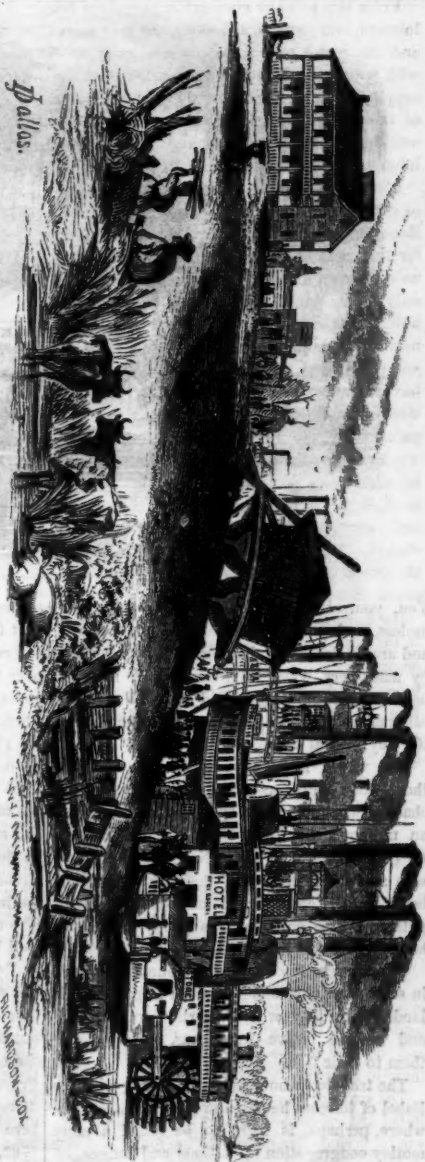
After some fifty miles of tug between those low, marshy shores, trees begin to appear—dense thickets of cypress swamp; then the artificial mud-banks, called the levee, soon appear. These have been built with great labor, on both sides of the river, below and above New Orleans, for many miles, and are intended to keep out the waters, which, during the rise of the river, would sweep away all crops and houses.

Then, some sixty miles from the mouth of the river, your eyes are gratified with a sight of the first sugar plantation, with its picturesque-looking mansion, and its negro huts with black groups around them. From this point the traveler watches the shores to see the estates which succeed each other, until he reaches New Orleans; that is the longed-for end of his voyage, and he looks eagerly till he sees its forests of masts rising above the low banks, and hears the distant but deep roar of the city.

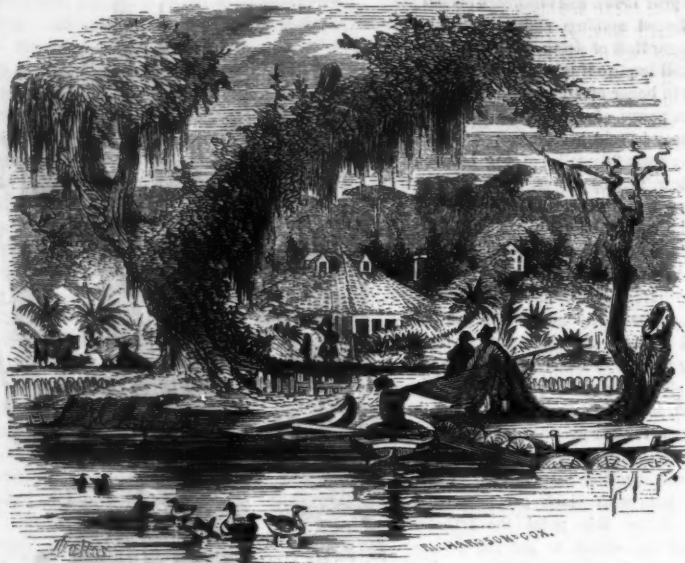
This sloping levee at New Orleans is a strange place, to an unsophisticated man; it is from one or two hundred feet in width, and extends along the front of the city some four to five miles, following the curve of the river; which (and not its Mohammedan worship and beliefs) gives to New Orleans its name of "the Crescent City." 'Tis a busy, driving, dreadful place, piled with bales and boxes, and hogsheds and casks, and cattle and bureaus, and bedsteads, and horse-carts, and pulpits, and all the other multitude of things which come pouring out of that wonderful cornucopia, the Valley of the Mississippi, of which New Orleans may be called the mouth.

Sailors are heaving, and hauling, and yo-hoing—mates are shouting, and swearing—steamers are smoking, and puffing, and splashing about—and the river is all the while rushing swiftly down, ready to sweep every thing along to the wide ocean. It will never do to sleep there.

This vast mass of merchandise, which lies in such confusion, is being clutched by brawny



negroes, piled on carts, and hauled away; or is being seized and swung into the holds of ships; and somehow, in a wonderful, mysterious providential way, it all gets to its proper destination, to be eaten, or spun, or worn, or wasted by man.



You, yourself—a man, a stranger—you, are useless, and you are jostled, and run against, and are in danger of having your legs broken by machinery, your head mashed by swaying hardware, or of being rolled into the river by casks of whisky or sugar; you must get out of the way, and at once.

One would have pity, if one had time, for those poor strangers who, plunged into this chaos, raw and ignorant, speak no language but an unknown one, know not where to go, have no friends (and who has in New Orleans?), and who are quite certain, in their own minds, of being wofully cheated; but one spends no sympathy or time on them, too happy if he can but save his own life and legs.

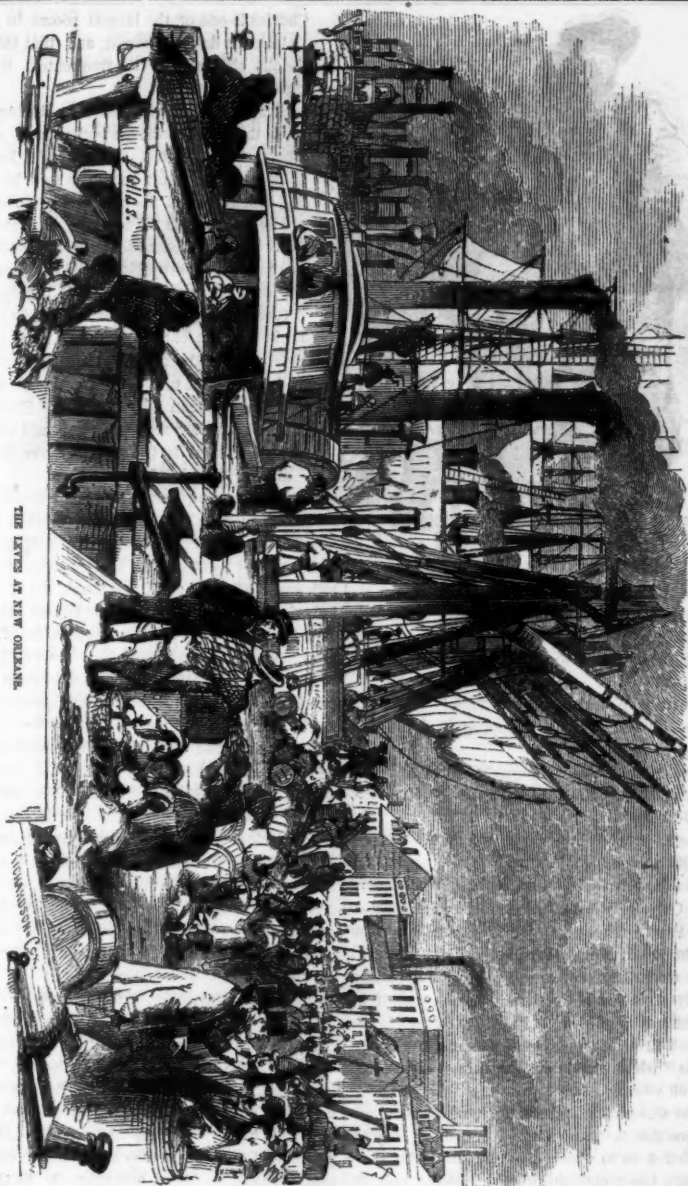
One must be filled with a profound faith that, in some way, God will help them to get to their lands, where they will be certain to grow rich and become native Americans, and so leave them to their fate.

The traveler cannot fail to be struck with the Babel of tongues he hears in New Orleans. Nowhere, perhaps, is there to be found a more motley congregation of nations and languages. Many of the newspapers are published in two languages—English and French—as are their laws; and both languages are used in their courts: Spanish and German, also, are common. So far, the people do not become homogeneous, either in language, character, or interests. You

see very few old men, and inquiry informs you that the population is shifting, and that adventurers of all kinds abound. It is estimated that over twenty thousand of the inhabitants may be classed as “transient;” perhaps, the Creole French only can be called permanent, though the rich merchant Yankees are fast getting the property and power.

So excellent an opportunity to introduce a bit of history now occurs, in connection with this subject, that it must not be allowed to slip. In the year 1717 (Louisiana being claimed by France), “The Western Company” was organized, better known as “Law’s Mississippi Scheme,” by means of which, as our readers well know, Louisiana was to become a mine of wealth, and whoever owned a share of the stock was sure of boundless riches. We all know the speculation and destruction that resulted; but out of it grew the settlement of New Orleans in the next year, and a straggling emigration from France. In the year 1754, the Acadians were driven from Nova Scotia, a part of whom came here in search of homes and peace. But in 1762, the country and people were transferred to Spain. In 1800, the territory was reconveyed by Spain to France, and in 1803 sold to us by Mr. Abbott’s model Bonaparte, for \$15,000,000 cash.

The French there, have remained French to this day; but, otherwise, the population has been shifting and peculiar. Under it all, has



THE LAYERS AT NEW ORLEANS.

been that great substratum, the negro element, so exotic and interesting to the stranger. Let us listen to these two old ones—all battered, and tattered, and torn :

MR. JONKING.—“ How is you, Monser Thomp-
sing, dis morn’ ?”

BOTH.—“ Waugh, waugh, waugh! Waugh,
waugh!”



MR. THOMPSON.—"Mighty well, tank you ; how's Miss Jonsing ?"

BOTH.—"Waugh, waugh, waugh !" doubling themselves up with joyousness and delight.

MR. JONSING.—"Got new dog, Monser Thompson, eh ?"

BOTH.—"Waugh, waugh, waugh !"

DOG.—"Bow, wow !" snapping at Mr. Johnson's leg.

MR. THOMPSON.—"Nompote—goin' apter he breffast, tinks you make good meat—good morn', Mr. Jonsing."

BOTH.—"Waugh, waugh, waugh ! Waugh, waugh, waugh !" and exit.

The traveler, of course, seeks his hotel, and New Orleans is full of accommodations for man and beast. The great "St. Charles," costing six hundred thousand round dollars, with its "six Corinthian columns," parades its clumsy architecture for his accommodation ; but, if he be valiantly inclined, and anxious to try his un-fledged French, he may seek the hospitable "St. Louis," which stands in the center of the old French cité.

The unsophisticated stranger, whose theological position is in any degree undefined, may be perplexed as to which of these saints he shall commit the guardianship of his body ; and, indeed, he may have serious doubts whether a mere man of the world will be permitted to enter their sacred portals. Perhaps, it will reassure him to learn that gambling is permitted in both, and that the "bar-room" of the St.

Charles is one of the largest rooms in New Orleans, is daily thronged, and that the religious character of its frequenters is not rigidly scrutinized.

Such, at least, was the case during my visit there. Or the traveler may seek, among those modest one-story old French houses, for pleasant rooms, where he will find much more of the comforts of home.

The way people take drinks in New Orleans is one of the wonders of the place ; it is a practice appropriate to all hours of the day and seasons of the year, is indulged in before breakfast and after midnight ; like Dickens' man, who inquired how many crumpets one could eat and live, the traveler with a scientific turn is led to ask, how many drinks can a man take and live ? So far, it has not been answered, for it is not certain yet whether it is the yellow fever or the "drinks" that kills them.

One of the places which the traveler first seeks, in New Orleans, is the market, of a Sunday morning ; it is thronged with people

and is the high place of the blacks—who buy and sell, and chaffer and chaff, and laugh, till the hubbub rises into confusion and the second octave ; then he finds comfort at the hands of the charming quadroon girl, who sells that most delicious of drinks, coffee, made surpassingly good ; no one knows the secret so well as the quadroon.

The market is well supplied, in a rather scrambling manner, and in a good many small ways ; and except for the labors of the old negroes, who bring in chickens, and artichokes, and figs, and potatoes, and other edibles, one sees that the population must immediately starve to death. In oysters and fish, the market is excellently furnished. Picturesque groups are often seen under the shadows of the markets, which the artist's eye will seize ; not unlikely a party of Indian girls, ready to sell their small wares and willing to be gazed upon.

As it is Sunday, the religious stranger will be rather surprised when he comes upon a military company in full dress, with a full band breathing war and valor, and he will suppose, if his ear be uncultivated, that they must be playing a funeral march at least ; but, upon inquiry, he will find them to be out for exercise and improvement only—that they are going to parade, and, perhaps, to target practice. If he should chance to go to the old cathedral church of St. Louis, he may possibly see them march in to their devotions, after which they will perform their other duties.

No city of America has so much the character



of a European town as this, and it is particularly to be seen on Sunday. In the morning, a devout religious feeling pervades the people; and, in the evening, as earnest a spirit of amuse-

ment seems to prevail. In the morning, masses and sermons are listened to, and the churches are filled; in the evening, the opera and theaters are thronged, and all seem eager for entertainment.



I heard an instance of this way of observing the Sunday, so different from what most of our readers are used to, that I tell it, though I do not vouch for all its details.

There are some three or four race-courses near the city, which are well attended by the first people, both men and women—it is (or was) the fashion to go—and the great day, the four-mile-day, usually comes on Sunday, when people are most at leisure. A famous race was to come off on a Sunday, upon which a bishop had appointed to consecrate a new church; but so anxious was the majority of the church, and among them some of the most important members, to see the great race, that the consecration was postponed, and the race was well attended. This fact is curious, if true.

The French certainly have great executive ability, which is nowhere shown more agreeably

than in their plays and theaters. The little opera house at New Orleans is one of the most attractive spots to the stranger, and he will go there, not only because he will hear good music sung with taste, but because he will learn a little *how to enjoy*; in which art we greedy people are so entirely at sea—or is it the fact that civilization forbids enjoyment, and insists on unmitigated money-getting?

One cannot fail to be struck with the ease, and grace, and satisfaction which seem to possess the people, who go in entire families, and are there to enjoy the music, the audience, their friends, and themselves. There is a charm about those young French Creole women, with their oval olive faces, and black eyes and hair, which is not in their beauty, but in a certain air of grace and repose, quite uncommon with us. Most of them are not handsome, but many, certainly, are very captivating; and while they are dressed fully, carefully, and lovelily, they are rarely over-dressed, and one mentally exclaims: "Oh, that the milliner shops which parade themselves in the balcony seats of a New York opera house might be removed (magically, like the Holy Chapel of Loretto,) to the windows of the Palais Royal, and not be longer left to astonish and distract the nerves of over-worked men!"

Amusements form a leading feature of life in New Orleans, and, perhaps, are as much overdone there as they are neglected or undervalued in New Haven, and in most New England towns. It is true that

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy."

But it is also true, that

"All play and no work
Makes Jack a mere toy."

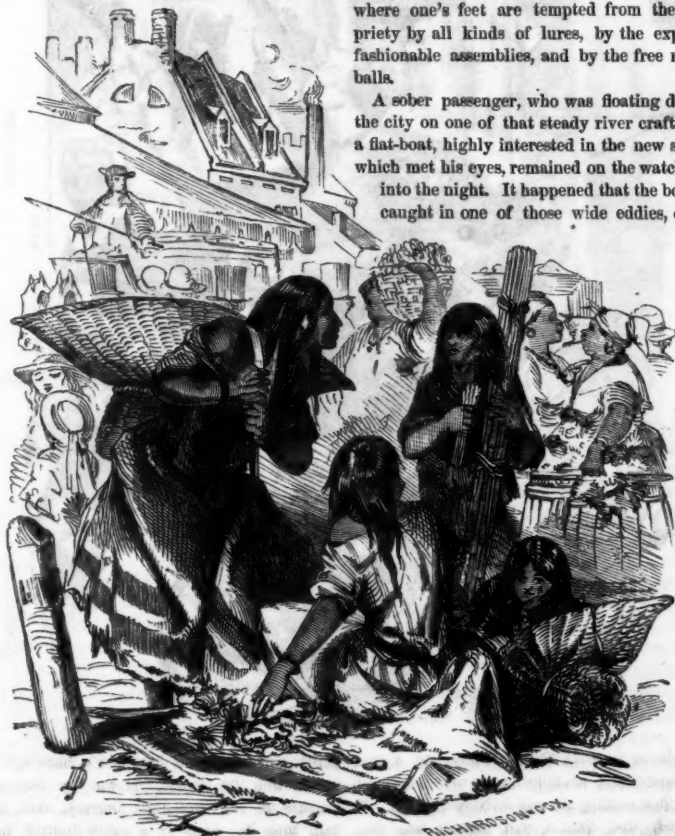
Besides the theaters and races, there are all sorts of bowling and billiard-rooms; but the worst of all are the numerous and brilliant gambling-houses, which open their doors to the willing guest. A little caution may possibly be shown now, but such houses are not difficult to find, nor, when found, to lose money in; and, although a man who frequents the faro-table is *sure*, in the end, to lose his money, there are

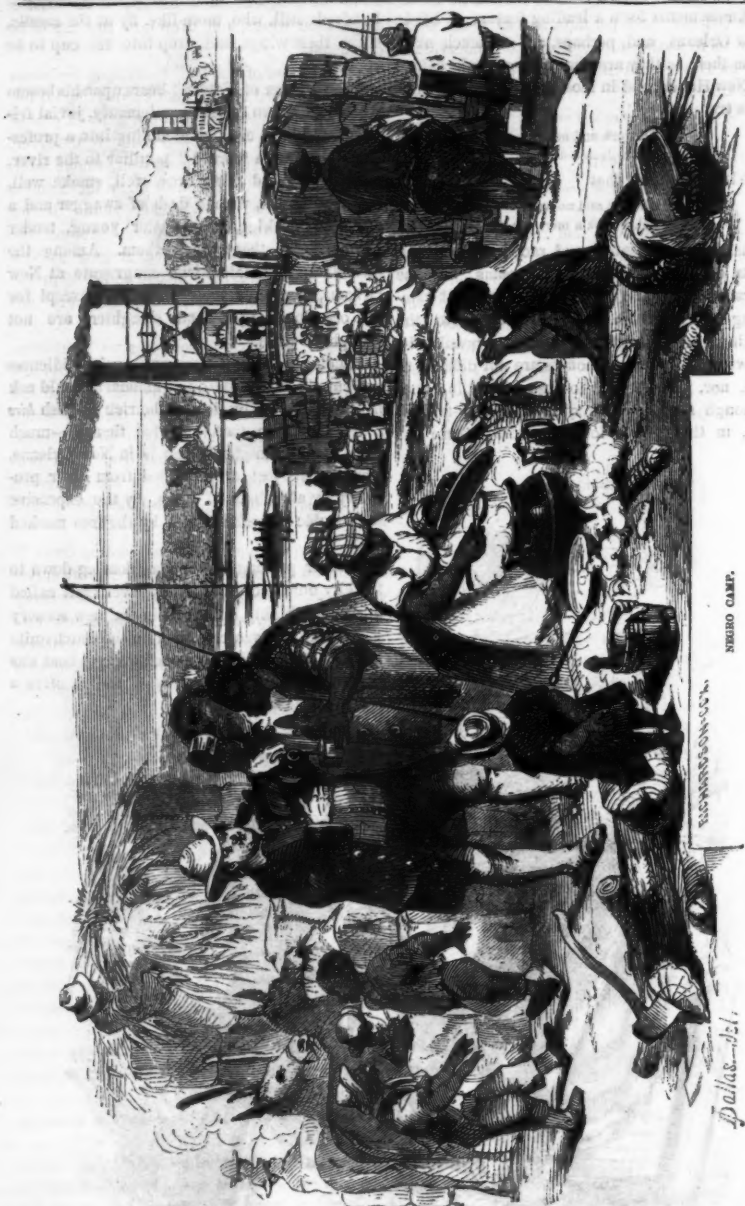
hundreds still, who, moth-like, fly at the candle, singe their wings, and drop into the cup to be consumed.

The "Father of Waters" bears upon his bosom a crowd of men (often gentlemanly, jovial fellows) who have erected gambling into a profession; they are a "breed" peculiar to the river, and are wanted; they dress well, smoke well, drink well, and, with a dash of swagger and a spice of blackleg, they flatter young, tender pigeons, and then pluck them. Among the scrambling speculators who congregate at New Orleans, they have their place, and, except for an occasional fight and slaughter, are not thought so ill of.

Dancing is a great resource against idleness and ennui; and, if the quiet mandarin could ask in England—"Why do not the rich English hire somebody to do that work for them?"—much more forcibly might he ask it in New Orleans, where one's feet are tempted from their propriety by all kinds of lures, by the expensive fashionable assemblies, and by the free masked balls.

A sober passenger, who was floating down to the city on one of that steady river craft called a flat-boat, highly interested in the new scenery which met his eyes, remained on the watch quite into the night. It happened that the boat was caught in one of those wide eddies, often a





NEGRO CAMP.

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half mile or more in circuit, where she floated round and round, while he, happy man, supposed he was fast making his way to New Orleans. It happened, also, that a rich planter was that night celebrating his daughter's marriage with music and the dance. It was an interesting feature of our traveler's journey, that every half hour he came to a gayly-lighted house,



where he could hear the sounds of enchanting music, and could see, through the windows, the foot of beauty tripping on its fantastic toe. He was, of course, interested and delighted; but he said to his friend in the city—

"This country does beat all for dancing! there was a ball in every house; we passed twenty-two in one evening—it beats all!"

The last remark applies well to dancing in New Orleans.

This free and easy, social life has one feature every way unobjectionable, and worthy of commendation and imitation. When the warm evenings of March begin to open the blossoms, and your pretty quadrone girl stands ready to sell you a bunch of roses or violets (which you buy), those warm evenings also open the doors of all the best houses in the city, and, on the steps and sidewalks, whole families, young and old, sit, or walk, or smoke, or flirt, or *causer*, and have a good time. They are not afraid or ashamed to do this, and they seem to snap their fingers at Mrs. Grundy, and enjoy themselves as mortals sometimes should.

One of the peculiar institutions of New Orleans is the yellow fever. It was brought over from the coast of Africa, about the year 1769, since which time it has staid by us, and has spread widely. Sometimes it works up into northern latitudes, and has carried dismay and death at various times into New York. It seems, also, to have had a marked influence upon the character of the people of New Orleans;

for those who have been through it, who have felt its deadly pangs, and have seen the dead and the dying on every hand, seem to have become insensible to the terrors of the grizzly king, and to have learned to enjoy to-day, lest no morrow come. There is visible in the people a sort of reckless gayety, and a passion for amusement, and a disregard of death, quite surprising to a cautious man.

The cemeteries are likely to attract a brief visit from the stranger.

It is well known that in most parts of New Orleans water is found at the depth of two feet, which has brought about a custom of burying the dead in tombs and ovens, built above ground; you therefore find, in place of tombstones and tablets, intended to perpetuate the virtues of the departed, a City of the Dead. French sentiment (or, perhaps, Parisian sentiment) has its peculiarities; and it is told of a gentleman of Paris, whose wife had died, that, when complimented upon the tenderness and propriety of his demeanor at the church services, he replied, with mournful earnestness—

"Ah, my friend, you should have seen me at the grave."

The cemeteries here show many signs of affection—little wreaths and nosegays of flowers being placed upon the tombs. But one of the French peculiarities alluded to is, that on certain days in the year crowds of well-dressed people flock to the cemeteries to weep.

The battle-ground demands a visit, as one of

the lions of the place. The spot where General Jackson, on that memorable 8th of January, beat the British back, and won his laurels, now consists of barren pastures and overgrown thickets; and the conclusion one will be apt to arrive at is, that being in the battle is one thing, and visiting the battle-field is another—the former is disagreeable, and the latter ridiculous. Still, for the paltry sum of two bits, you may buy the bullet

"That killed Pakenham,"

and you may, for nothing, enjoy a sight of one of those fine-spreading "live oaks" of which a few yet stand in the vicinity of New Orleans. They are certainly noble trees, spreading their giant limbs at right angles to their short, massive trunks; and, when covered with the long, gray moss of the South, they seem like hoary patriarchs, venerable with age.

"How shall we obtain cheap sugar?" is the question now asked by all the world. It seems there are some 2,580,000 hogsheads now produced in this world, equivalent to 2,580,000,000 of pounds, and yet there is not enough to make our cake, and to manufacture our candy. Al

though the Chinese seem to have known the use of sugar from the earliest period, it made its way slowly westward, through Barbary into Spain, and thence to the West India Islands; and, so late as the year 1466, was only known in England as a medicine. Then, kings and bishops, knights and ladies, sweetened themselves with honey, if at all. Now, the poorest (with us) cannot live without their sugar.

What is to be done? Are we to be restrained of our cake and candy, and condemned to eat such wholesome food as beef, and bread, and vegetables, and fruits? Has it at last come to that, and is civilization a failure? To aid in re-



solving this complicated question, the traveling patriot or economist will eagerly seize the first occasion for visiting a sugar estate, which he may easily do below New Orleans. Everywhere the hanging moss which covers the trees gives a wild and picturesque character to the country, otherwise monotonous and meager. But he need not be surprised if he should meet with singular groups, such as he meets nowhere else; but always the negroes, carrying their fruits or loads on their heads, are the most interesting.

These banks of the Mississippi, for some hundreds of miles from its mouth, are higher than the neighboring country, and seem to be a rich deposit, raised by the river itself. The soil turns up black and stiff, but is rich and strong, and produces good canes. The plantations are commonly level fields, extending from the river back to the swamps, from half a mile to two miles in breadth; and, in the Winter and Spring, the negroes—male and female—are seen striking their long furrows, with their one-horse or mule plows, across its whole breadth.

We take the following capital account of the cultivation of the sugar-cane, derived from an intelligent planter, from Mr. Olmstead's work:

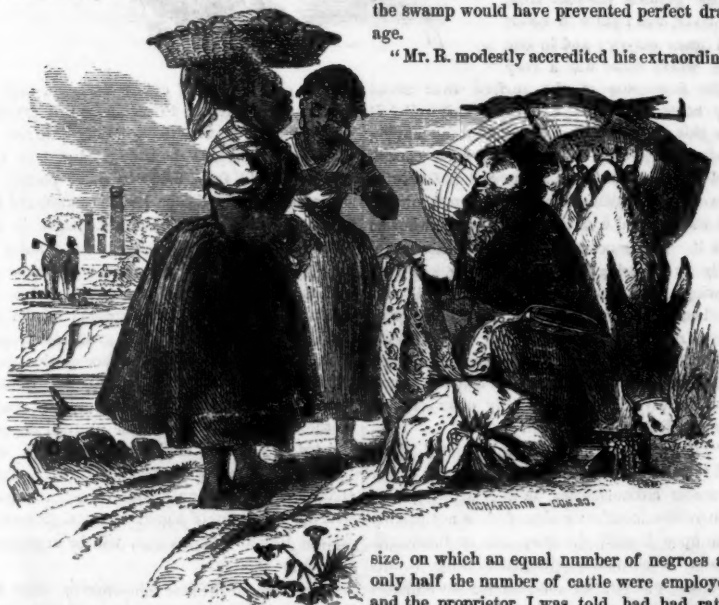
"The capital invested in a sugar plantation of the size of mine, ought not to be less than

\$150,000. The purchaser pays down what he can, and usually gives security for the payment of the balance in six annual installments, with interest (10 per cent per annum) from the date of the purchase. Success in sugar, as well as in cotton planting, is dependent on so many circumstances, that it is as much trusting to luck as betting on a throw of dice. If his first crop proves a bad one, he must borrow money of the Jews in New Orleans to pay his first note; they will sell him this on the best terms they can, and often at not less than 25 per cent per annum. If three or four bad crops follow one another, he is ruined. But this is seldom the case, and he lives on, one year gaining a little on his debts, but almost as often enlarging them. Three or four years ago, there was hardly a planter in Louisiana or Mississippi that was not in very embarrassed circumstances—nearly every one having his crops pledged to his creditors long before they were secured. The good prices and good crops of the last few years have set them all on their legs again; and, this year, all the

jewelers' shops, and stores of rich furniture and dry goods, in New Orleans, were cleared out by the middle of the season, and everybody feels strong and cheerful. I have myself been particularly fortunate; I have made three good crops in succession. Last year, I made six hundred and fifty hogheads of sugar, and twelve hundred barrels of molasses. The molasses alone brought me a sum sufficient to pay all my plantation expenses, and the sugar yields me a clear profit of 25 per cent on my whole investment. If I make another crop this year as good as that, I shall be able to discount my outstanding notes, and shall be clear of debt at the end of four years, instead of six, which was the best I had hoped for.

"On another plantation that I visited, where the working force was considered equal to one hundred field hands, the sugar works cost \$40,000, and seven hundred barrels of sugar had been made. On this plantation there was a steam-pump, which drained the rear of the plantation over the levee, when the back water from the swamp would have prevented perfect drainage.

"Mr. R. modestly accredited his extraordinary



success to 'luck;' but I was satisfied, upon examining his improvements, and considering the reasons, which he readily gave me, for every operation which he showed, or described to me, that intelligence, study and enterprise had seldom better claims to reward. Adjoining his plantation, there was another of nearly twice the

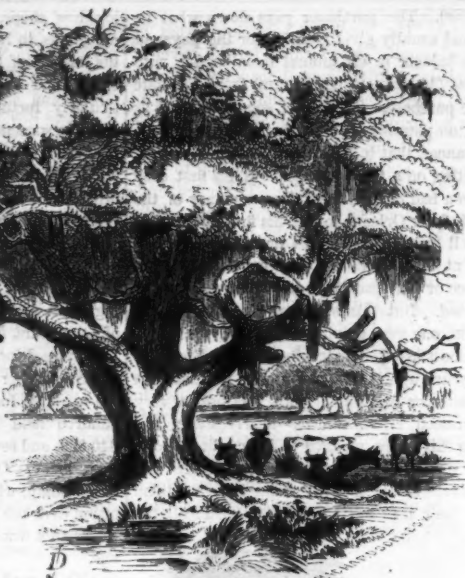
size, on which an equal number of negroes and only half the number of cattle were employed; and the proprietor, I was told, had had rather bad luck; he had, in fact, made but little more than half the quantity that Mr. R. had done. I inquired of the latter if there was any advantage in his soil over that of his neighbor. 'I think not,' he replied; 'my best cane was made on a piece of land adjoining his, which, before I bought it, was thought unfit for cultivation. The

great advantage I had over him last year, mainly arose from my having secured a more complete drainage of my land.'

"The soil of the greater part of the plantation was a fine, dark, sandy loam; some of it, at the greatest distance from the river, was lighter in color, and more clayey; and in one part, where there was a very slight depression of the surface over about fifty acres, there was a dark, stiffish soil. It was this to which Mr. R. alluded as having produced his best cane. It had been considered too low, wet, tenacious and unfertile to be worthy of cultivation by the former owner, and was covered with bushes and weeds when he took it. The improvement had been effected entirely by draining and Fall plowing. In Fall plowing, as a remedy for tenacity of soil, this gentleman's experience had given him great faith. At various points on my tour, I found most conflicting opinions upon this point—many (among them the President of a State Agricultural Society) having invariably observed pernicious effects result from it.

"The sugar-cane is a perennial-rooted plant, and the stalk does not attain its full size, under favorable circumstances, in less growing time than twelve months; and seed does not usually form upon it until the thirteenth or fourteenth month. This function (termed *arrowing*) it only performs in a very hot and steadily hot climate, somewhat rare even in the West Indies. The plant is, at all stages, extremely susceptible to cold—a moderate frost not only suspending its growth, but disorganizing it so that the chemical qualities of its sap are changed, and it is rendered valueless for sugar-making.

"As frosts of considerable severity are common in all parts of Louisiana, during three



months of the year, of course the sugar-cane is there never permitted to attain its full growth. To so much greater perfection does it arrive in the West Indies, that the cane produced on one acre will yield from 3,000 to 6,000 pounds of sugar, while in Louisiana 1,000 is considered the average obtained. 'I could make sugar in the climate of Cuba,' said a Louisiana planter to me, 'for half the price that, under the most favorable circumstances, it must cost here.' In addition to the natural uncongeniality of the climate, the ground on which it grows in Louisiana, being lower than the surface of the river, is much of the time made cold by the infiltration of moisture. It is, therefore, only by reason of the extreme fertility of this alluvial deposit, assisted by a careful method of cultivation, that the cane is forced to a state of maturity which enables it to yield an amount of sugar which, with the assistance of a governmental protection against foreign competition, will be remunerative to the planter.

"Planting commences immediately after the sugar-manufacturing season is concluded—usually in January. New or fallow land is prepared by plowing the whole surface. On this plantation, the plow used was made in Kentucky, and was of a very good model, plowing seven to nine inches deep, with a single pair of mules. The ground being then barrowed, drills are opened with a double mold-board plow, seven feet apart.

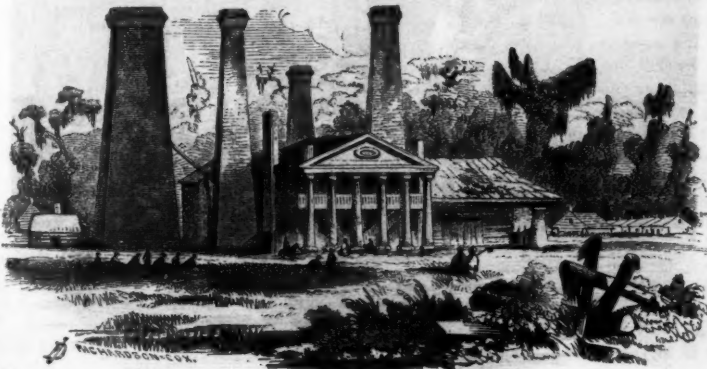


Cuttings of cane for seed are to be planted in them. These are reserved from the crop in the Autumn, when some of the best cane on the plantation is selected for this purpose, while still standing.* This is cut off at the roots, and laid up in heaps or stacks, in such a manner that the leaves and tops protect the stalks from frost. The heaps are called mattresses; they are two or three feet high, and as many yards across. At the planting season they are opened, and the cane comes out moist, and green, and sweet,

* "It is only on the best plantations that the seed-cane is selected with this care. On another plantation that I visited during the planting season, I noticed that the best part of the stalk had been cut off for grinding, and only the less valuable part saved for seed; and this, I apprehend, is the general practice. The best cuttings, probably, produce the most vigorous plants."

with the buds or eyes, which protrude at the joints, swelling. The immature top parts of the stalk are cut off, and they are loaded into carts, and carried to the ground prepared for planting. The carts used are large, with high side-boards, and are drawn by three mules—one large one being in the shafts, and two lighter ones abreast, before her. The drivers are boys, who use the whip a great deal, and drive rapidly.

"In the field, I found the laborers working in three divisions—the first, consisting of light hands, brought the cane by armsfull from the cart, and laid it by the side of the furrows; the second planted it, and the third covered it. Planting is done by laying the cuttings at the bottom of the furrow, in such a way that there shall be three always together, with the eyes of

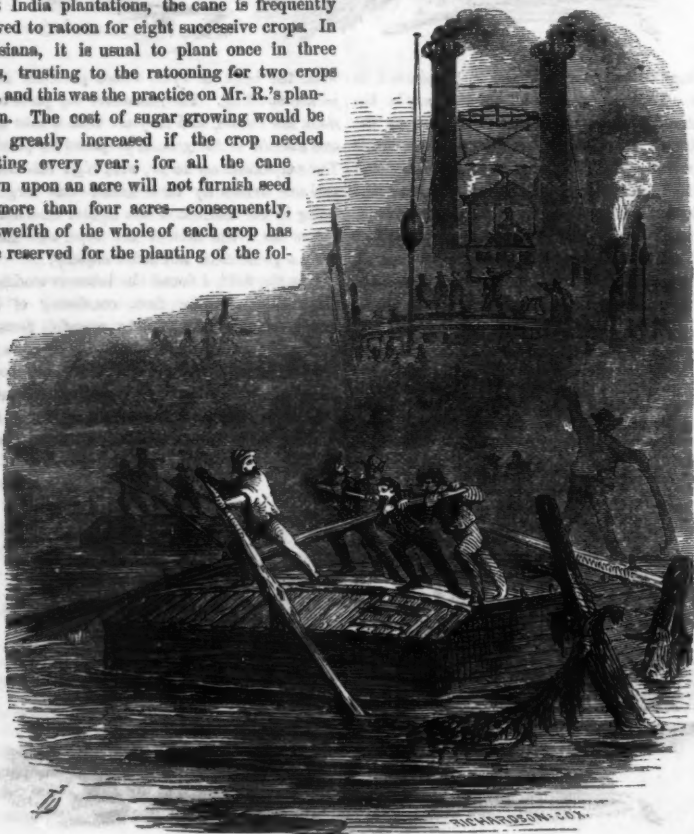


each a little removed from those of the others—that is, all ‘breaking joints.’ They were thinly covered with earth, drawn over them with hoes. The other tools were so well selected on this plantation, that I expressed surprise at the clumsiness of the hoes, particularly as the soil was light and entirely free from stones. ‘Such hoes as you use at the North would not last a negro a day,’ said the planter.

“Cane will grow several years from the roots of the old plants, and, when it is allowed to do so, a very considerable part of the expense is avoided; but the vigor of the plant is less when growing from this source than when starting from cuttings, and the crop, when thus obtained, is annually less and less productive—until, after a number of years, depending upon the rigor of the seasons, fresh shoots cease to spring from the stubble. This sprouting of cane from the stools of the last crop is termed ‘ratooning.’ In the West India plantations, the cane is frequently allowed to ratoon for eight successive crops. In Louisiana, it is usual to plant once in three years, trusting to the ratooning for two crops only, and this was the practice on Mr. R.’s plantation. The cost of sugar growing would be very greatly increased if the crop needed planting every year; for all the cane grown upon an acre will not furnish seed for more than four acres—consequently, one-twelfth of the whole of each crop has to be reserved for the planting of the fol-

lowing crop, even when two-thirds of this is to be of ratoon cane.

“Planting is finished in a favorable season—early in March. Tillage is commenced immediately afterward, by plowing from the rows of young cane, and subsequently continued very much after the usual plan of tillage of potatoes, when planted in drills, with us. By or before the 1st of July, the crop is all well earthed up, the rows of cane growing from the crest of a rounded bed, seven feet wide, with deep water-furrows between each. The cane is, at this time, five or six feet high; and that growing from each bed forms arches with that of the next, so as to completely shade the ground. The furrows between the beds are carefully cleaned out; so that, in the most drenching torrents of rain, the water is rapidly carried off into the drains, and thence to the swamp; and the crop then requires no further labor upon it until frost is



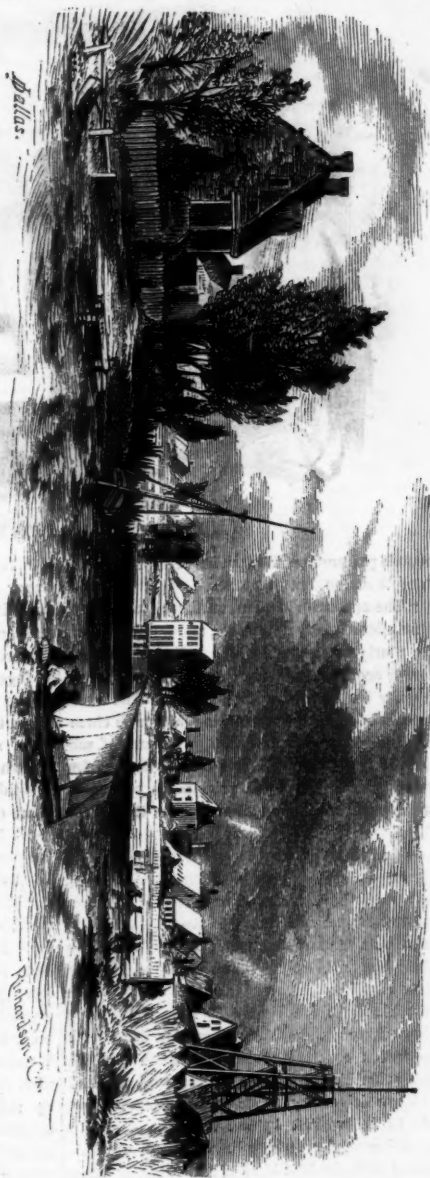
apprehended, or the season for grinding arrives.

"The nearly three months' interval, commencing at the intensest heat of Summer, corresponds, in the allotment of labor, to the period of Winter in Northern agriculture, because the Winter itself, on the sugar plantations, is the planting season. The negroes are employed in cutting and carting wood for boiling the cane-juice, in making necessary repairs or additions to the sugar-house, and otherwise preparing for the grinding season.

"The grinding season is the harvest of the sugar planter; it commences in October, and continues for two or three months, during which time the greatest possible activity and the utmost labor of which the hands are capable are required to secure the product of the previous labor of the year. Mr. R. assured me that, during the last grinding season, nearly every man, woman and child on his plantation, including his overseer and himself, were at work fully eighteen hours a day. From the moment grinding first commences, until the end of the season, it is never discontinued; the fires under the boiler never go out, and the negroes rest only for six hours in the twenty-four, by relays—three-quarters of them being constantly at work.

"The business of manufacturing sugar is everywhere carried on in connection with the planting of the cane. The shortness of the season during which the cane can be used is the reason assigned for this; the proprietors would not be willing to trust to custom mills to manufacture their produce with the necessary rapidity. If cane should be cultivated in connection with other crops—that is on small farms, instead of great 'sugar only' plantations—neighborhood custom mills would probably be employed. The profit of a sugar plantation is now large, much in proportion to its size (if it be proportionately stocked), because only a very large supply of cane will warrant the proprietor in providing the most economical manufacturing apparatus. In 1849, there were 1,474 sugar estates in Louisiana, producing 236,547 hogsheads of sugar; but it is thought that half of this quantity was produced on less than two hundred estates—that

is, that one-eighth of the plantations produced one-half of the sugar. The sugar works on some of the large estates cost over \$100,000, and many of them manufacture over one million





pounds per annum. The profits of these, in a favorable season, are immense.

"The apparatus used upon the better class of plantations is very admirable, and improvements are yearly being made which indicate high scientific acquirements, and much mechanical ingenuity on the part of the inventors. The whole process of sugar manufacturing, although chemical analysis proves that a large amount of saccharine is still wasted, has been, within a few years, greatly improved, principally by reason of the experiments and discoveries of the French chemists, whose labors have been directed by the purpose to lessen the cost of beet-sugar. Apparatus for various processes in the manufacture, which they have invented or recommended, has been improved, and brought into practical operation on a large scale on some of the Louisiana plantations, the owners of which are among the most intelligent, enterprising, and wealthy men of business in the United States. Forty-three plantations in the State are now furnished with apparatus constructed in accordance with the best scientific knowledge on the subject; and 914 are driven by steam-engines—leaving but 560 to be worked by horse-power. Mr. R.'s sugar-house, for making brown sugar, was furnished with the best kind of apparatus, at a cost of \$20,000. Preparations were making for the addition of works for the manufacture of white loaf sugar, which would cost \$20,000 more. I visited one plantation on which the sugar works were said to have cost over \$100,000.

"The first operation in the manufacture of sugar from cane is, to express the saccharine juice it contains; this is done by passing it twice between rollers, on the same plan that apples are crushed in our best cider-mills. A great deal of ingenuity has been applied to the construction of the mills for this purpose, and they have been, from time to time, improved; but are yet far from satisfactory in their operation, as it is known that the crushed cane still retains nearly one-third of its original moisture, with a large share of the saccharine principle which belonged to it before it was passed through the rollers. No plan has yet been devised by which this can be economically secured.

"The expressed juice is strained into a vessel, in which it is heated to the temperature of about 140° F., when it is clarified by the application of lime, the chemical action of which is not, I believe, perfectly understood; the effect is, to cause a precipitate of impurities, and to give a yellow color to the juice. In addition to this, the juice is sometimes further clarified by filtration. The next operation is the reduction of the cane-juice, by the evaporation of the greater part of its constituent water, to sirup. This is effected by the action of heat, which is applied in different ways, according to the apparatus used. There are seven different forms of this in general use in Louisiana. In the simplest and rudest, the juice is boiled in open kettles; in the most improved, it is boiled in vacuo, on the principle that liquids boil at lower temperature as the

pressure of the atmosphere is removed. The sugar made by the latter process is much superior to that made by the former, which is always much burnt and less pure, and it is also obtained at a much less expenditure for fuel.

"The sirup having reached the proper degree of concentration, is next drawn off into vessels, in which it remains until granulation takes place. To separate the uncrystallizable sirup from the granulated sugar, in the more usual method, the mass of saccharine matter is placed in hogsheads, in the bottoms of which are holes, in which are inserted pieces of cane, which reach above the contents. As the granulation proceeds, a contraction takes place, which leaves an opening about the canes, by which the remaining liquid drains to the bottom, and, the canes being loosely inserted, it flows through the holes, out of the hogshead, leaving the comparatively dry sugar now completely granulated. The hogsheads are set upon a staging, or loose floor, over a large vat, in which the drainage is collected. This drainage is molasses. It is afterward pumped out of the tanks into barrels, for market; commonly, the purchaser buys it in the tank, and provides barrels for its removal. Seventy gallons of molasses for each hogshead of sugar is considered a large estimate. The sugar is now in the condition known as 'Muscovado,' or raw brown sugar. Its color and quality depend on the caution and skill that have been used in the manufacture, and the excellence of the apparatus employed. The best Louisiana sugar is not inferior to any other plantation sugar in the world.

"The raw sugar is further improved by filtering it (in the state of sirup) through animal black, or charcoal made from bones, in the same way that liquors are 'fined.' This is done on several plantations. But the business of refining sugars is mainly carried on in well-known establishments in all our large cities, and I need not describe it. In New York alone, one thousand hogsheads a day are refined, and one house alone supplies to commerce as much as the whole manufacture of France. The difference between raw or brown sugar, and refined or white sugar, is simply one of cleanliness and purity.

"Modern improvements have so greatly re-



duced the cost of refining sugar, that the consumption of the pure article, proportionately to that of the raw, has very rapidly increased; and it is probable that in a few years the use of the latter will be almost entirely discontinued for



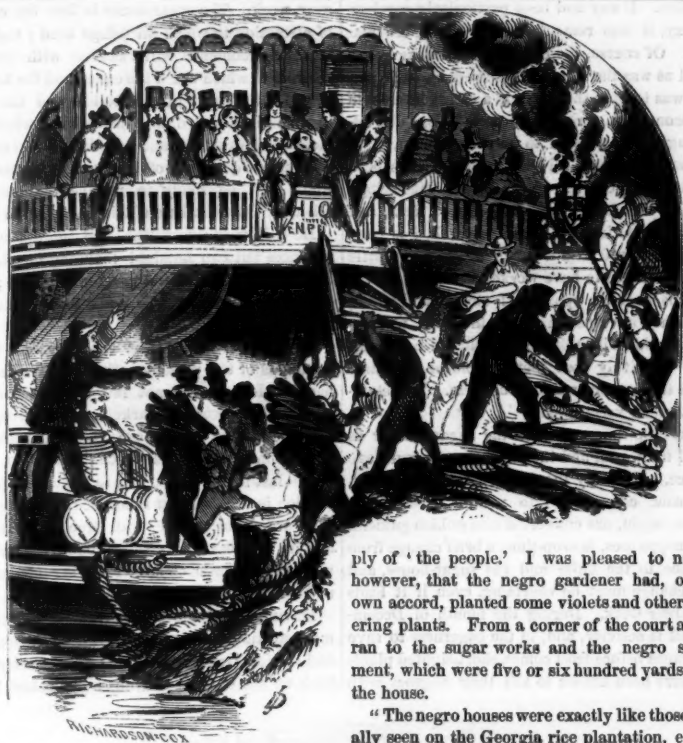
general purposes. Refined, or cleaned sugar is, doubtless, more wholesome, and can only be thought less palatable from habit or association. Pure sugar is now generally considered, by the best authorities, to be a very digestible and nutritious article of diet to most persons—even to infants—and the old idea that it injures the teeth, except mechanically, is considered a fallacy. But this is true only, I believe, of sugar in a pure crystallized or grained state; when cooked in the form of confectionery, or in com-

bination with fatty substances, it seems to be very unwholesome."

The mansion-house, with its broad, shaded piazzas, at a little distance from which stands the rows of white-washed negro-huts, gives a picturesque character to the levee plantations. Mr. Olmsted gives this good picture of a Louisiana mansion:

"Fronting upon the river, and but six or eight rods from the public road, which everywhere runs close along the shore inside the levee, was





the mansion of the proprietor: an old Creole house, the lower story of brick and the second of wood, with a broad gallery, shaded by the extended roof, running all around it; the roof steep and shedding water on four sides, with ornaments of turned wood where lines met, and broken by several small dormer windows. The gallery was supported by round brick columns, and arches. The parlors, library and sleeping-rooms of the white family were all on the second floor. Between the house and the street was a yard, planted formally with orange-trees and other evergreens. A little on one side of the house stood a large two-story, square dovecot, which is a universal appendage of a sugar-planter's house. In the rear of the house was another large yard, in which, irregularly placed, were houses for the family servants, a kitchen, stable, carriage-house, smoke-house, etc. Behind this there was a vegetable garden, of an acre or more, in the charge of a negro gardener; a line of fig-trees were planted along the fence, but all the ground inclosed was intended to be cropped with vegetables for the family, and for the sup-

ply of 'the people.' I was pleased to notice, however, that the negro gardener had, of his own accord, planted some violets and other flowering plants. From a corner of the court a road ran to the sugar works and the negro settlement, which were five or six hundred yards from the house.

"The negro houses were exactly like those usually seen on the Georgia rice plantation, except that they were provided with broad galleries in front. They were as neat and well-made externally as the cottages usually provided by large manufacturing companies in New England, to be rented to their workmen. The clothing furnished the negroes, and the rations of bacon and meal, were the same as on other good plantations. During the grinding season, extra rations of flour were served, and hot coffee was kept constantly in the sugar-house, and the hands on duty were allowed to drink it almost *à libitum*. They were also allowed to drink freely of the hot *sirup*, of which they were extremely fond. A generous allowance of *sirup*, or molasses, was also given out to them, with the other rations, every week during the Winter and early Summer. In extremely hot weather, it was thought to be unfavorable to health, and was discontinued. Rations of tobacco were also served. At Christmas, a sum of money, equal to one dollar for each hoghead of sugar made on the plantation, was divided among the negroes. The last year this had amounted to over two dollars a head. It was usually given to the heads of

families. If any had been particularly careless, or lazy, it was remembered at this Christmas dole. Of course, the effect of this arrangement, small as was the amount received by each person, was to give the laborers a direct interest in the economical direction of their labor: the advantage of it was said to be very evident."

The little cannibal—the musketo—has been alluded to. On the banks of the Mississippi, and its tributaries, you always meet them, and sleep is quite impossible unless the bed is completely covered with a bar or net. These little creatures seem to have worked their way up the streams since the opening of steam navigation, until they have penetrated to the head waters; and the oldest inhabitants of Ohio and Kentucky state positively that they remember the time when the country was free of them. This statement needs verification.

But crop-time comes to the sugar-planter as to all the world, and then both master and slave rejoice, but mostly the master; for he sees waving cane converted into yellow muscovados, which, again, are converted into golden guineas. The negro sees, in crop-time, a brief change from the hoe to the knife and the sugar-house, and any change must be charming, even if it leads to harder work. During the month of December all is activity, and, in the eagerness to save the canes before frost comes, short-sighted planters have been known to kill their negroes with

over work. The sugar-house is then the center of attraction to which all things tend; and the traveling economist will examine with interest the rollers which crush the canes, and the kettles in which the sweet juice is boiled, and the pans in which it is cooled, and the vats into which the molasses is drained; and he will, without doubt, ask various questions of the managers, none of which will be likely to resolve the question asked—"How shall we obtain cheap sugar?"

He will, most likely, learn that Louisiana now produces but two hundred thousand hogsheads, in place of four hundred thousand in 1854; and that he is paying twelve cents a pound for sugar instead of six.

The traveler will see at New Orleans many evidences of the present activity and spirit of her people, and will not fail to visit her immense cotton-presses, markets, warehouses, hospitals, etc. He will be especially interested to see the fine free schools which have been built in the last fifteen years, and to know that public opinion is satisfied that ignorance and degradation are incompatible with free institutions; and he will leave the city profoundly impressed with the gigantic character of her commerce, and hopeful for her future.

Having thus rapidly glanced at some of the most striking features of the lower Mississippi and of New Orleans, let the tired traveler embark on one of those floating, high-decked, high-





pressure steamers, which stem the strong current. The first steamers were placed on the river in the year 1812, before which time it seems impossible that any person or thing could return, having once come down it. Yet some few boats did make their way back, by towing and polling.

As late as 1819, the passage by steam, from New Orleans to Louisville, was made in thirty-two days, as it now is in five or six; for which last let every one give thanks.

The navigation of the Mississippi was once a voyage of danger; snags and sawyers were ready to do their evil work, and a barrel of whisky stood on draught, free to all hands, from the firemen to the pilots. "Fire up—bu't the b'lier; but don't be beat," was the spirit which animated master and man.

Often, when crowded with passengers, imprudent beds are spread at night on the cabin floors and tables. It is not uncommon to accommodate the machinery of the boat, so that some parts, such as the fly-wheel, work up into the cabin under the table. Upon this table a friend had secured a bed, and, laying himself down, was congratulating himself upon his good fortune at lying there rather than on the floor, when he heard a drawling passenger say to his companion:

"See—that—feller—there—laying over the fly-wheel? Last week, Jim Roberts went to sleep just there, and they fired up and drove the

old tub along, and the fly-wheel bu't, and sent Jim Roberts to kingdom-cum in less'n no time."

My friend immediately moved his bed.

No little risk is run by the flat-boats, which come drifting down the river, of being run down in a dark night, or in the fog, by a steamer coming up with full head of steam; and it is worthy of notice that so few accidents of this kind happen. But, as the sound of the steamer is the signal of her coming, and as the flat-boat can give no signal, it wakes the flat-boatmen to great activity, and her long sweeps are worked as though they were reeds until she is past the danger; and then all settle again to a lazy repose.

As you steam up the river, you will find little to interest, except the fine sugar estates which lie along the "coast," and will be struck with the long distances which separate the towns. Baton Rouge, on the east bank, is the first town of any pretension above New Orleans, containing some 4,000 inhabitants. Then, some three hundred and one miles above New Orleans, stands Natchez, the largest town of Mississippi. The town is divided—as most of the river towns are—into the lower and higher portion, and consists of Natchez-under-the-hill, and Natchez-on-the-hill. Opposite to Natchez is the picturesque old town of Vidalia—capital of Concordia Parish—which would delight the eyes of the most conservative of conservatives, for it never changes. Then, four hundred miles above New

Orleans, comes Vicksburg, now a thriving town, once famous for its gangs of counterfeiters, and for its murderous fights.

Nothing is more surprising than the great quantities of logs, trees, and driftwood which come floating down the river through all its lower portions. These trees once filled the river with snags and sawyers, so destructive to boats and to life—now the river is kept tolerably free of them, by snag-boats, employed for the purpose; but when the river is low, and after a freshet, it shows some signs of danger.

In this mild climate much of the life is out-of-doors, and one constantly comes upon negro-camps, where existence is enjoyed in its simplest forms, but on a degree above the beasts.

Throughout the South-west, life partakes of a frontier character. Population being sparse, and only here and there collected in towns, there is little restraint of public opinion, and every man and boy is a law unto himself; and we meet with singular groups, in which the "devil's picture books" are pretty sure to be seen. School-houses and churches are rare, except in the larger towns.

One of the unfortunate professions met with along this river is that of the wood-cutter, who, like the fisherman spoken of already, spends his time in communion with Nature, without being inspired by her to attempt an ideal life. His shanty stands on some elevated bank, above the reach of ordinary floods, surrounded with ranks of fire-wood, the only prospect he enjoys. A wretched specimen of maternity here drags out a sickly and tedious existence, surrounded by a drove of tow-headed children, who live or die in ignorance and degradation. There are few exceptions in this class of "poor whites," so common along the rivers of the South.

At the bank, near the wood-cutter's shanty, are tied two or more broad scows, in which the wood is piled in cords. Should the owner be away in the woods, a shingle stuck on a stick tells the price, such as \$1 75 for soft wood, \$2 25 for hard; and the steamboat clerk is expected to deposit the amount in some box or at the house, if any is taken. Boats coming down the river are obliged to round-to and tie up, while taking wood aboard; in going up stream, the steamer runs her nose between the two scows, and, with one in tow on either side, goes steaming up, all hands working sharp to get the wood aboard, when the scows are cast off, and, in charge of the owner, float down again to their station.

The rise and fall of the river being so great, permanent wharves are impossible; their place

is supplied, at all stopping-places of any business, with a floating dock, called a wharf-boat. This, being tied to the bank, rises and falls with the floods, and is thus safe and convenient. It is the centre of activity, and usually is thronged upon the arrival or departure of boats. In it, too, all perishable goods may be stored, for which you may expect round charges to be made, particularly if you are not a resident of the place; for it is the rule, the civilized world through, to fleece travelers—they are secure only in some few barbarous countries.

About these wharf-boats congregate all the idle and good-for-nothing fellows of the town, who, having no steady occupation, hope to pick up some job which will keep them supplied with the two things needful—whisky and tobacco. In the sheltered interior of the boat, it is not uncommon for the master and his friends to while away the tedious hours of waiting (and they are many) with a social game of cards and a rousing song; sometimes, where whisky is so plenty, mischief results, and the newspapers are supplied with a "startling occurrence" or a "shocking casualty."

We have now passed up through the lower regions of the Mississippi, and have enjoyed the glimpses which our artist has given so admirably.

In a future number we shall probably resume the subject, sailing down the river, and giving picturesque views of the Upper Mississippi.

AMERICAN GENERALS.

WASHINGTON was a surveyor, and, in after life, a farmer—"Expressive silence! muse his praise."...Knox was a bookbinder and a stationer....Morgan (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject....Greene was a blacksmith, and withal a Quaker; albeit, through all his Southern campaigns, and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man....Arnold was a grocer and provision storekeeper, in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen—the same that decorated his shop before the Revolution....Gates, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not "march through the United States with five thousand men," was a "regular built soldier," but, after the Revolution, a farmer....Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician, and hesitated not to exhibit to his countrymen a splendid example of the manner in which American physicians should practice when called upon by their country....Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the South, was a cowboy....Sumpter, the "Fighting Cock" of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

(Commenced in Number 37.)

CHAPTER X.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON had so well acquitted himself in surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax, that it was most probable through his influence that he was appointed Public Surveyor by the Governor of Virginia, a most responsible position for a young man of seventeen. His autograph at this time, as will be seen, indicates the utmost carefulness and business-like precision. It has the appearance, also, of being slightly

compressed, as if he felt the need of holding in his elbows, and restraining himself to precise and decorous observances as a public functionary. It is elegant, and very Doric. Most young men of business training write a similar hand, clear and finished. They write such all their lives, a mechanical hand, indicative of character, which will never further develop itself. That of George Washington changes, as will be seen, as life opens more largely before him. We give his autograph at various periods of his life, that the reader may observe the changes produced by time and circumstance.

1744.

1749.

1757.

1776.

1799.

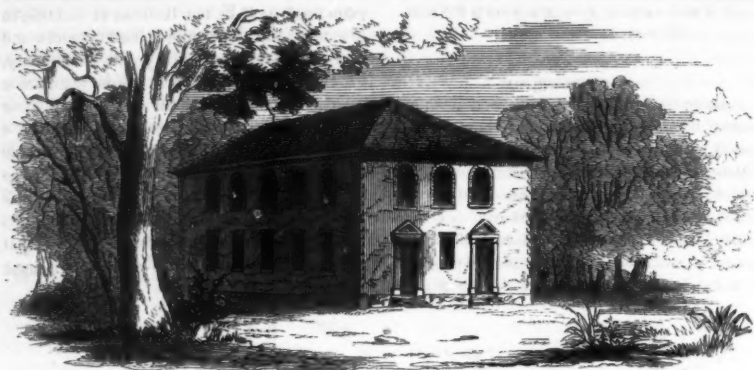
At this time, and for two or three years prior to this, he has been in the habit of writing out, in a full, clear hand, whatever most interests him. All his plans are committed to paper. In laying out a farm, he draws a map of the ground in the first place, carefully proportioned, so that a glance shows what is to be done, and it is made understandable to another mind. The benefit of this is to be very great to him through life. In planning the movements of large bodies of men, the disposition of armies, and the conditions of a battle-field, Washington, in after years, received the advantages of this exact training.

Nothing could confuse such a clear head, so thoroughly and exactly furnished.

We will give, in this place, an anecdote which occurred some years later in his career, because it illustrates the use which Washington was able to make, upon the spur of the moment, of this habit of chart or map drawing of his, so early established.

In 1764, the church in which the Washington family had for years worshiped, and over which the Rev.

Mr. Weems had been pastor, stood in need of some repairs. It was a spot hallowed by many endearing associations; the Fairfaxes, Masons, and others long revered by the people, had here sent up their humble petitions to the Father of spirits. But times were changed; population had extended itself, removing what had once been the center quite into the outskirts of the parish; and hence the majorities felt the propriety of changing the site of the church to a spot more conveniently situated. Many of the older settlers opposed this innovation, at the head of whom was George Mason, afterward



POHICK CHURCH.

more celebrated, who plead with great eloquence in favor of the time-hallowed locality. Such was the effect of this speech upon the sensitive minds of his auditors that it seemed more than probable that no change would be effected. At this juncture, Washington arose, and taking from his pocket a roll of paper, opened before the people a chart of the parish, in which appeared the old church, quite at one side, and all the houses were ranged in their exact places and proportions. In the center of the survey was placed the proposed new church. The effect was instantaneous; the people saw at once that convenience and comfort were likely to be sacrificed to what was after all no more than a sentiment, and they decided in favor of the proposed change. Thus was this little silent map, which grew out of the early methodical habits of Washington, the most potent argument that could be brought forward. Pohick (Indian Peecheek) Church, which was built in the course of the year, is at this time in existence, though rapidly falling into decay.

Thus it will be seen that George Washington, by the practice of the most rigid common sense, and absolute clearness of view upon whatsoever engaged his attention, won early the respect and confidence of his compere. Mere youth as he is, the office he holds is by no means an unimportant one, while it is at the same time one of some emolument. Work is worth just what it will bring in the market, in one sense; in another, it has a value beyond all human estimate.

At this time, few persons in the country were able to survey lands properly; and the number capable of judiciously estimating their value was even less, most especially in Virginia. The labor and exposure to the severities of the weather were very great; besides this, the back

countries were infested with savages ferocious in their character, and by squatters as ignorant as they were devoid of all adherence to principle. These two classes naturally acted and reacted upon each other, and deeds of violence and scenes of bloodshed were not unfrequent. It will be at once perceived that, in extending his surveys, the difficulties and hazards of his experience were much increased.

In his office of Public Surveyor, however, authority was invested in all his papers, which were duly entered in county offices, and this registry began to impart a degree of stability to the tenure of property and a confidence in sales hitherto wanting. Young Washington must have already felt the pleasure arising from the performance of honorable duty, by which public good is advanced. Besides this, he came in contact with persons of estate and influence in the colony, who failed not to perceive the solidity and probity of the youth; and thus, in these early times, the people had large opportunities to learn the genuineness and thoroughness of his traits of character. It is not often that a youth of seventeen is able to pass such an ordeal, and come forth without even the smell of fire upon his garments, as did George Washington.

For three years he held this office of Surveyor, during which period he traveled over nearly the whole State, and made himself intimately acquainted with its condition and resources. He lived a portion of his time, when not in the woods or mountains, with his mother at Fredericksburg, or with his brother Lawrence at Mt. Vernon—beguiling, also, at intervals, the solitude of Lord Fairfax, at Greenway Court, with his fresh, buoyant spirits.

At the close of this period, the indications of a war with France, on account of her colonial

aggressions, became so apparent that the Governor of Virginia saw the necessity of some combined system of action to repel the invaders, and to protect the inhabitants of the frontier settlements. Hostile demonstrations of the savages, who sided with the French, and were by them excited, were becoming of frequent occurrence. To effect measures of public safety, Gov. Dinwiddie resolved to divide the colony into districts, at the head of which was to be placed an officer called an Adjutant-General, whose duty it should be to assemble the militia, inspect their arms, drill them, and enforce regulations for exact military discipline. The good Governor, in doing so effective a thing, hardly knew the use to which these troops would be put in the course of time and events. At present, the French and the Indians only are in the thoughts of the people.

George Washington, now nineteen years of age, is commissioned to the duty of marshaling one of these districts, as "Adjutant-General George Washington, of his Majesty's troops in the Province of Virginia." The pay is a hundred and fifty pounds a year. The young man is getting on in the world. His purse is by no means empty, when we consider the times, and he is evidently fast rising in public estimation.

He has always leaned to military usages, and now his taste is to be more fully gratified. Several members of his family had been accomplished soldiers, and his brother Lawrence had been familiar with the "pom and circumstance of glorious war," from the first. Always thorough in what is before him, he now set himself to the study of military tactics. He put himself under the severest soldier-like drill, learned all manual exercises, the use of the sword, the evolutions of cavalry, and the disposition of armies. Thus does the youth of nineteen prepare himself for the great coming battle of the people, and for a life spotless as that of a Bayard, heroic as that of the great William of Orange, and as full of Roman virtue as that of Brutus. At an age when our young men are wantonly "sowing their wild oats," Washington was subjecting himself to a manly training, a wholesome discipline, with a solemn instinct growing in his heart that perilous times are approaching, and the days when the best manhood of the youth of America will need to make itself heard and felt.

He has never been an idler, not even in childhood, and now while his mother is training her household to usefulness—the group of girls and boys just verging upon maturity—George is

rising rapidly into public notice as a reliable and honorable young man. Lawrence has not been idle in all these years, although he has been severely afflicted in his domestic relations, having consigned one little blossom after another, from the warm cradling of the mother's arms, to the still slumber of the grave, and now he is a fatherless man, and evidently fading from the world. But his has not been a useless life by any means. George has had the benefit of sharing the love and confidence of a wise, good man.

In view of the encroachments of the French upon the colonies of Great Britain, a company had been formed in Virginia called the Ohio Company, whose object was to consolidate the settlement into a system of unity, by which they should be protected from savage atrocity, and also from the machinations of their troublesome neighbors, the French.

Having obtained a grant from the Crown of a large tract of land beyond the Alleghanies, the Ohio Company obtained a charter in 1749. The company were to be exempt from the payment of any rents for a period of ten years; they were required to select two-fifths of their lands immediately, to settle one hundred families upon them within seven years, to build a fort at their own expense, and maintain a sufficient garrison to protect their settlements from the Indians. In other words, they were allowed to take possession, and settle a colony upon these wild lands, west of the Alleghanies, for the sake of securing them to the British Government. It was probably the best and only way of repelling the encroachments of a power whose influence was always hostile to the safety of the Province of Virginia, to say nothing of their aggressions north and west. They had been severely chastised by the people of Maine, in the taking of the stronghold of Louisburg, and other movements went to show the jealous repugnance of the provinces to France, which served for a while to neutralize their opposition to many obnoxious claims made by the mother country.

Lawrence became President of the Ohio Company, and some records of this period indicate a peculiar fitness in him for the position he held. It had been a wish of his to settle the grant from the Crown by introducing Germans from Pennsylvania into this new district; but as these people were all Independents in religion, by removing to Virginia, which was Episcopal, they would be compelled to pay parish rates for the support of a church and clergy whose ritual was obnoxious to their feelings and opinions, and whose

language they could not understand, in the same way that poor Ireland is taxed to this day.

Lawrence saw the injustice of this—as a wise, enlightened man could not fail to do—and he strove to introduce that tolerance which is the basis of freedom, religious as well as political. He compares the slow growth of Virginia, saddled with these conditions of the church, with other colonies where no such restrictions exist, and is not slow to see that it is the dissenters, who carry with them, into every relation, the seeds of enterprise and prosperity.

In the midst of this useful career, interrupted as it has been by ill-health on his own part and by parental bereavements, yet evidently one of very beautiful aspect, the health of the young man utterly fails him; and the lonely son of Jane Butler Washington must set his house in order, and turn his face to the wall. It must have been a great shock to a man conscious within him of a capacity for achievement, and a desire to achieve, to feel that his work is to be left undone. But it is given only to the few to say, as did the Divine Master, "And now, Father, I come to thee; *I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.*"

While George is drilled into military precision by some old veterans, who had served under

Lawrence in the late attack upon Carthagena, and there is a stir of preparation through the country, the low muttering which heralds the tempest, it became obvious that Lawrence was rapidly sinking, and a voyage to Barbadoes was planned as the only possible means of averting the blow. In this emergency, he turned fondly to his young kinsman, George, who it was decided should be the companion of his voyage. Accordingly, the old veterans were left to drill the young men of the country in their own way; and George and Lawrence set sail on the 28th of September, 1751. They reached their destination safely, and for awhile the change had a salutary effect upon the lungs of the invalid.

George is now, for the first time, and it is to be the only time, away from his native soil. Men who are needed at home rarely find time for much foreign travel. He kept a journal of his residence abroad, noted the weather, and copied the log; but the records are certainly of not much interest in themselves. George is by no means one of those young men, who luxuriate in tropical scenery, and grow sentimental over moonlight dreaminess. Those who expect to find fine writing in the journal of a robust youth, of sound health, active temperament, and heroic proclivities, will find themselves very



much mistaken. Your great talkers are poor executors; we distrust a young man who readily expends his heroics in fine phraseology. Ther-sites was the talker of the Grecian camp; when an actor was needed, they called upon the sul-len Achilles.

George and his brother were treated with great hospitality upon the island; and the former, for the first time, witnessed a theatrical performance. He says the play was "George Barnwell;" which, he adds, "was said to be well performed." We can easily imagine that George Washington had no word of comment upon such a play, as he could have little sympathy with the character of a pickpocket, however softened by redeeming traits—though even

"The heart was made for virtue, warped to wrong,
Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long."

We are quite willing to accept his significant "was said" in regard to the excellence of the performance.

He notes minutely the soil and productions of the island, the state of society, and value of property, and commends the climate and scenery somewhat scantily. The island conferred one benefit upon him. He had here the small-pox, which does not seem to have been severe—a thing which will divest him of all anxiety in regard to that loathsome disease when he will be brought into contact with large masses of men.

After having observed the extreme productiveness of the island, he says: "How wonderful that such a people should be in debt, and not be able to indulge themselves in all the luxuries and necessities of life. Yet so it happens. Estates are often alienated for debts. How persons coming to estates of two, three, or four hundred acres can want, is to me most wonderful." A common-sense, honest view of the case which we greatly like. A man who starts in the world with such views, provident and observing, will not be found among spendthrifts and defaulters in after life.

One thing more in regard to this voyage. It is pleasant to reflect that our Washington at one time in his life, in the palmy days of his youth, sat under the palm-trees. Deborah of old judged the people "sitting under a palm-tree." This tropical sojourn is not without a meaningness.

The voyage was of little service to the invalid; possibly he eked out a few more sands to the low-running particles, and then came home to die. Prior to his return, he tried the air of Bermuda, whence he wrote: "The unhappy state of health which I labor under makes me uncertain as to my return. If I grow worse, *I shall hurry home to my grave*; if better, I shall be

induced to stay longer here to complete a cure." All expectations of relief were now laid aside, and he returned home only to take a last leave of kindred and friends. He died at Mt. Vernon, July 20, 1752, at the age of thirty-four, and was interred in the same vault in which, in the course of time, is to be deposited all that is earthly of his illustrious brother.

CHAPTER XI.

WEAVING THE LINKS OF EMPIRE.

By the will of Lawrence, the widow being otherwise provided for, George Washington became the owner of Mt. Vernon, an estate now intimately associated with his name and of world-wide reputation.

The personal matters of the family of the Washingtons will go on for some time without much need of comment on our part; for while states and empires are convulsed with change, and stand before us at length, mighty torsos, divested of their fair proportions, and we see, as we gaze, how all this must of necessity come to pass, still the participants in the drama are rarely conscious of the steps, and they go on marrying and giving in marriage, singing cradle lullabies, heaping the dust of the churchyards, young men growing into manhood and maidens into loveliness, while an invisible force slowly rolls aside the curtains of destiny. The historian looks back and traces step by step that progress of ideas which must eventuate as we see; but it has been given only once to the world that a great hand should appear from the invisible cause, and write upon the wall the fiat of a race. In our own time, even, the seeds of a mighty but bloodless revolution are steadily germinating, yet men do not perceive it. In the course of time it will be here, and then America will stand a queen among the nations.

And so it happened that the fair sister of Washington grew into beauty and the brothers into manhood, while George, now claimed by the country, will no more be allowed to rest. Where a good workman is to be found, be sure there will be great work done. No idle instrument is ever provided by the Great Father. If we look to the youth of the times of this George Washington, who is now twenty, a little more or less, we shall find them to abound in marked characteristics; they are a very sturdy, self-reliant class; tall, broad-shouldered, with large foreheads, thick through between the ears, and high in the region of the sentiments; so full are they in the ideal region that the first glance would suggest a race of poets, which indeed they are in the great score of God's works, in a grand

drama; but they are not the kind of men to sit, as our poets do, with pen in hand and a sheet of symbolic "foolscap" before them. They have a high temperament, every one of them, bright, open eyes, and a shape that shows that a good dinner would not be amiss to them, for they stand strong and well in their tight breeches; and their silken hose, buckled just below the knees, do not cover "spindle-shanks" in the least. Their whole port indicates sense, courage, and the presence of manliness.

The women, also, are sedate, and have a noticeable wisdom and discretion. They have a way of folding their hands before them with a matronly composure, not unpleasing to behold. It is only two hundred years ago that women were under the power of the priests in England; but when the monasteries were suppressed, they had been ever after compelled to think for themselves. It is no more than two hundred years since the beautiful Anna Askew was burned at the stake for her clear, courageous thinking; and now here, in this Western wilderness, appears a race of women given much to the same thing, and accompanied with no fear. We apprehend the men would have thought to less purpose, had the women not come to their aid.

In England, the laws were still atrociously severe against women. They could not but know this, and it must enter into their thoughts often. It was but a few years ago—1722, and again in 1747—that two women were *burned alive* for the murder of their husbands—in the same year, a man had been *hanged* for poisoning his wife—and these legal crimes of burning are to be continued down nearly to our own times. The English seem to have a fancy for burning women

for the same crime that they punish men for by hanging, which, indeed, must be admitted to be the more decorous method of the two. It may be that their heads are pulled off under the fagots, by iron hooks, as was the custom in France, "because of the greater delicacy of their sex." But we must not stop to talk of these enormities, for old women will be burned for witches in Europe a great many years after the time of which we are speaking; nine poor, helpless women, friendless in their gray hairs, will be burned the 17th of June, 1775, at Wartzsburg. Verily, these calm, sensible women of America will need to pray devoutly for the "good time coming."

In the colonies will be found a certain unanimity of opinion in regard to taxes and restrictions generally; but, at the present time, so indignant are they, each one, at the growing encroachments of France, that they suspend any very energetic resistance to the claims of the mother country that they may more effectually repel the common enemy.

The emissaries of France, unwearied as they were enterprising, had entered the Gulf of Mexico at this time, and established themselves at New Orleans, from which place they were gradually linking themselves to the Canadas, by means of a string of forts commanding the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers, thus securing the whole vast area embraced in the Valley of the Mississippi and its western tributaries, hemming in the English by the means to a narrow Atlantic strip comprising the Alleghanies and the land east of them.

The French laid claim to that territory as the right of discovery, it being well known that



Padre Marquette, and a companion of the name of Joliet, had passed down the Mississippi, in a canoe, so early as 1673—thus, as subjects

of France, securing the country to their sovereign. The English claimed the same on the ground of a treaty with the Indians, who, for a

sum equal to what would purchase a small sheep pasture, by solemn compact ceded the area of an empire.

Little, probably, did the unfortunate La Salle, who perished upon the banks of the "Father of Rivers" (the Indian signification of the Mississippi River), worn down by sickness and his brave heart broken by treachery, realize the mighty claim which was to grow out of his great enterprise. Far less did the simple missionary, Marquette, who, with a single companion, paddled his canoe across La Belle Riviere (the name given by the French to the Ohio), intent only to convert the savages from their paganism to the worship of the true God, foresee the important part which his name would subsequently play upon the page of history. These men, so adventurous, so firm and fearless, must have felt the stir of great and beautiful emotions, as under overhanging branches, amid wild and luxuriant vegetation, they swept down these magnificent rivers, resonant only with the wild voices of nature.

Rarely is it given to man to experience more unalloyed pleasure than that which springs from an intimate communion with God, through the beauty and the majesty of his creation, as yet unprofaned with the touch of art, or desecrated by the presence of crime. There is always a cord in the heart responsive to the touch of the Arab and gipsy life of untrammelled freedom.

The Ohio Company was not idle, but was preparing to supply themselves with such articles as were known to be acceptable to the Indians, and importing from England arms and munitions of war. In all this contest between rival kingdoms for the possession of a valley which realizes in beauty our dreams of Paradise—abounding in game, rich in natural meadows, and unrivaled in majestic rivers—the claims of the Indian to his ancient hunting grounds and council fires were considered as a matter easy of adjustment. A few civilized gifts, a meeting of the chiefs of the tribes, the exchange of wampum belts, and a few draughts from the calumet of peace, it was thought would be all-sufficient; and so, in fact, it proved in a majority of cases.

While the Ohio Company were preparing to assert their right to the lands claimed by their charter west of the Alleghanes, including the Ohio and its tributaries, the French forces had already taken the field, under the direction of the Governor of Canada, who dispatched Celeran de Bienville, at the head of three hundred followers, to make good the claims of the French Government to the disputed territory. They crossed the lakes early in 1749, and de-

scended the Ohio with all the paraphernalia of war, besides bearing presents wherewith to beguile the friendliness of the powerful savage tribes—who, from time immemorial, claimed the land under the fiefship of the first Great Ruler of the Nations.

Besides these, they carried with them leaden plates, to be sunk at the junction of rivers, and to be fastened to the trunks of trees, setting forth the claims of the French to the land in question. One of these plates has been dug up within a few years, upon the banks of the Muskingum, bearing the date Aug. 16, 1740—a curious relic of an idle boast; for of all the land once claimed by a power 'whose vaulting ambition overleaps itself,' not a rood of ground remains this day in its possession on the whole northern continent of America.

It would be idle to speculate upon what might have been the destiny of the country had France been able to make her claims good; but of one thing we may be sure, had she held the Valley of the Mississippi—now teeming with a free and independent population, subject to law, devoted to agriculture, science and art—the race of civilization and the spread of republican ideas had been delayed many centuries. That mercurial people, greedy of wealth and pleasure, cruel and rapacious, constitutionally skeptical, and practically priest-ridden, are morally incapable of that persistency of principle essential to the propagation of great ideas. But God had other designs, in his all-beneficent providence, for the people and country of America.

The Virginia Ohio Company found a desirable person to explore their property in the person of Christopher Gist, one of those hardy, adventurous spirits who do the work of heroes unconscious by what name their achievements will be denominated. This man was the Daniel Boone of the Western wilderness—having settled himself upon the frontiers of Virginia and North Carolina, near the banks of the Yadkin, very early in life. He was bold and restless—yet, withal, a man strongly attached to his family and friends; keen of observation, abounding in resource, and possessed of that address and tact so requisite in communicating with half-civilized men and savages, jealous of their independence.

Gist was the first to plant the English flag in the fertile region which now comprises the State of Ohio; and, like another Moses—who, from the heights of Pisgah, beheld the beauty and the luxuriance of the ancient Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey—Christopher Gist, so early as 1749, having ascended a mountain in



CHRISTOPHER GIST.

the vicinity of Cuttawba, or Kentucky, saw lying before him, spread out like a vast panorama, lakes and rivers, mountains and valleys, beautiful as the visions which haunt the pillow of sleep—a country which we in our day call the State of Kentucky.

This man visited all the tribes of the region, and penetrated as far as the spot upon which now stands the city of Louisville, Kentucky, which was occupied by hostile tribes known to be in the pay of French emissaries. He followed the Indian trail at the peril of his life; but he was not of the kind to be intimidated by hazards, or deterred by the presence of danger. He followed the tracks of the buffalo, and the paths worn by wild beasts, swam his horse across rivers, and paddled his canoe down boiling rapids—sleeping under the broad heavens, or in the wigwam of the Indian—till the country was charted in his mind like the printed leaves of a beautiful romance.

He found the agent of the Governor of Pennsylvania, in the course of his journey, intent, like himself, to win the tribes to the interest of the English. The simple savages sent their scouts to watch the movements of the two men, who, with a few trusty woodmen, thus ventured

beyond the mountain passes to confront the savage in his wilderness lair; but they were well disposed to the plan proposed, which was that the chiefs of the principal tribes should meet the English in council in the Province of Virginia. The wary chiefs did not entirely commit themselves, but promised to take the whole thing into consideration at a great council which the tribes designed to hold at Lagstown early in the ensuing Spring. One of the chiefs, after listening to the talk of Gist, quaintly asked: "If our fathers, the English, claim all the lands lying upon one side of the River Ohio, and our fathers, the French, claim all which lie on the other, where is the land of the Indians?" Poor child of the woods, thou art not the only one who has asked the "where" of his robbery, and echo only answers "Where."

Notwithstanding the rich presents and promises of aid which the French lavished upon the Indians, the most powerful of the Western tribes—the Muskingums, the Delawares, Shawnees and Miamis, no less than the Confederation of the Irrequois at the North—revolted instinctively from the treachery and greed of the French emissaries. They had watched them in all their movements, and seen with jealous scrutiny those

mysterious plates of lead, inscribed with cabalistic charms, lowered into the rivers from which they had been wont to secure the luxuries of their wild-wood table, and nailed upon trees through roads in which roamed the elk and the buffalo which were to reward the skill of the hunter and vary the cheer of the hunter's wife.

Strange as it may seem, the incipient steps of our American Union were suggested by the wisdom of the Irrequis, who, for ages prior to the landing of the white men upon the continent, had realized the security inspired by a confederation of tribes. They were even wiser than the whites of our own day in the estimation of womanhood; for, by one of their usages, the mother who had reared a son worthy to be received as a chief in the tribe, was permitted to take her seat in the national councils; hence their edicts emanated, in their own language, "from the wise women and old men of the tribes." We can well imagine the pride with which the mother, Spartan-like in her magnanimity, would look upon a son who thus rewarded her care in his behalf, and through whom she thus became honored. It must be borne in mind that the office of chief was elective, not hereditary, in the Six Nations.

The chiefs of the Irrequis represented strongly to the Governor of New York the danger to be apprehended from the machinations of the French, and urged the necessity of concerted action to avert the threatened danger to the English colonies. Accordingly, Governor Clinton invited a Congress of the several Provinces to meet the Six Nations in friendly council at Fort Orange (Albany), in July, 1751. When the time arrived, these philosophers of the woods appeared promptly at the council board, and did not fail to reprimand in strong terms the supineness of the English, who were likely to allow all the beautiful valleys lying toward the Western sun to fall into the hands of the French for lack of that energy and forecast of which they, the unlettered children of the woods—taught by no book but the great volume of Nature, inspired only by the Great Spirit and the memory of renowned warriors—were willing to give them an example.

At this Congress, the germ of our American Union, appeared delegates from South Carolina, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Thus early did the colonies take their initiative in our beautiful confederation of free States.

CHAPTER XII.

CONFEDERATION OF THE IROQUOIS.

As I have used the term Irrequis to designate the Confederation of the Six Nations, I will
VOL. V.—24.

here remark that they were called by the English generally, at this period, *Mingoes*—which is the term employed by Cooper, the novelist; the Dutch styled them *Maquas*, and those of other Indian tribes, *Mengweas*. French historians use the more elegant term of *Iroquois*.

These people, comprising a body politic, better advanced in ideas than in the external appliances of civilization, can scarcely be regarded in the light of savages. They had garrisoned towns, cultivated fields, and orchards of fruit trees. They comprised a collection of men, when assembled around the great council fire at Onondaga, as remarkable as any that appear upon the page of history. They associated themselves from nobler motives than that which produced the Homeric Confederation of the Greeks; for they were devoid of luxury and despised pleasure. Each tribe sent a reliable representative to the annual council, which convened to decide upon matters of public import, and which was composed of both sexes, as we have before said.

It is true, they had not the use of gold and silver; but they had learned to work copper and flint to a marvelous degree of utility, and even beauty. Without a written language, they possessed a symbolic one of such rare force and expression, inscribed upon belts many yards in length, that it was equivalent to a historic registry. These belts were preserved in cabinets provided for their reception—each one being devoted to some individual or national enterprise deemed worthy of being kept in remembrance by the tribes. At stated periods, the "wise women" and great warriors assembled themselves together, and summoned the young men before them. Then, the cabinet was opened; and, one of the belts being produced, the story thereon symbolized was explained and recounted by one of the wisest and most dignified of the meeting, in a slow, impressive manner, while "Young Iroquois" (in our modern phraseology) listened in silence. When he had finished, the speaker gave the end of the belt to the youth nearest him—who, in turn, was expected to take up the narrative, and relate it in his own words.

It was considered a mark of intelligence and an indication of promise when the young man was able to do this with spirit and propriety—the more as the mothers of these candidates for popular favor occupied a circle nearest the council, beyond whom were the dusky maidens of the tribe, by no means uninterested spectators of the scene, and not without their smiles for the successful essayist, and their jibes at any failure.

The same belt passed from hand to hand till



"YOUNG IROQUOIS" LEARNING HIS LESSON.

each could recite the incident which it was meant to perpetuate in a becoming manner. Then another, and another belt succeeded, at the several meetings, till the national history was fixed upon the minds of the growing youth of both sexes, although only the young men took part in the recitations. When any of them failed, through dullness or inattention, no prompting or delay was permitted, but the disgraced neophyte instantly transferred the belt to the next in order.

In this way it was that the youth of the tribes were publicly and carefully trained, by a system more beautiful and more humane than that of the ancient Spartans; and thus it was that a Logan sprang from this unique culture—a wild-wood Plato, an aboriginal Cicero.

This Confederation consisted originally of five nations, and was so designated; but, in 1714, they were joined by the Tuscaroras, of North Carolina, and thence were called the Six Nations. The names of the several tribes were, the Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. The site of the ancient castle or council fire is still pointed out within what is now incorporated as the town of Oneida, in the State of New York. A clump of venerable trees, hoary with the moss of many ages, tall and gnarled by the wrestling of the elements, scarred by time and contact, amid whose scanty branches the eagle sits in watch of prey, is all that remains to mark this ancient resort of the concentrated wisdom of a once powerful nation—a nation the terror of whose arms startled the child amid the rocking pines of the St. Croix and the Penobscot, struck alarm into the hearts of people beyond the waters of the Mississippi, and shook the mountain fastnesses of the Chero-

kee with the fierce outbreak of their war-whoop. To the tribe of the Onondagas was committed the sacred duty of watching the ever-burning flame of the council fire, the decay of which was regarded as an omen as much to be deprecated as the extinguishment of the fire of the Vestal, the flame of the Parsee, or the Shekinah of the Jew.

It is sometimes a matter of surprise to the uninitiated to find the name Logan designating an Iroquois warrior. He was so named by his father, Shikellimus, a chief of the Cayuga tribe, in honor of James Logan, a distinguished friend of the Indians.

Logan was buried near what is now the town of Auburn, New York, where is a beautiful cemetery occupying the site of an ancient Indian mound, the circumvallations of which, evidently military in form, are nearly perfect, though overgrown with enormous forest trees. In this peaceful retreat has been raised an appropriate monument, an obelisk, upon which is inscribed the touching exclamation of the bereaved warrior: "Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

We shall have occasion to refer to his history hereafter.

Indeed, a superstitious import was attached to this continually ascending flame, as is evident from a speech of Hendrick, a Mohawk chief, and always a fast friend of the English—a speech replete with the finest elements of true eloquence. It was on the occasion of the conference of the Indians, held at the seat of Sir William Johnson in September, 1753. Mount Johnson stood not far from the present city of Rome, one of the loveliest of those inland cities which enrich the valley of the Mohawk.

We give but a portion of this remarkable appeal of Hendrick. He remonstrates with the tribes, because portions of them, Senecas and Onondagas, have seceded to the French, having joined the missionary and trading station at Oswegatchie, now Ogdensburg :

"Brothers—It grieves me sorely to find the road hither so grown up with weeds for want of being used, and your fire almost expiring at Onondaga, *where it was decreed by the wisdom of our ancestors that it should never be extinguished.* You know it was a saying among them, *that when the fire was out here you would be no longer a people.*"

The whole speech was replete with that sagacity for which the Mohawk was distinguished, combined with touches of pathos, which, now that the Onondaga council fire is extinguished, and the fatal prediction verified, we read with tears blinding the page as we con the record.

The Indians guarded their rights with persistent care, and when compelled by the stress of circumstances to yield to an inevitable destiny, they did so with a dignity which must command our respect. Even so late as 1734, when they ceded a portion of their territory to the Province of Virginia, they stipulated for the continuance of a war-path through the alienated district.

They were a far-seeing, haughty people, and when invited to meet the Indians in council, at Logstown, replied with the dignity of emperors, and worthy of those eminent lawgivers accustomed to the ever-burning council fire in the castle at Onondaga. The Ohio tribes, numerous and powerful, were induced to meet at Logstown, to form a treaty of alliance with Virginia, but the council of Onondaga declined to attend, in a few words of force and pith, which might be a model for modern diplomatists :

"It is not our custom to meet to treat of affairs of State, *in the woods and weeds.* If the Governor of Virginia wants to speak to us, and deliver us a present from our father of England, we will meet him at Albany, where we expect the Governor of New York will be present."

It is curious to find these philosophers and statesmen of the wilds rebuking the tardiness of the colonies in repelling the aggressions of the French. They ask : "Where are your forts, and where are your men, to repel the movements of your enemies. You do nothing, while they are building fortifications and covering the Western valley with their scouts and trading men."

The policy of securing the friendship of this powerful people became one of great moment in the inevitable conflict approaching between the two Governments of France and England. The Iroquois, conscious of their power, temporized

shrewdly for a while, but at length sided with the colonies of England. The French were already in alliance with the deadly enemies of the Iroquois, and had even induced some of the Western tribes subjugated by the Confederation, and held as tributaries, to open revolt. By siding with the French they would need fight over their old battles, or acknowledge the independence of enemies who had once been subdued and compelled to allegiance, or be obliged to abandon their ancient hunting grounds, and seek an asylum in the far West—a thing which the proud Iroquois were not likely to do, for they were as domineering as they were irresistible, numbering, as they did, more than two thousand picked fighting men, who were never known to turn their back to a foe.

Many temporary alliances had been made with the French ; but such had been the treacherous conduct of that people, and such their contemptuous treatment of the Indians, that an utterly hostile disposition had manifested itself on their part, and they had from time to time arisen with cruel vindictiveness, and massacred their agents in any and every shape, not sparing even the pious and devoted French Roman Catholic missionaries, who had sought to win them to a knowledge of the true God. The Iroquois, sagacious and diplomatic themselves, regarded these men as no more than political tools who assumed the garb of religion, and they rooted up their stations by the consuming fire and the deadly tomahawk. Foremost in these sanguinary acts were the Mohawks, a tribe remarkable for the cruelty as well as courage of their disposition ; subtle, penetrating and indomitable, they could hardly endure an equal, never a superior. They inhabited the region now known as Albany and Troy, extending along the Mohawk River, and holding their cruel orgies within the roar of the mighty Cohoes Falls, where the rocking pines and the sound of many waters mingled with the requiems of brave men, who extinguished the sense of pain by the inspirations of song.

I have been thus full in speaking of the Iroquois because they, more than all other tribes, are most nearly associated with our own history, and because to the feuds of hostile tribes and the action of wild-wood diplomacy, no less than to French double-dealing, we must ascribe many an outbreak of rapine and murder, which at this time began to stain the annals of the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, no less than Massachusetts and New York.

It is proper to note here that, from the earliest settlement of the Schuyler family at the

point now known as Saratoga, they possessed almost unlimited power over the Mohawks, obtained by that characteristic kindness and justice which has endeared the name to American history.

Such was the state of affairs in the country, threatening bloodshed and war, when the members of the Ohio Company remonstrated strongly with the Lieutenant, but acting Governor of Virginia, at the aggressive position of the French and their Indian allies. The Governor was a stockholder in this Company, which might have accelerated his otherwise tardy movements. But the Ohio Company was not destined to advance individual interests; for, as events develop themselves, it will be swallowed up in movements of greater import, and leave its members very much out of pocket.

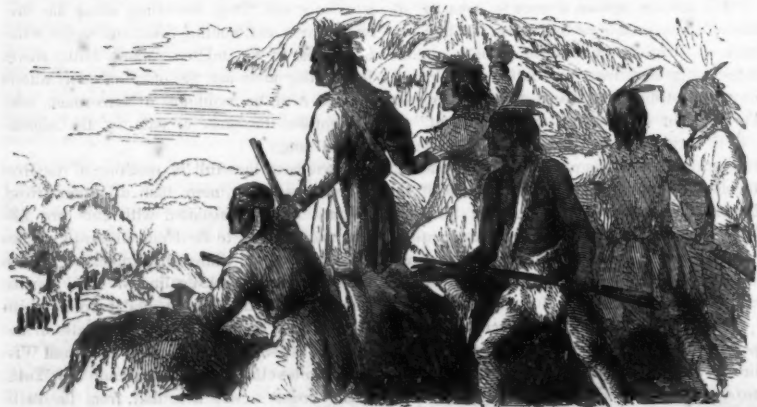
A person by the name of William Trent, a dull man, of little courage or resource, was now sent out to demand an explanation of the French commander. He made his way to Logstown, an Indian settlement near where at present stands the city of Pittsburg, but the French and Indians were a hundred and fifty miles further up the river. He turned aside to visit the Twightwees, where the Pennsylvania and Virginia Commissioners, George Croghan and Christopher Gist, had the year before induced the Indians to strike the French flag to that of the English. He was astonished to find every thing reversed, and the lilies of France waving proudly over the council house. A battle had been fought, and the friendly Indians defeated with great loss. Intimidated at the threatening aspect of the frontier, Trent returned home, having accomplished little or nothing.

In this emergency, Governor Dinwiddie looked

about for a more suitable person to perform a duty at once honorable and perilous. George Washington, a youth of scarcely more than twenty-one, already commands one of the four military sections into which Virginia is divided, which involves the rank of major. He is now well known for his great discretion, courage and persistence in duty; he has been much in the wilderness, and is full of resources to meet its many exigencies; he is affluent of health and manly activity—which are of themselves requisites not to be alighted in commissions demanding courage as well as trust.

George Washington, besides that he has held the office of Public Surveyor to the Province of Virginia, and at nineteen had been made Adjutant-General, in the northern section, of the provincial troops—each station bringing him strongly in the public eye—has, when hardly twenty-one years of age, allied himself also to the Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, a position supposed of itself to demand integrity and capacity on the part of the aspirant. This circumstance will make him still better acquainted with the prominent men of the period. It is well known that all the great men of the Revolution were thus allied in this ancient brotherhood, who were the earliest to symbolize the nobleness and beauty of work, and which embodied in the spirit of its organization the germs of the democratic idea.

Washington was not slow to accept the trust reposed in him. Calling to his aid the sturdy pioneer of the woods, Christopher Gist, of whom we have before spoken, he started, bearing credentials from Governor Dinwiddie to be presented to the Indians friendly to the English, and to such others as were needful to advance



THE INDIANS DISCOVER BY QUENBY'S MARCH.

the interests of his mission. The little party consisted of but eight persons, who were to make their way in the dead of Winter through an inhospitable wilderness, filled with Indians of doubtful friendliness, incited to acts of atrocity upon any and every motive, whether of interest or revenge.

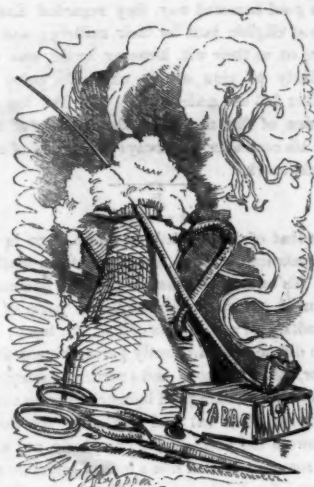
By the letter of credentials he was to proceed to Logstown, where the Indian council had taken place the year before, and where the Miamis, the Shawnees and Delawares had thrown themselves upon the protection of the English, and waited to ally themselves with the Six Nations as friends to their brother, the King of Great Britain.

In the meanwhile, a hunting party of the Six Nations, while pursuing game early in April, 1753, near the rapids of the St. Lawrence, not far from Oswegatchie, the site of the city of Ogdensburg, New York, beheld suddenly a numerous body of French and Indians—the latter in all the pomp of arms and warlike paint—on their way to Lake Ontario, where boats were in readiness to transport them to the portage at Niagara and across Lake Erie, to meet their allies in the contested territory bordering on the Ohio.

There were no railroads and telegraphs in those days, but the instinct of the Indian is almost as unerring as the one, and his celerity of foot vies with the rapidity of the other. Casting aside the implements of the chase, two of their fleetest runners darted away through the tangled woods, guided by ancient marks invisible to all but the keen sense of the practiced warrior, and bore the intelligence to the ever-burning council fire of the Confederation at Onondaga. In less than two days, fresh runners bore the decision of the Great Council to the nearest English station. On the 14th of the same month of April, a band of Mohawk warriors rushed into the castle of Sir William Johnson, warning him that the hatchet had been torn from its resting-place, and the English must prepare for action; Du Quesne was already in the field, and the allied tribes must be protected, or there would be no room for any but the French and their Indian allies west of the Alleghanies.

[To be continued.]

THE OFFICE OF POETRY.—There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.



A TALE OF LAGER BIER.

I. THE MAN.

KARL PIETREHL was an honest, round little man, sedentary and phlegmatic, pensive and patient, following the respectable and profitable trade of breeches-maker.

His face was the index of his mind, there being nothing very remarkable or sagacious in it. A joke or a witticism was as foreign to his understanding as to his utterance, for he could neither give nor take—always measuring his periods, and clipping his words, with the same exactness as he did his cloth.

In his gait there was neither gentility nor firmness; for his legs, small and slender in proportion to his bulk, being rather inclined to bow, occasioned him to waddle and trundle along, to the great diversion and mockery of every little scapegrace in the town. But the breeches-maker was a man of too much solidity to be moved by a trifle; and, although he never laughed at their derision—nor, indeed, at any thing else in the whole course of his life—their satirical remarks were wholly disregarded; and, puffing forth the fumes of his pipe, with his hands thrust in the capacious pockets of his nether coverings, he made his way with the precision and diligence of a *trekschuyt*.

Yet, notwithstanding all the mental and personal peculiarities of Karl Pietrehl, he was a general favorite with all who knew him. In fact, it was, doubtless, to those very peculiarities he owed their favor; and most of his associates being shrewd fellows, and fond of cracking a joke

in a good-humored way, they regarded Karl as a most eligible butt for their raillery; and the more so, as their wit, however broad, was very unlikely to give offense where its point was neither felt nor understood. Yet, like the concussion of flint and steel, the meeting of Karl and his comrades was always productive of some bright sparks.

II.

HIS DWELLING

Was that of his forefathers, where, even in the remembrance of Karl, his grandfather, Markus, and his own father, Gerrit Pietrehl, had manufactured coverings for the lower parts of the grandfathers and fathers of half the town; and here did he more diligently pursue his sedentary labor, after the good and excellent example of his breeches-making and industrious progenitors, following their cut and fashion as the thread followeth the needle—and everybody, not without reason, reckoned him a man of tolerable substance; for Karl was no rolling stone, though he might certainly look like one, having never traveled further than from one end of the town to the other.

III.

AN OBSERVATION.

A man's fame is very often his misfortune; for no sooner doth fortune or favor raise man above his proper level, than he is immediately rendered uneasy by those who flock around, either to admire or laugh at him, unable to return the courtesy of the one party, or parry the sneering politeness of the other, if he possess discrimination enough to make the distinction.

Unfortunately for Master Karl, he had the fame of being very good-natured (as we have before observed), and this circumstance gave occasion to many wags to put practical jokes upon him, greatly to the said Karl's discomfiture; and a knot of these same lovers of fun having assembled early one evening at their usual rendezvous in the town (where, after the labors of the day, Pietrehl punctually adjourned to enjoy himself), laid their heads together, and formed such a grand conspiracy against that placid and inoffensive man, with so much secrecy and precaution that it was infallible in its operations.

IV.

KARL ENTERS, WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS BREECHES-POCKETS, INNOCENT AND UNSUSPICIOUS, WITH A SHORT PIPE IN HIS MOUTH.

A sort of low grunt passed for a reply to the warm and friendly greeting of the company, and the top of a half-tub (his ordinary and chosen seat) received the rotund Karl; and his little eyes were seen at times, through the curling



clouds of smoke he puffed forth, peering at one or other of his friends, who began to be vastly jocose and loquacious, directing their looks and words to the center of comicality—Master Pietrehl—who, on his part, winked, nodded, and whiffed, sipping intermittingly his pleasant beverage, which having by repeated applications completely exhausted, his friends, the conspirators, generously, but cunningly, handed him their jugs, the which the fear of giving offense precluded him from declining, till at last, by dint of boozing, he began to blink and waver a little from his customary erect and staid demeanor, and many were the cunning looks and innuendoes bandied about by those designing drolls, who were anxiously watching the effect of their pleasant conceit.

V.

A SPEECH.

Observing that Master Karl was truly in a mellow condition, and that they had never seen him further gone than what is termed fuddled, the ringleader proposed the health of "Honest Mynheer Pietrehl." The jovial fellows simultaneously raised their hands, their cups, and their voices, and pledged the breeches-maker.

What a situation was Karl in! His heart was



opened, though his eyes were almost closed, by the generous liquor he had so innocently and unguardedly poured down his parched throat; and he sensibly felt the honor they had conferred upon him.

Gratitude prompted him to rise, but plenitude glued him fast to the tub-top. However, a friend's eye and hand alike are prompt; and, seeing an inclination so agreeable to their own wishes show itself in Pietrehl, they quickly offered their services; and, having raised him on his own feet and the head of the tub, they left him standing in equilibrio between his corporation and his inexpressibles. With all the grace of a dancing bear, he extended his short, thick arms—bearing, in one hand, his pipe, in the other, an empty jug. He moved his lips—a solemn silence prevailed; and the following expressive and intelligible words fell from the lips of the inebriated breeches-maker:

"Gentlemen (hiccup)—the honor (hiccup)—thank you."

The rest was inaudible; his drowsy eyelids closed, the jug and pipe fell from his nerveless hands, and he fell backward, fortunately back-

ward, from the tub, fast asleep and unharmed, for the thickness of ten pair of (not) small clothes broke his fall.

VI. DISPATCH.

This was the moment for action. The soporific potion they had administered in his drink had taken effect, and, lifting him in their arms, they bore the unconscious Karl on board of a trekschuyt or passage boat, which pertained to some of the conspirators and gave the word to the jagerof driver to proceed as rapidly as possible; in a few hours they reached a town about ten miles distant, and raising Karl gently from his sleeping-place, marched with him into a neighboring bier-kroeg, or ale-house, and there, placing him on a similar half-tub to the one he had occupied a few hours before, in his own town, they sat themselves down to smoking and drinking, waiting patiently for Karl's awakening, for the continuance of their joke.

VII. THE BREECHES-MAKER AWAKES.

Three-quarters of an hour had scarcely elapsed when Gerrit Pimpfnel, one of the con-



spirators, entered the *bier-kroeg*, and informed his companions that he had engaged several of the townspeople, his particular acquaintance, to aid and assist him in the execution of their plot, and the train they had laid so dexterously was ready to be fired when Pietrehl should awake. As impatiently as a hungry man watcheth the boiling of a pot did the conspirators watch the eyelids of Karl, when, finally, a loud and long drawn snore heralded the return of his senses.

He extended his jaws and his eyes till they assumed the form of geometrical circles, and when their fit of yawning and staring had continued for the space of five minutes, to the great diversion of his friends, whose jerkins were visibly moved by an inward laughter which convulsed them, he uttered an interjectional "Bless me!" and shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, which were rather misty, and as yet conveyed very dreary and imperfect images of outward things to his sensorium, he rose upon his legs, and buttoning his jerkin, pulling his hat tighter on his head, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, he gave a nod and waddled, in anything but a right line, into the public street, followed, at a short distance, by the whole group of his giggling companions.

VIII.

HIS COURSE.

Karl, little dreaming of the distance he was from his native place, on quitting the *bier-kroeg*, turned to the right, as usual, to go to his own shop, which was at the bottom of the street; but he had not advanced more than fifty paces, when he drew back again with a shudder, for he perceived that a canal ran directly across his path.

"Umph! Bless me," said Pietrehl, scratching his head, "I've wandered! yes, old Hans Lobberget's good liquor hath confounded me. Umph! umph!" Then, recollecting his nephew lived within two doors of the canal, it occurred to him that, in his present situation, the arm of the youth would be very acceptable in escorting him



to his own house, which he had so unaccountably missed; and no sooner had he maturely deliberated, than he instantly perceived the necessity of such a measure, and, knocking loudly and incessantly at the door, a gruff voice from above demanded his business.

"Nicholaas, is that you. Nicholaas Pietrehl?" inquired Karl, for the voice struck him as unusually hoarse.

"And who the ——'s Nicholaas Pietrehl?" said the man. Karl started back with surprise, rubbing his eyes, and wondering at this marvelous change. "And what do you mean," continued the man, surlily, "by disturbing honest people from their rest at this hour?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the astonished Karl, uplifting his hands, "as I am an honest man, and a breeches-maker, nephew Nicholaas Pietrehl, the clock-maker, certainly dwelt here yesterday."

"You ——."

"Civil, at any rate," muttered Karl, as he heard the man close the window in a passion, and hailing one who was approaching, "Prithee, friend," said he, "canst thou inform me where one Nicholaas Pietrehl, a clock-maker by trade, dwells?"

"Not in this town."

"How! thou art a stranger, then, perhaps?"

"Not quite, Mister; I've lived here the last ten years."

"And not know Nicholaas Pietrehl?" said the breeches-maker.

"No."

"Umph!" cried Karl, thoughtfully, yet really not knowing what to think. "Dost know Old Hans Lobberegt, Gerrit Pimpernel, or Lon Winkelaar?"

"No."

"No! Then I say thou hast told an untruth in asserting that thou art an inhabitant of this town. Every body knows 'em," said the indignant Karl.

Hereupon the townsman could contain himself no longer, but, bursting into a loud laugh, called out to some who were intentionally passing, that there was a madman broke loose; which they no sooner heard, than, running toward the astonished Karl, they began to stare at him, and pass rude jokes upon him, till the



patience of the breeches-maker was nearly exhausted.

"Who is he?—what is he?" demanded they. "Has he tumbled from the moon? or has he come in the fog?"

"Honest folks," said Karl, beseechingly, "spare your jibes; I am Karl Pietrehl. Lord! you all know me! I have been a merry-making with long Gerrit Pimpernel, Lon Winkelaar, one-eyed Markus, and lame Jan, at old Hans Lobberegt's; you know him, too."

Testifying their surprise by holding up their hands, and uttering, in concert, a long interjectional Oh!—"Poor fellow!" exclaimed they, "he's certainly crazed, and wants to make us believe we know folks we never saw nor heard of! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Let me pass! let me pass!" roared the angry breeches-maker, unable to bear their humor any longer, and rushing desperately forward, he passed them, and ran in the direction which he believed led to his own house, for his confusion and the obscurity of the night did not allow him to make any particular observation.

Away he scampered, like a lusty and unwieldy elephant closed by the hunters, his pur-

suers scarcely able to keep him in view, so much were they overcome by excessive laughter, and the sullen stillness of the night was broken by the merry echo of "Ha! ha! ha!" while a multitude of fears, forebodings and apprehensions spurred on the bewildered breeches-maker; and, strange to tell, he won the race, distancing his followers by the turning of a street.

His trembling hand was already on the latch of the door, his heart bounded with joy, and he entered and closed it against his pursuers; but the violent and extraordinary exertion he had undergone caused him to swoon, and

there lay the hunted poor Karl till the voices of those who had so suddenly lost him aroused him again to life; and, though his heart palpitated, he hugged himself with the tranquillizing supposition that he was secure within his own dwelling, and, raising himself, he proceeded to his chamber, when, to his unutterable surprise, he perceived a light burning in the room. "More mystery! more witches' work!" thought Karl; and, walking forward with all the firmness and consequence of a master in his own house, he advanced to the door, when (how depict the amazement of Karl!) he beheld a young and



lovely woman arranging her head-dress before a mirror, gracefully tossing about her head (such a snow-white-swan neck!) and humming a tune. Her skin, contrasted with her raven hair, appeared like polished ivory; and being, moreover, disencumbered of her exterior garments, which lay in a heap beside her, she appeared like an animated statue, elegantly draped; while Karl, with his hands in his pockets, stood like a statue of admiration and wonder on the threshold of the door.

The old bachelor's eyes—the funniest part about him—puzzled his brains (which were as completely entangled as a fly in a web) to unravel the mystery of this appearance; and he evidently began to suspect, upon a cursory examination, that he had mistaken the house, when lo! a piercing shriek from the affrighted fair one made him tremble like an aspen leaf, and the modesty or confusion of the *juffrou* having made her extinguish the candle, the poor breeches-maker was surrounded by darkness,

shrieks and confusion; and, thinking it the wisest plan to take advantage of the obscurity to retreat, he rushed into the street, and almost into the arms of those whom, just before, he had so happily eluded. They hailed his appearance with an exulting shout, which shot through the nervous and agitated frame of Pietrehl like a thunder-bolt, and again he ran forward, he knew not whither.

IX.

THE BREECHES-MAKER STRUGGLES, AND SINKS DEEPER INTO DIFFICULTY.

"Stop him! Hold him fast!" cried a dozen voices. "For the sake of your wives and children, don't let him loose upon the town. Take heed, Molkns, that he does not bite thee!" and surrounding the now terrified Pietrehl (who really began to imagine that he or they were mad, and in either case it was a serious consideration), they pinioned his arms, and dragged the exhausted, breathless and unresisting breeches-maker, to his great joy, to the very *bier-kroeg* he

had just before quitted, and which he verily mistook for Hans Lobberegt's.

Puffing, blowing and panting, they seated him on the top of the tub, and he was thunderstruck when, endeavoring to recognize some acquaintance among his tormentors, he discovered that not one single feature in the whole group of grinning physiognomies was known to him.

X.

TRANSFORMATION.

Hans Lobberegt was now his only hope and last resource; his recognition and interposition would instantly free him from the unpleasant embargo which these blood-hounds, these strangers, had so unjustly laid upon him; and with a faint, tremulous voice, he called for the host; when lo! a thin, dapper, cringing, dark man, with a smirking mouth and a twinkling eye, the very opposite of big-bellied Hans Lobberegt's, of —, answered Pietrehl's summons.

"Where is Hans Lobberegt?"

"Hans Lobberegt!" answered the host, with a well-feigned stare of stupidity.

"Ay; the master of this *bier-kroeg*."

"The master!" said the host. "Well, come, that's as good a one as ever I heard," continued he, laughing. "Why,

I have kept this place ten years, come next Winter, my friend; you're a droll, Sir, I see, and want to laugh at me; you think I'm a fool, but I'm not; and, joking apart, what's your pleasure?"

"I have no pleasure," roared the bewildered breeches-maker; "I am mad, and ye are all mad together."

This rhapsody increased the merriment of the assembly, ably backed by the conspirators, who, carefully concealing themselves from the view of Karl, most heartily enjoyed his astonishment and rage.

XI.

TRANSPORTATION.

"Anger makes a man dry," and notwithstanding Karl's

tormenting and inexplicable situation (for never was poor fellow so hunted and mysteriously maltreated), he had not the heart to refuse the jug which was offered to him; and, thereby his courage being strengthened, he rose, and commanded them, at the risk and peril of their own persons, to stand back and let him pass peaceably to his own shop without let or molestation.

"Who art thou? Where is thy shop?" demanded the knaves. "We don't know thee."

"Is not my name Karl Pietrehl? and do I not dwell in this street? Oh, Lord! Lord! are ye all mad, or drunk, or what ails ye?"

"Neither one nor t'other," replied one of them; "but, truly, thou must be mad to say thou livest in this town; nay, canst thou claim acquaintance with any here? We are all of this town." Karl looked at them and shook his head grievously; yet still believing they had put a trick upon him.

"Come," said the desponding Pietrehl, "I'll give ye a ducat to drink if ye will only permit me to show you my house—follow me—bring me back if what I utter prove false."

There was so much reason in this request, that they could not deny it, knowing, too, full



well, that his journey would be bootless, and only increase his confusion.

With the greatest care and precision, Karl bent his way, as he imagined, toward his nice, snug little shop; but what pen can paint his dismayed countenance when he found that his house and part of the street had actually vanished, and that, upon closer examination, every house, sign and name was unknown to him. With a half forlorn, half frantic look, he turned upon those who had accompanied him—

"Miserable wretch that I am," said he; "I am bewitched—I shall go mad. Oh! where am I? Where—where have I got to?"

In lieu of replying to these questions, they led him back again, without difficulty or resistance, to the *bier-trogg*, where an irresistible drowsiness soon overcame him, and, falling into a deep sleep, they bore him to the *trekschuyt*.

XII.

'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

When honest Karl opened his eyes again, the pleasant physiognomies of his old cronies beamed upon him with a joyous welcome.

"Thank God!" said the delighted Karl, "I am with you again."

"Eh!" said long Gerrit Pimpernel, without moving a muscle, "what, dreaming with your eyes open, Master Pietrehl? Come, come! you've had a long nap; no compliment to the company, and—"

"Have I really been sleeping all this time?" said Karl, doubtingly, the impression of what had passed still strong on his mind. "Oh, what a dream I've had; but yet I thought I was awake, too! Surely—"

"Oh! let's have the dream—let's have the dream, by all means!" cried the wags, with one voice, promising themselves much sport from the relation.

And after they had convinced Karl Pietrehl, against his own opinion, that he had actually been asleep, they had truly cause to wonder at the genius and invention of the breeches-maker, in enlarging upon and multiplying the occurrences of that memorable night; and it was ever afterward a source of merriment to the roguish plotters; for Karl's dream was the only topic upon which he became truly eloquent; and in the course of time, with his additions and alterations, the original adventure was almost entirely forgotten.

EYES.

THINE eyes are like wells of unfathomed light,
And thought, and love, in the which I gaze—gaze,
Yet find a depth beyond sealed from my reach.

MY THIRTY YEARS OUT OF THE SENATE; OR, A HISTORY OF THE WORKINGS OF AMERICAN POLITICIANS FOR THIRTY YEARS, &c.*

LETTER LVIII.

CONTAINING MAJOR DOWNING'S FOURTH DESPATCH FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO.

CITY OF MEXICO, DOUBTFUL TERRITORY, Feb. 14, 1848.

PRIVATE.] To James K. Polk, President of the United States, and nearly half of Mexico certain, with a pretty tolerable fair chance for the whole:

DEAR COLONEL—If anybody asks you that impudent question again, "What are we fightin' for?" jest tell him he's a goose, and don't know what he's talking about, for we *an't* fightin' at all; we've got peace now; got an armistice, they call it; so there's no sense at all in their putting that question to you any more. We've got the opposition fairly on the hip upon that question, if no other; fairly gagged 'em; they can't say to you any longer now, "What are we fightin' for?" This is some consolation for the shabby trick Trist has served us. That fellow has made a bargain with the Mexicans to stop the war, in spite of the orders you sent to him to come right home and let things alone. I felt uneasy about it when I see him hanging about here so long after he got his orders to come home, and I said to him, once or twice, "Mr. Trist, what's the reason you don't go off home and mind the President? This unlawful boldness of yours is shameful."

"Why, Major," says he, "he that does his master's will, does *right*, whether he goes according to orders or not. The President sent me out here to make peace, and it's a wonder to me if I don't fix it yet, somehow or other, before I've done with it." And then he put his finger to the side of his nose and give me a sassy look, as much as to say, "Major Downing, you better not try to be looking into diplomatic things that's too deep for you."

Says I, "Mr. Trist, I'm astonished at you; I thought you was a man of more judgment, and looked deeper into things. Don't you see what advantage it gives the President to let things now stand just as they be? He's offered peace to the Mexicans, and they have refused it. Therefore, the opposition at home can't cry out against him any more if he goes ahead with the war. He's shet their mouths up on that score. He's made the war popular, and can go into the Presidential campaign now with a good chance of being elected another term. And now, if you go to dabblin' in the business any more, I'm sure you'll do mischief. As things now

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

stand, peace is the last thing in the world that the President wants. You've done your errand here and got your answer; and it's turned out jest right; we can go on with our annexin' all Mexico now, without such an everlasting growlin' among the opposition at home, for we've offered the Mexican's peace, and they wouldn't take it. So you've nothin' to do now but to be off home, for the war is jest in the right shape as it is."

Well, now, after all this plain advice—for I felt it my duty to be plain with him—he still kept hanging about here, day after day, and the first I knew we was took all aback by being told that Mr. Trist had made a treaty, and General Scott was to order an armistice. I couldn't hardly believe my ears at first. I posted right off to General Scott to know what it all meant.

"General," says I, "are you going to order an armistice?"

"Yes, Major Downing," says he; "Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners have signed the preliminaries of a treaty; so, of course, we shall have an armistice."

"Well, now, General," says I, "I don't think the President will thank you for that."

"Can't help that," says he, "I must obey the orders of the Government, thanks or no thanks. And when Mr. Trist was sent out here to make a treaty, I was directed, whenever the plan of a treaty should be signed on both sides, to order an armistice, and wait for the two Governments to ratify the treaty. Well, Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners have at last fixed up some kind of a bargain and signed it, and, of course, according to my orders, we have nothing to do but to stand still and wait for the two Governments to clinch the nail."

"But," says I, "General, you know Mr. Trist has no right to make a treaty any more than I have, for the President has ordered him to come home; and if he has made a treaty, it's no better than a piece of blank paper, and you shouldn't mind it."

"Don't know any thing about them matters," says he; "I can't go behind the curtain to inquire what little maneuvers are going on between the President and his Commissioner. Mr. Trist came out here with his regular commission to make a treaty. He has brought me a treaty signed by himself and the Mexican Commissioners, and my orders are to cease hostilities. Of course, we can do nothin' else but halt and stack our arms."

"Well," says I, "General, it an't right; it's bad business; it'll break up this grand annexin' plan that was jest going on so nice that we might a got through with it in a year or two more; and then it will bother the President most to death about his election for the second term. That treaty must be stopped; it musn't be sent home; and I'll go right and see Mr. Trist about it."

So off I went and hunted up Mr. Trist, and had a talk with him. Says I, "Trist, how's this? They tell me you've been making a treaty with these Mexicans."

"Shouldn't wonder if I had," says he; "that's jest what I come out here for."

"Well, I must say, Sir," says I, "I think this is a pretty piece of business. How do you dare to do such a thing? You know the President has ordered you home."

"Yes," says he, "and I mean to go home as soon as I get through the job he sent me to do."

"Well, now," says I, "Trist, I claim to know what the President is about, and what he wants, and I'm his confidential friend and private ambassador out here, and I shall take the liberty to interfere in this business. This highhanded doings of yours must be nipt off in the bud. What sort of a bargain have you been making? Jest let me look at the treaty."

"Can't do it," says he; "it's half way to Vera Cruz by this time; I sent it off yesterday."

"Blood and thunder!" says I, "then you have knocked the whole business in the head, sure enough. You've committed an outrageous crime, Sir, and a great shame; and don't you know, Sir, that great crimes deserve great punishments? I don't know what Col. Polk will do; but I know what my friend *old* Hickory



THE MAJOR REMONSTRATING WITH GENERAL SCOTT.

would do, if he was alive; he would hang you right up to the first tree he could come at."

"What, hang me for doing just what I was sent here to do?" says he. "For I've made jest such a bargain as the President told me to make; only a little better one."

"That's nothing here nor there," says I, "you know circumstances alters cases. And you know well enough, or you ought to have sense enough to know, that, as things now stand, the President don't want a treaty. Now," says I, "Mr. Trist, answer me one plain question: Do you think you have any right at all to make a treaty after the President has ordered you home?"

"Well," says he, "I think circumstances alter cases, too; and when the President ordered me home, I suppose he thought I couldn't get through the job he sent me to do. But I thought I could, and so I kept trying, and I've got through with it at last, and done the business all up according to my first orders; and I don't see why the President shouldn't be well satisfied."

"Well," says I, "what's the items of the bargain? What have you agreed upon?"

"Why," says he, "we have the whole of Texas clear to the Rio Grande; we have all of New Mexico, and all of Upper California. And we pay the Mexicans fifteen millions of dollars, and pay our own citizens five millions that the Mexicans owed them. And we stop firing, draw our charges from the guns that are loaded, and go home."

"Well, now," says I, "Trist, don't you think you are a pretty fellow to make such a bargain as that at this time of day? The President will be mortified to death about it. Here we've been fightin' near about two years to make the Mexicans pay over that five millions of dollars they owed our people, and now you've agreed that we shall put our hands in our own pockets and pay it ourselves. The whole plan of the war has been carried on by the President upon the highest principles to go straight ahead and 'conquer a peace,' man-fashion; and now you've agreed to back out of the scrape, and buy a peace, and pay the money for it. You know very well the President has declared, time and again, that the war should go on till we got indemnity for the past and security for the future—their's his own words—and now you've agreed to settle up without getting one jot of either. For the past, we are at least a hundred millions of dollars out of pocket, besides losing ten or fifteen thousand men. As for the men, I s'pose you may say we can offset them against the Mexicans we have killed, and as we have killed more than

they have, maybe it foots up a little in our favor, and that's the only advantage you've secured. As for the hundred millions of dollars, we don't get a penny of it back. So all the indemnity you get for the past is a few thousand dead Mexicans—that is, as many as remains after subtracting what they've killed of us from what we've killed of them. But the cap-sheaf of your bargain is the 'security for the future.' The cities and towns and castles that we have fit so hard to take, and have got our men into, and all so well secured, you now agree to give 'em all right up again to the enemy, and march our men off home with their fingers in their mouths; and that's our security for the future. As for the fifteen millions of dollars you agree to pay for New Mexico and California, you might jest as well a thrown the money into the sea, for they was ours afore; they was already conquered and annexed, and was as much ours as if we had paid the money for 'em."

Here I turned on my heel and left him, for I was so disgusted at the conduct of the feller that I wouldn't have any more talk with him. And now, my dear Colonel, there is nothing for us to do but to look this business right in the face, and make the best we can of it. If there was any way to keep the thing out of sight, it would be best for you to throw the treaty into the fire as soon as you get it, and send word on to General Scott to go ahead again. But that is impossible; it will be spread all over the country, and known to everybody. And I'm convinced it will be the best way for you to turn right about, make believe to be glad about what can't be helped, and accept the treaty. The nominations for President is close at hand, and you must get ready to go into the election for your second term with what you've got, and make the best show you can with it. If you should reject the treaty, the opposition would get the advantage of you again; they would then cry out that the Mexicans had asked for peace, and *you had refused it*; and there would be no end to their growling about this oppressive war of invasion. But if you accept the treaty, it puts an end to their grumbling about the war.

To pacify our friends that are very eager for the whole of Mexico, you must tell 'em to look at it and see how much we have already got; keep telling of 'em that half a loaf is better than no bread; tell 'em to keep quiet till after your next election is over, and maybe you'll contrive some plan to be cutting into t'other half. Keep Mr. Richie blowing the organ, all weathers, to the tune of half of Mexico for a

song. Tell the whole country, and brazen it out to everybody, that you've made a great bargain, a capital bargain, much better than Jefferson made when he bought Louisiana for fifteen millions of dollars; tell 'em for the same sum of money you have got a great deal more land, and more men on it. I'm satisfied this is the best ground to take; we must go for the treaty, and, bitter pill as it is, we must swallow it as though we loved it. I s'pose it will have to go before the Senate, as the Constitution now stands (the Constitution is very defective on that pint, and ought to be mended, for it's dangerous trusting important matters to the Senate); but you must drive your friends all up to vote for it; don't let it fail on no account; don't let 'em go to fingerin' it over, and putting in amendments that will make the Mexicans so mad that they will kick it all over again. For that would put things into such a burly-burly that I'm afraid you would lose your election.

Ratify the treaty, and then gather up all the glory that's been made out of this war, twist it into a sort of glory wreath round your head, and march with a bold step and a stiff upper lip right into the Presidential campaign, and I shouldn't wonder if you beat the whole bunch of all your

enemies and all your friends. And if you went into your second term on the strength of half of Mexico, it would be a pretty good sign that you might go into a third term on the strength of the whole of it.

I remain your faithful friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

LETTER LIX.

FIFTH DISPATCH OF MAJOR DOWNING FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 22, 1848.

Mr. Gales & Seaton, my dear old friends—When I have to write about the war, and the treaty, and things of that sort that belongs to diplomacy, of course I send my dispatches to the President or Mr. Richie; but when things branch off into the newspaper line, then I send 'em to you. We've had General Scott on trial here five days, for high treason against General Pillow and General Worth. If it goes agin him, I don't know whether they will conclude to hang him or shet him up in some of the mines of Mexico for life. But he fights like a Turk, and an't skeered at nuthin'. The President better send on some more help, for I an't sure that what there is here will be able to handle him. The battle has been pretty hot for five days, and I

don't see as they get the upper hand of him at all yet. It would be a great pity if a man that has been guilty of such horrible crimes as he has out here in Mexico, should slip through their fingers at last, and escape punishment. I begin to feel a little afraid how it will come out. For my part, I go for justice, hit who 'twill. If a man will commit crimes, let him be punished for it. I'm afraid the President has missed a figger in leaving it out to such men as he has. It would a been safer and more sure to leave it out to a jury of Mexicans. I've no doubt the least verdict they would give would a been two years in the deepest and darkest mine in Mexico for his taking Vera Cruz and the Castle; two years more for the cutting and slashin' he give 'em at Cerro Gordo; two years more for Chapultepec and Churubusco; and all the rest of his life for his taking the city of Mexico. In that case, you see, his punishment



GENERAL SCOTT COURT-MARTIALED IN MEXICO.

would a been measured out something according to his crimes.

I was thinking last night that I ought to make up a little budget about this trial and send it on to you, as I promised to let you know once in a while how things was getting along out here. And while I was bothering my head to know which end to begin at, a man came in and brought me a little letter. I took it and opened it, and I couldn't hardly believe my eyes at first, to see the name of Gíneral Pillow signed to it. He "requested me to call at his quarters in the evening" on very urgent and important business. Thinks I to myself, what in thunder can this mean? Then I thought maybe they had got a hint that the prisoner intended to run away, and they wanted me to help keep guard round Gíneral Scott's quarters to see that he didn't escape.

So, jest at dark, I went round to Gíneral Pillow's quarters. He seemed to be amazin' glad to see me, and took me by the arm and led me into t'other room.

"Major Downing," says he, "I'm very happy to see you. I wish you wouldn't make yourself such a stranger to my quarters; it would give me a great deal of pleasure to see you oftener."

I thanked him, and told him that his rank was a good deal superior to mine, and I always felt kind of delicate about putting myself alongside of them that was so much above me.

"Not at all," says he, "Major, not at all; we have to observe rank, to be sure, when we are on the field; but everywhere else we are all equals, Major, all equals; give us your hand." And here he giv my hand another hearty shake.

"Major," says he, "I understand you write letters to the National Intelligencer sometimes, about matters out here in Mexico."

"Well, yes," says I, "Gíneral, I do sometimes, when it don't interfere with my public duties as the President's private ambassador."

Then he turned round and put the door to, and begun to speak in a little lower tone.

"Major," says he, "that Intelligencer is a capital paper—a great paper; it deserves to be encouraged. I take a warm interest in the prosperity of that paper, and mean to do something for it. I'll be the making of it yet, when I get to the rank and situation that I expect to get. I s'pose you'll send some account of this court-martial down by the courier to-morrow, to go to the Intelligencer, won't you?"

"Well, yes," says I, "I was thinking of sending some little outline of it, so the folks at home in the United States might understand the substance of it as far as it has got along."

Then he took a written paper out of his pocket, and says he, "Major, here is a clear account of the proceedings, as far as they have gone, all carefully drawn up, and putting every thing in a true light. I should like to have you take this and send it on to the Intelligencer, and have it inserted as coming from an authentic source; or, if you choose, you can work it in and make it a part of your letter, and then nobody will doubt but what it comes from an authentic source. I should rather, on the whole, that you would work it into your letter; that would be the best shape to put it in, and would be next thing to an official report."

After I took it and looked a while over some parts of it, says I, "Gíneral, it seems to me it is most too soon to send on such a particular account as this, for fear of making some mistakes. It must take some time to pick the matters all up and put them together in the right shape, so as to give every one his fair share. I thought I would send on now the main points of it, and send on the particulars when we've had a chance to pick 'em all up and put 'em together right."

"But, Major," says he, "I'm very anxious this account should go off with the first impressions. You know a great deal depends on first impressions; therefore, no time should be lost in getting this before the public, and the best way to do it is to work it into your report. To be sure, the paper does considerable justice to me, but not more than I think you will be satisfied belongs to me. I never ask any one to puff me; but I have confidence in you to believe that you will do me justice. I never forget my friends. There's no knowing but the upshot of this trial may tip Gíneral Scott out of the tail-end of the cart yet; and, if so, I stand a good chance of being placed at the head of military affairs here; and, between you and me, that would give me a strong chance of succeeding Mr. Polk in the presidency. And I wish you to understand, Major, that I never forget my friends."

"Well," says I, "Gíneral, seein' you are so earnest about it, I'll take the paper home with me and look it over, and if I find I can work it into my letter, so it will look ship-shape, I'll do it. And then, I take it, I shall have your word, upon the honor of an officer, that you never will forget me and the National Intelligencer."

"That you shall," says he, giving me another shake of the hand. "But," says he, "you better stop with me to-night, and do it all up here; I'll give you a comfortable place to write, someplace to sleep, and soldier fare."

I thanked him very kindly for his hospitality,

but told him I should have to go back to my quarters, where I had left some parts of my dispatch ready fixed up. In bidding me good night, he shook me very warmly by the hand, and urged me again to put the document he had given me into my letter, as he was *very anxious it should go off with the first impressions*. So, here it is; and if I find it necessary, after copying it, to add any notes or interlinings, I can do it:

DOCUMENT.

GREAT BATTLE IN THE COURT-MARTIAL.

This important investigation, which has been going on for five days, is likely to use Gen. Scott all up to nothing; there won't be so much as a grease spot left of him; while at the same time it cannot fail to add to the renown and fair fame of Gen. Pillow, till it raises him above all Greek, above all Roman fame. Gen. Worth, also, has shown a magnanimity in this contest which will crown him with immortal honor. He had a forty-nine-pounder, loaded to the muzzle, pointed directly at the head of Scott, which would have blown his brains clear to the north pole; but seeing the weakness and imbecility of Scott, who was almost ready to get down upon his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, ask his pardon, Worth, with unparalleled magnanimity, refused to fire, and absolutely withdrew the charge from the gun, saying to the bystanders, "The President has given me all I want; why should I stoop to kill this poor devil of a Scott?" After Worth had thus generously thrown away his powder, Scott, with his usual meanness, put on a braggadocio show of courage, and dared him to the fight; but of course Worth wouldn't take any notice of him.

Scott had bullied Duncan, but when he found Duncan was prepared to defend himself, with the most craven spirit he coaxed him to let the matter drop and hush it up. He had, also, in the most shameful manner, bullied Gen. Pillow; but when he found he had roused the lion, he did not dare to beard the lion. As soon as the gallant Pillow, the high-souled Pillow, the chivalric and courageous Pillow, appeared on the field of combat, Scott commenced a rapid and ignominious retreat. But Gen. Pillow, actuated by a high sense of public duty, as well as a proper regard for his own honor, would not allow public sentiment to be so outraged with impunity; he, therefore, pursued the cowardly Scott, determined that, poltroon as he was, he should either fight or die. For two or three days Scott was fleeing for his life, and making the most desperate efforts to escape from the field of battle; but the gallant Pillow pursued

him and cut him off on every tack, and foiled and floored him at every turn. The talent, tact, prowess and generalship displayed by Gen. Pillow on this occasion has probably never been equaled, except by the same gallant officer on the battle-fields of Mexico, when he killed the Mexican officer in single combat, was struck down upon his knees by the concussion of a cannon-ball upon his head, and led his troops to victory by wading chin-deep through a creek of mud and water. The hot pursuit of Pillow at last drove Scott into a corner, from which it was impossible for him to escape. He then turned and raised his puny arm to fight; but the weakness of his weapons, his little pointless darts and pop-gun squibs, were almost too ridiculous even to excite a laugh. The heroic Pillow stood in peerless majesty, and shook them off as unconcernedly as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane. During this whole contest, *Gen. Pillow's well-devised plans of battle, his judicious disposition of his forces, his coolness and daring during the whole of this terrible battle, is the subject of universal congratulation among his friends, and general remark with all.* LION—ASS.

Erased from the above: "During this great battle, which has lasted now for five days, Pillow was in command of all the forces engaged except Worth's division, which was not engaged." Also erased: "He (Pillow) has completely silenced his enemies."

On the whole, the above document seems to give such a clear, candid view of the proceedings of the court-martial during the first five days, that I don't think it is necessary for me to add another word. Give my love to the President and Mr. Richie; and I remain your old friend, whether we go on annexin' any more or not.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

A "PROGRESSIVE" AGE.

BY DELTA.

I HAVE sometimes watched, on a Summer's day, the long streaks of sunshine and shadow that follow each other across an extended landscape. Like these bars of light and shade, some narrow and passing in a moment, some broad and long-remaining, are the thoughts of joy and sorrow that follow each other through the human mind. And like them, too, are those ideas which rule a nation's mind, those manners of thought which pervade a nation, which differ from each other from age to age, and follow the one after the other in rapid or slow succession. These manners of national thought are modified by the

tendencies of the national mind, and by the circumstances of the times; but he must be a careless observer of men and things, and a poor student of history, who can deny altogether the fact of their existence. Each has its own excellences, its own defects, and its own lessons for the mind of the thoughtful observer. One of these streaks of light or shade has fitted across the national mind so lately that we have beheld its two sides, and well remember its most important phases. And now that these thoughts have in a measure given place to others, it may not be unprofitable to note the prominent features of those ideas that once tenanted a nation's brain.

A few years ago, our American people seemed to become suddenly aware of the fact that the world was progressing, and that ourselves were in the very van of progress. And, like all discoverers, we felt bound to spread abroad the knowledge of our discoveries. Such was the beginning of those times whose catch-words were "Progress," "The Present Age," and "Our Universal Yankee Nation." We thought of "progress," we talked of it, read of it in our newspapers, and listened to sweet discourse of it in our public lectures. The learned divine, the popular lecturer, the young man in college, and even the boy in Lyceums—each of these has laid carefully away (if not yet committed to the flames) some essay, lecture, composition, oration, or poem, setting forth the glories of this "Progressive Age." The style of thought employed, and the method of handling the subject, were not necessarily very deep or original. Past ages and other nations were slighted; Greece and Rome were passed by with a glance, and the whole praise bestowed upon the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants. The war of the Revolution, and the Declaration of Independence, were looked upon as the beginnings of our greatness, and the signs of growing life in a nation since so powerful. Nevertheless, excellent as all these were, they only served to introduce the subject. The orator or essayist waxed eloquent, as in glowing, occasionally bombastic language he noticed the "progress" of our nation since that time. He spoke with especial pride of our railroads, telegraphs, steamships, and all those improvements which our nation had produced, not for show, but for the use of mankind. Our laws were just, our institutions free; we were a nation of freemen—a nation of active, thinking, inventive minds, such as the world had never before known. In native enterprise, in earnest vigor, and power to "go ahead," no nation was our equal. The press was free from the fetters of a tyrant. The rights of conscience were vouch-

safed to every man of every nation, and the hand of brotherhood was extended to all who should seek a refuge on our shores. All the children of the land might become wise, good and great, for the school was free to all; and the sons and daughters were studying sciences of which their parents scarcely knew the names. Thus were we advancing onward, and, of course, upward. Thus were we progressing intellectually, morally and spiritually, and becoming not only the most enterprising and progressive, but the wisest and happiest of all nations. True, men had still some bad passions—envy, malice, selfishness; but these were passing away, as dew before the sun, at the advance of "progress."

With grand triumph-peals like these, with such blare of trumpets and shouting of victory, the world seemed moving on to its millennium. Such were the ideas commonly promulgated, and good people listened and appeared delighted, and felt that they had been instructed.

We were then at peace with all the world, and peace was dowering our land with the richest blessings. Everywhere science and industry, fostered by peace, were gaining their trophies, worth more than the laurels of the conqueror. The area of our country, already large, was rapidly being extended and made serviceable. No wonder was it that, as we compared the narrow sea-girt range of the little "thirteen" of '76 with the wide expanse of the reverse thirty-one, and the almost unbounded territories lying beyond, and stretching to the shores of the Pacific, our hearts should swell with pride and gladness at the mighty contrast. These vast territories, as we hoped and believed, were soon to become, by peaceful possession, the thriving homes of busy industry, and the centers from which should soon be irradiated wealth, and influence, and sturdy Yankee energy. By a kind Providence, as we doubted not, the vast gold plains of our new "Eureka" State had been preserved from the grasp of covetous Spaniards till a more righteous nation could possess and use well its new-found treasures. We were at the very flood-tide of worldly prosperity; how could a lover of his country be at such a time a prophet of evil? When the poet wrote:

"I would the old god of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,
Or like an old-world mammoth basked in ice,
Not to be molten out,"

he was but giving verbal expression to the hopes and beliefs of the age.

When upon Hyde Park, in London, arose that mighty framework of glass and iron, in which all nations might meet for mutual improvement,

and to hold a world's jubilee, we believed that the hope of the age was realized. Our cry was, behold what our age hath done! Was there ever a thing like this. Aladdin's fairy tale was outdone in reality by our nineteenth century. Here, as we deemed, were furnished ocular proofs that our much-boasted "progress" was real, an additional assurance that war was henceforth to die, and be forgotten; and more than this, a positive triumph of the arts of peace and productive industry. Here Brother Jonathan, our representative in that Congress of Nations, after being well laughed at for the oddity of his attire, and the coarseness of his manners, won the prize in the arts of useful industry.

After this, as may be expected, we talked of "progress" more than before. Inventions and improvements were more than ever in vogue. Thousands of aspirants to fame, too lazy to work with the hands, substituted "calculation" therefor, and became inventors. It was the day of empirics and so-called reformers. All kinds of impossibilities in mechanics and morals were attempted. To these the past history of all great improvements furnished a cheap and effective logic to comfort their own vanity and to silence cavilers. Almost every great inventor and benefactor of mankind had undertaken things as seemingly impossible, and encountered as great opposition as they. Therefore—and rapturous visions of riches and renown formed the grand conclusion of the argument.

This idea of "progress" would now seem to have reached its crisis, and was soon doomed to suffer a decline. Sensible people become finally disgusted with its shallow clap-trap, and learned to make the extravagant pretensions of the age only a subject for pleasant ridicule. Some, like the lover in Maud—do English critics yet understand that book?—had railed at it all along, and had learned to hope even for war, as the scourge of some of the villainies which peace had fostered; for they feared that men had not yet learned to draw true heroism from the struggles of common life, and that true energy of soul and lofty spirit might die out in the world, when men were called by no roll of drums or peal of trumpets to the deadly encounter. By the extravagant boastings of the times, the spirit of inquiry was aroused; the history of past inventions was studied with new zest, and not in vain; for we found that searching minds had discovered, thousands of years ago, many of those things fondly styled by us our latest "improvements" in the useful arts, while they had far surpassed us in many of our manufactures.

We had talked of "progress" long enough;

it was now time that a change should come. Circumstances are ever changing; though we, in our blindness, had not thought it possible that our days could ever be evil.

The clouds were now gathering in the European sky, which so soon broke over the nations in desolating war. Our country was far from the scene of strife; let the event be as it might, the surges of that war were too distant to overwhelm us in ruin. England's statesmen knew and felt with sorrow what we spoke of with joy; that while long and expensive wars were draining Europe of her treasures and the lives of her sons, we might rest in peace, yea, turn to our advantage the feuds of nations across the ocean. But here, we were, in a measure, disappointed. The scourge of wrath wherewith the nations of Europe were chastised did not leave us unscathed. Our troubles came in the form of intestine clamors and civil commotion.

The territories west of the Mississippi, from whose peaceable settlement we had anticipated so much addition to our wealth and power, have caused us little else than perplexity and disaster.

The face of things in Europe at this time was any thing but pleasing to the friends of peace and good order. Nations that had lately clasped hands in peace at the World's Great Exhibition of Industry, now grasped the sword of destruction. At Sevastopol, the great Armageddon of nations, millions of dollars and thousands of precious lives were lost to the world. In commerce and the arts of life, all Europe felt the ruinous effects of the war.

But these depressing influences did not stop here. Enterprises of beneficence, from which we had expected much good, were doomed to feel at least a temporary depression. We need hardly mention how our hopes of perpetual peace were disappointed when we heard from the East the notes of war and defiance. The Maine Law, from which the friends of humanity hoped so much of good, has been tried in our country, and has morally failed to accomplish its purpose, and temperance, it would seem, must now go back and gain again the ground lost in its trial. Missionary enterprise is boldly proclaimed by its enemies to be a failure. The Chinese rebellion, which we had counted among the great reformatory movements of the age, has not justified our expectations. Shocking crimes increase, and as we look shudderingly over their records, we get new views of the awful depths to which humanity may descend.

A few years ago, the ship of the world's progress seemed sailing over a placid sea, every wind being confined except Zephyrus, which was only

wafting it onward in its course. Paradise seemed "scarce a league ahead," and thither, upon a calm and beautiful sea, our world and its happy crew were rapidly sailing. "In a moment," we cried with joy, "we shall be there; a few more careenings of the gallant bark 'Progress,' and we shall touch its sands." For only a moment the guardian genius of the age fell asleep, but in that moment the mischief was done. The winds were let loose in their fury; and our ship, tossed wildly upon the ocean, was soon driven back to the cave of old Æolus.

Here we may note the moral of the whole. The lesson thus gathered may be applied to the men of to-day as well as to those of yesterday. These methods of thought are not yet all passed away. The change in the methods of a nation's thought are not sudden, but gradual. Those "who can feel the very pulse of the time," are thinking the new thoughts, and those yet to occupy the nation's mind. Others are slow of perception, loving to linger upon the old and decaying; these still talk of "progress," and our "Yankee nation." To the latter, these sounds of self-gratulation are music still; to the former, they have lost all music to the ear, and fail to strike a chord responsive in the heart.

The boastings of the past few years have not all been, it must be granted, over mere creatures of our own imagination. We have not been rejoicing over a shadow, while supposing it to be real substance. Our progress, though much overrated, cannot be set aside; it is one of the stubborn facts of the time; its proofs are about us everywhere. There can be no doubt that, within the past few years, we have made great advances in the useful arts. Nor need we wonder. Every thing exists to spur us on to action. Advance or retrograde is the only alternative. The benefits resulting from this advance are many and obvious. It is filling our land with conveniences for lightening toil, and for making each blow struck by the hand of labor tell for the world to the utmost possible advantage. It is keeping the world from stagnation, and the death of enterprise—a thing to be dreaded as annihilation itself.

We must be active, else how shall the vast western wilds of our own land be filled with the marks of busy industry, and the means of national wealth? East and West, North and South, are all calling for more labor. Why should we not advance? Many centuries ago, Galileo declared that the world was moving, and centuries before that time it had been in motion. We live in the later ages, and we should profit by the lore of centuries. Long time has the road

of human progress been smoothing before us. Great lights have shone along our pathway—lights not to be extinguished, for they are immortal. Toiling hands have labored that our journey onward and upward may be swifter and securer. Culled from the noblest blood of Europe, with the example of the great and noble of our own and other nations before us, what can be expected of us but that here humanity should receive its highest culture, its most perfect and full-orbed development? It is not enough that we boast of a few advances in the useful arts; the world asks more—even that we produce her model men. These advances are all well, but do they form sufficient ground for so great boasting? After doing all this, after advancing as we have advanced in the useful arts, we are simply doing our duty—nay, far less than our duty.

Thus, too, it may be with nations. This boasting of our power over brute matter betrays how little real knowledge we have of moral forces. Onward is not necessarily upward; it will not be, unless we couple with our progress a culture of all our powers richer and deeper than any we have sought before. Railroads and steam-engines are not moral forces; a nation may have these, and much more like them, and yet be lacking in all that makes national existence valuable. Knowledge is not wisdom; yet our age has called them one, hardly dreaming that there was the shadow of a distinction. Thus have we hurried and fretted ourselves to be in the van of advance, vainly supposing that by means like these our world was becoming, in all things, perfect. But the useful, if it be at all one of its steps, lies lowest among the altar stairs in the great temple of humanity.

How often, and by how many pens, need we be told that our utilitarian spirit, while excellent in many respects, is in many others the bane of the age? This spirit of rating all things at a money value has taken a deep hold upon us. Our systems of education must be "practical," or we will none of them. If we cannot see for ourselves the evils of this spirit, let the greatest of Roman satirists teach us its evils; for Horace found the same spirit in his own time. His complaint was that the lust for gain was quenching the love for the muses. "When once this rust and care for gain," says he, "has infected the mind, can we hope that verses will be produced worthy of immortality?" Yet this complaint states but one of the pernicious effects of the spirit that would turn all things into money.

Thus we see what the age needs and imperatively demands. Not chiefly for more advance

in the useful arts—that we shall have if we but continue in our labors—but for a deeper appreciation and a fuller application of moral power. We need higher principles of action, and a deeper sense of the meaning and power of that word *duty*. We need to learn the powers of our own inner being; for here, not in the outer world, all power resides. Least of all should we boast of our attainments, when so much of good remains unrealized.

What is to be our future? Shall the next change be for the better or for the worse? Shall the thoughts that are yet occupy our nation's mind be but another change upon the old notes of self-gratulation? We know not; the result is as yet in the untried future. Much appears before us that seems disheartening—many evils seemingly almost incurable. Every great city is presenting to the political economist, as well as to the friend of morals and religion, its startling scenes of immense wealth with wasteful extravagance on the one hand; and, on the other, abject poverty with squalid misery. We see that with the tide of progress are rushing on other tides of error, with evils wide-spread and numerous. We know that all progress is not necessarily for the better; but that much is of degradation, from bad to worse. The degrading influences are around us everywhere. Shall these influences preponderate? If not, it shall be because we strive manfully against them.

We think that the idea of human progress is, in the main, a true one, though slower than we are apt to suppose in its development. We have not yet seen the full and perfect development of human nature, such as, doubtless, shall yet be seen. For the world stands not chiefly that men may eat and drink, and plow and sow, but that, by contact with the elements around them, they may develop within themselves a true and noble manhood, and may transmit their spirit to those around them and to future generations. Hence, though we see abuses around us, and though, during the few years just past, we have seen much of vice and depravity, yet we think that, as was once true in the physical creation, the world is slowly rising from the gloom of chaos, and beginning to put on beauty and moral order. Though many things that we see seem to indicate deterioration and want of advancement,

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The light of the sun, as it rises in the east, shines first upon the tops of the mountains,

bathing their sides with its splendor ere it falls upon the hills, and valleys, and plains below. So the great truths that rule a world, the thoughts that a nation thinks, are felt first and purest by its great and noble souls. Purest, because they, in moral elevation, are placed high, and comparatively above the fogs and damps of passion, sensuality, and avarice, that rest upon the multitude below, shutting out from their vision the full glory of great moral truths. Hence, they feel these truths with something like the power with which they should be felt, and utter them with a corresponding earnestness. Every age has had such men to go before it, and to explore for it the realms of thought. Such men have lived for us and done their mission. They proclaim to the world truths, old it may be, yet brought by the force of earnest convictions with new power to our apprehension. They have told us that life is full of duty, and that it should be full of love; that the human soul is God's richest gift to man, and that it should be cultured in all its powers by the reception and appreciation of truth into a noble, Godlike manhood; and that the best of treasures are not money, nor houses, nor lands, but a mind full of all noble and holy impulses, and fully alive to all things excellent and good, and a spirit fitter to do, to suffer, and to endure, ready for all vicissitudes, and turning the most untoward circumstances to its own and others' highest advancement.

These are a few of the truths whose light—I say not that it is the perfect light—has been shed upon our times. The utterance of truth must always produce its effect. "It cannot die; or, if it be trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the life everlasting." It will produce its results. The future, we doubt not, shall be more rich and perfect than the past has been, not only in physical progress, but in the development of noble humanity, and in the power which the human race shall gain over themselves and the elements around them.

ANN SMITH.

You don't know her? Well, I am sorry for that. Every town in the wide world should possess at least *one* Anna Smith.

Listen, and I will tell you of her. She lived in a large, low-roofed, substantial farm-house, which stood beneath the branches of a lordly elm, and within a stone's throw of the red school-house under the hill, where we—my brother, sisters and myself—received the ground-work of an education.

A babbling brook—in which, with bare feet,

we often sported and fished for *dace*—ran between the two buildings, but it did not serve as a barrier to us; in low water, we could skim across its shallow surface, stepping lightly from one rock to another; when swollen by rains, as was not unfrequently the case, we ran around by the bridge, and though we came every day, we were always sure of a smile and a welcome from Ann Smith.

She was truly a mother—in good deeds—to us all. It was her hand that bound up the bruised arm and bleeding head of many an unfortunate scholar. She had a never-failing remedy for the head-ache, salves for burns and bruises, which she applied herself to the affected parts whenever needed, and that was almost daily; for the children, in their daring attempts to climb the stone walls and trees near the school-house, caught sundry falls.

It was her voice that recalled our attention to the school bell when we were loitering about her yard. It was her voice that warned us of an approaching shower when we paused on our way homeward to build sand-houses by the roadside; and when, as school children are wont to do, we quarreled, and forming friends and enemies in separate companies, we drew up for a conflict, it was her mild voice that restored peace and unity to the contending parties.

On cold, snowy, blowy nights in midwinter, when just a glance from the school-room window would cause one to shiver—when huge drifts of snow were piled one above another in our homeward path, and the pelting snow and sleet blinded us, it was her hospitable door that was thrown open, her pleasant voice that bade us enter, and her *whole heart* that gave us welcome. Many a night like this, when the wind was blowing a hurricane without, with some dozen shoeless, half-clad children, who had, like ourselves, sought shelter there, we have sat by the bright, blazing wood fire for hours, and listened to the pleasant stories of Ann Smith. And good, moral stories they were, too; and as indelibly engraved upon my memory as the Westminster Catechism, which I recited to my teacher every Sabbath as long as I went to Sunday school.

A large, thrifty pear-tree grew in one corner of the orchard, and but a little way from the house; it hung loaded with pears not yet ripe, and we school-children used often to look wishfully at the bunches of tempting fruit which could be seen from the play-ground.

I often wished with watering mouth that we might have just one apiece, and one day—I will confess it, though I blush with shame at my covetous disposition—having gazed long at the

delicious fruit, which was just beginning to turn from green to a light yellow, I spoke my wishes aloud.

"We can get the pears—I *know* we can—just as easy as *makin'* at all, for Ann Smith's gone away and locked up the house," said a lean, black-eyed boy who was always ready to lead us into mischief. Since the first week of his scholarship he had been christened (and rightly enough) *Cloven-foot*.

"How do you know she's gone?" asked a tall, red-haired, freckle-faced girl, with her sun bonnet in her hand, where she always carried it, as her face demonstrated.

"I *saw* her when she went up the hill," answered Cloven-foot.

"Hip! hip! hurra!—who's for pears?" shouted one of the most daring of the boys.

"I"—

"And I"—

"And I, too," ran through the eager crowd, and simultaneously all started on a run for the pear-tree, pausing only to secure clubs and stones with which to knock off the fruit. I followed, though not exactly satisfied with the part I had taken in the affair. I had broken one of the commandments by coveting my neighbor's goods, and I could not enjoy the sport, as the others called it; yet, when I saw the stones, clubs, and sticks of smaller dimensions hurled into the tree, and the pears dropping on the ground, despite the stings of conscience, I secured my full share.

The clabbing operation was going on most vigorously, when the side door opened, and Ann Smith stepped out and stood before us.

That we deserved a sound beating we were all well aware; for we had not only knocked off the fruit, but several large branches were broken from the trunk and had fallen upon the ground. Like other culprits, we all hung our heads in shame as we felt her eyes were upon us, and I dropped the fruit I held to the ground.

"We shall catch it soon," said the little Cloven-foot, and I felt ready to tear him in pieces for the falsehood he had uttered.

Ann Smith had never scolded or spoken unkindly to us; but we had never committed so grave an offense before, and I for one felt sure of a switching. Imagine my surprise when she said, in the same calm tone as usual:

"Children, if you will go back to your play, and leave the fruit until it is ripe, you shall all have a share."

Oh! how ashamed all looked, from oldest to youngest. All hung their heads, and dropped the fruit they had gathered.

I wanted to tell her how sorry I was that I had joined in such a disgraceful act as that of robbing her only pear-tree, but I could only think the words; I could not speak them to her who had always been so kind to us—so I, culprit as I was, turned silently away with the rest.

She never reproached us or mentioned our misdemeanors in the hearing of our parents; and a week after, when the pears had grown ripe and mellow, she came to the school-room with two large baskets filled with the golden fruit, and divided it among us.

If there was a sick person in the neighborhood, she was the first to know it; and, if they were poor, she was ever ready to lend a helping hand. Many a poverty-stricken family have had reason to call down blessings on the head of Ann Smith for the timely assistance she has rendered.

Years have passed since I have seen that pleasant face which figures so largely in my childhood's memories—years which have brought their share of the world's trials to both.

Age has doubtless left his blighting mark upon her brow, and changed her soft, brown hair to silver.

And years have brought to me the joys and sorrows of earth, strangely mingled.

I have lived years in other lands, where Eden-like fruits flourish and grow, flowers blossom and birds sing the year around; yet, in all my wanderings, I have found no spot so dear to me as the "cot where I was born," near the little red school-house under the hill.

There have been times when both the head and heart were filled with the bitter disappointments, the cares and anxieties of life; then thoughts of her, my childhood's friend, have darted like a ray of sunlight across my troubled mind, and I have said, in my heart's fervency, "God bless Ann Smith, and liken my disposition to her's!"

THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

"Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find thy labors done." [Charles Lamb.

WE never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines by Charles Lamb; and yet how simply and quaintly it confirms our childhood's faith, when heaven seemed so much nearer to earth than it has ever been since, and we verily believed that the angels watched over the good and pure of heart!

Once upon a time there lived in a far-off country place, the name of which has long since passed into oblivion, a young girl whom we shall

call Alice, with an aged and bedrid mother dependent upon her exertions for their sole support. And although at all periods they fared hardly enough, and sometimes even wanted for bread, Alice never suffered herself to be cast down, placing her whole trust in Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And when better days came again, who so glad and thankful as that young girl?

It may be all very pretty and picturesque for poets and artists to picture to themselves calm, peaceful scenes of rural loveliness, in the foreground of which they generally place some happy village maid, sitting in the cottage porch at the sunset hour, and singing merrily at her wheel; even as bright-eyed and glad-hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that that which is a pastime to the few, may be to the many a weary and never-ending toil! engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet it is not half long enough for all they have to do—breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams.

Thus it was oftentimes with our poor heroine.

And yet she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lonely and toilsome life—while her aged mother would lie for hours listening to what seemed to her as a gush of sweet, prayerful music, and not questioning but the songs of the good upon earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in heaven! Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard, but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love—thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since!—thy trust in Providence that, for her sake, it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks—the hope, that would not die, of better times—the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials—the store of sweet and pious thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due; but now, either from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and

his successor one of those stern men who, without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating—holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime!—but yet, even he was touched by her tears, and meek, deprecating words, and consented to give her one week's grace, in the which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl knew that, in order to effect this, she must work day and night, she dared ask no longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behind-hand in future," thought her stern companion, when he found himself alone; "no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or spending her money on that pale-colored hood she wore (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion), instead of having it ready as usual." And yet, sleeping or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—we may almost, for deep-rooted prejudices such as his, were hard, very hard to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart.

"Well?" said the widow, anxiously.

"All right, mother; with God's blessing, we will yet keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die."

"Not yet—not yet, dear mother!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life—"

"No—no—a blessing, rather!"

Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object—something to love, and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet. And then, kissing her mother, but saying not a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well-preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning seemed already breaking, and she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but not selfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing

hands, always so ready to labor in her behalf. And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then, rising noiselessly, returned to her endless tasks. And yet, somehow, the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers; the real truth of the matter was, she had overrated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labor than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and Heaven, she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy, thrice happy are they who have deserved to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes of life.

Morning broke, at length, over the distant hills; and Alice, flinging open the casement, felt refreshed by the cool breeze, and gladdened by the hymning of the birds, already up and at their orisons; or exchanged a kind good-morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labor. No wonder that those rough, untutored men, gazing upward on her pale, calm face, and listening to her gentle tones, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed, with that quick-sightedness of affection which even the very blind seem gifted with in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met hers every time Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how wearily the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes; and yet, she never dreamed of the deception which had been practiced in love to soothe and allay her fond anxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened that, about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks; for, of late, she had indeed toiled far beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said within himself, "It is ever thus with the poor; they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet," he added, a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half-

relenting glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allotted her—ay, even if it were but one single day! but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing I can do to help you, my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing—unless, indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow, with a mournful smile; and then, inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings—Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother dear!" said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscences of bygone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in these homely and transient revealings; falling asleep in the midst, through weariness—for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on—but presently awoke again half-bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid, gently.

"Asleep, dear mother, I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not set up very long?"

"No, no! good-night."

"Good-night, and God bless you, my child!" said the widow; and, a few minutes afterward, Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage—if, indeed, she could be called so with her half-closed eyes and wandering thoughts, although, it is true, the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull, drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed almost like a lullaby.

Presently, the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake; hymns as usual—low, plaintive, and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and dreamed of heaven. But all would not do, and she arose at length and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling

that oppressed and weighed upon her so heavily. And then, opening the casement, sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth. How naturally prayer comes at such times as these! Alice clasped her faded hands involuntarily, and, although no words were uttered, *her heart prayed!* We have called her, in our love, pure and innocent; but she, of her holier wisdom, knew that she was but a weak and erring creature, after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But, gradually, as she sat thus in the pale starlight, the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes—her hands unclasped and sank slowly and listlessly down; the weary and toil-worn frame had found rest at last!

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat erstwhile, at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair, and raiment white and radiant as a sunbeam; while another bends gently over the slumberer—and, looking first at her and then at her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles, too, in her sleep; and, as if still haunted by her favorite hymn tunes, sings again, very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingeringly away, at length, upon the still night air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love-task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings, alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now the morning broke again over the earth; and, their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly!

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel toward her—she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure she was not still dreaming; and then gazed around the quiet apartment, where all remained just as she had left it; but the task—the heavy task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and feared, even then, not having time enough to complete it—lay ready finished before her! But, after a little time, the girl ceasing to wonder, or remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night, guided by an unerring instinct, knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven! And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off, smiling upon

each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own work.

We are told, in the legend, that from that hour the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again. It may be that Alice's employer was pleased with her diligence and punctuality; or the stern landlord shamed out of his prejudices by the unlooked-for appearance of the glowing and happy face of his youthful tenant, three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and many grateful thanks besides for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it; or there was a charm in that web, woven by holy hands, which brought Alice many more such tasks, with better payment, and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is, that the age of such like miracles should have passed away.

And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil!—only be gentle and pure-hearted as that young girl—trus as she trusted—pray as she prayed—and *be sure* that Heaven, in its own good time, will deliver you!

UNDINE.

Who has not read Undine?—that exquisite romance of the water spirit, who left her native coral clefts beneath the sounding sea, to find a soul in loving; who has not read it often and again? Undine was a creation of Fouqué's soul. It was not the product of the mental loom alone, woven of the threads of imagination and fancy only; these, it is true, might and did communicate to the finished tissue a brilliance as of golden fibers, but it was the soul alone that could supply those deeper, richer colors of the warp. Like all true poetry, this prose poem is one where are most successfully combined intellect and feeling, thought and emotion.

We have never concurred in the opinion of those to whom Undine is merely a beautiful fairy tale. We cannot believe that Fouqué elaborated this magnificent work of romance without some deeper design. He did not weave a mere gossamer web which should sparkle in the sunlight, diamonded with dew, and be admired for its delicacy and symmetry, yet have no higher utility—subserve no nobler purpose. We have read and reread a dozen times this charming tale, yet each time we have closed the book feeling that there was somewhat there by us but dimly discerned. We felt as though, in some grand cavern, we had traced the windings of a silver stream, and marked its laughing cascades, and serene lakes, and nestling islands,

yet feeling, also, that far back amid those rocky ridges there was an unseen source, that there were depths yet unsounded, and a termination yet unreachd. In a word, we could not believe it a soulless story, though it were the story of a soulless Undine.

Such was our conviction, deepened and confirmed at each repeated reading. If we mistake not, we think we have discovered that hidden, long-sought meaning. In our own hearts, we have wedded the myth to a meaning, and the result is that Undine the book, like Undine the person, has received a soul. Undine is now to us an allegory—its object, the portrayal of the enduring constancy and transforming power of a woman's love.

I. The narrative attests the truth of the first part of our assertion. From the first faint dawn of love, when the inner world just begins to be festooned with the golden and purple fringes—through the full day, brilliant with radiance, to the evening decline, when light fades into twilight, then lapses into night, Undine loves still with constancy. Her husband's caprice, reproach—nay, absolute abuse—sever not her heart from his. Even after her return to her own Nepturian home, she visits Huldbrand in night-dreams, and weeps upon his cheek. Nay, even after his marriage with Bertalda, consummated despite her remonstrances, she still loves him. She follows, a mourner, in the sad funeral train behind the bier, and though he be buried, she will love and cherish his memory when she can no longer love and cherish himself. "On the spot where she had stood," says the allegory, "a little spring of silver brightness had gushed up and flowed round till it almost encircled the mound of the knight's grave; and the belief is cherished, that it is the poor, deserted Undine, who in this manner still fondly encircles her beloved in her arms." How beautifully is here expressed the enduring constancy of a woman's love! Undine seems to us like some mountain pine, dwelling on an icy crag, yet sending down its roots to wind among the clefts and fastnesses, and, for the love of that cold cliff, clinging there, until the rough wind has torn away every sprig and leaflet, and broken its boughs asunder. It is the love which cherishes the very *grave* of the dear dead, weeping tears upon it which fertilize while they consecrate and water the little flowers which spring up as emblems of that other blossoming above.

II. The transforming power of love in a woman is finely allegorized, when Undine, by loving, obtains a soul. By loving, she was transformed from the thoughtless, inconsiderate, unfeeling,

soulless girl into the woman, thoughtful, considerate, affectionate, soulful. And is not this just the change which wedded love, in its most genuine form, does make. Undine was selfish; love has taught her the nobility of self-sacrifice. She was feelingless; love, pulsing across the chords of the heart-lyre, has awakened its slumbering harmonies. Undine has had no care but for self; love has widened the narrow circle of her heart's horizon, and given her new anxieties, solicitudes, hopes, and interests; she is now a wife as well as a woman. Undine had dwelt in the cold, frigid zone of the heart-world; love brings her to warmer climes—she finds the home of the heart, and, dwelling beneath the rays of the soul, finds in them warmth, where she knew only radiance before.

Such, then, is Undine. We cannot hope to have done justice to our theme—it is above our grasp; such has not been our expectation. Like one who, from the glacier cliffs of Mont Blanc, has seen the sun roll his chariot through the everlasting gates of the morning, turning the glaciers to gold, and setting all nature on fire, we have come down from the mountain feeling that we dare not hope to describe the scene; but, pointing toward the height, we would only bid you look—each for yourself.

To us, Undine has been and is a literary passion. We have only given our cheerful testimony to the excellence of this pioneer romance. We hope it is reserved for some more practiced eye to catch a clearer glimpse—for some more artistic pencil to portray in more brilliant and faithful colors that charming image hid behind the story of Undine.

OUTIS.

New York, August 24, 1857.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF NEWBURY.

BY ANN R. PORTER.

It must be many years now, according to the calendar—but I can never reckon time in that way, for I have sometimes lived years in a day; and then, again, some years of my life have been passed in such stagnation that, if deeds and emotions were the data, one revolution of the earth would measure them.

I said it was many years—but, as I look back, it seems but a few days since I first saw, in one of my rambles around the pleasant old city of Newburyport, the haunted house.

This city was settled in 1633, only fifteen years after the Plymouth landing; and there are, of course, in the vicinity many reminiscences of Puritan days. A worthy antiquarian has spent years in collecting them; but, at the time

to which I now refer, his notes lay, in manuscript, in his desk.

I was a mere child myself, and, with an older attendant, was passing through State street to the higher part of the town. On a row of new brick stores the name Phenix had been lately attached.

"Ah!" said my attendant, "they have got the old name again. The Phenix has risen from its ashes. You don't remember the great fire? No; why should you? One does not see many such sights in a lifetime. I thought the judgment day had come. It was a beautiful moonlight night in June. Many of the inhabitants had been out enjoying the cool air of the Summer evening. The Old South clock had struck the hour of nine, and a sweet quiet pervaded the place. Many vessels lay at anchor, but none were coming in or going out; and the river, as it poured its waters into the ocean, seemed more noiseless than usual. Perhaps there never was a time when the people of a place laid themselves down in greater security than the inhabitants of old Newbury on that night. But their slumber was soon interrupted by a cry which, in those days, made stout men tremble. From one of the obscure streets came the alarm of 'Fire! Fire!' The inhabitants were aroused and active; but it seemed as if this element was resolved to show its power, and mock the feeble efforts of man. The wind came as its ally; while the moon, helpless and sorrowful, withdrew its light, and veiled itself in a dense cloud of smoke. For seven hours the fire raged, till the strongest hearts lost courage, nor did it cease till it had swept over sixteen and a half acres of the most densely populated part of the city. Two hundred and fifty buildings were burned, and more than ninety families made houseless. All this part of the city where we are now walking is new, as you will see, and built of brick; but a little further on, we will find ourselves in the older part, where there are many ancient buildings."

As we ascended, for the land gradually rises, we came to a shaded and beautiful avenue, more than two miles in length. We turned to the north; and, at the corner of Market street, I stopped before a small house, gray and mossy with age. "This, surely, is antique enough," said I. It was a low, heavy-browed Dutch-looking house, with narrow casements and small panes.

"In 1645," said my attendant, "a man by the name of William Morse bought the land and built this house. Two hundred years ago! Poor man! He little thought how much sorrow would dwell there with him."

"In 1681, thirty-six years afterward, Morse and his wife still lived here. They were now not far from sixty-five years of age. Their children were dead or settled in other homes, and the family consisted of the aged couple and a lad, their grandson. Cotton Mather was then preaching in Boston, and good old Bradstreet was Governor.

"On the 27th day of November, 1681, as Morse and his wife were sitting round their fire at evening, they heard strange noises in the house, as throwing of stones and bricks down the chimney and up again.

"The next day the same scenes were repeated. Morse was a shoemaker, but it was in vain that he tried to pursue his business; his thread was taken away and sent up chimney; his awl and gimlet followed the same road, and his nails that were in a firkin cover were missed, and all search for them unavailing till they were seen at last descending from the roof of the house through the chimney. The pots on the crane over the fire kept up such a violent dancing that only one at a time could be allowed over the fire; the addirons leaped from their places and danced a jig, then leaped from the floor to the table, and from the table to their places again. The chairs rose up and bowed toward the astonished shoemaker; and a great stone of six pounds weight removed itself from place to place. He tried to write an account of these strange doings, but his inkhorn disappeared, his pen also, and his spectacles took a flying leap. But he overcame these difficulties, and wrote his account, preserving it safe for one night between the lids of the Bible.

"These things continued some days. The minister was called in, who says: 'The noise which I heard I supposed in all reason to be diabolical.'

"'What is to be done?' said the neighbors. It will be remembered that this was thirteen years before the witchcraft delusion in Salem; but Cotton Mather, as I said before, was in Boston, and he declared that Goodman Morse's house was 'infested with demons,' and that the invisible hand of the devil did put forth an astonishing *visibilty*."

"'What was to be done?' 'How could the devil be got rid of?' Oh, of course, but in one way. There was an old woman in the house. To be sure, she was an honest, simple soul, who knew little else than to spin and weave, make bread and bean porridge, and read her Bible. But she was an old woman, and from time immemorial the devil has been supposed to choose such to work out his wicked deeds. Harmless

and obscure as she was, seventeen persons were found ready to swear away her life. The stronger husband, and the roguish grandson, who certainly had some deviltry in his composition, were left at home, and poor old Goody Morse dragged to Ipswich jail to await her trial.

"It resulted in a verdict of 'guilty,' and she was condemned, in May, 1680, to be hung as a witch. Her poor husband pleaded hard for her life, and succeeded in gaining a reprieve. This reprieve was not acceptable to the worthy magistrates of the day, and they remonstrated against the non-execution of the sentence. But the noble Governor was firm, and finally pardoned her, and she was carried back, after a long confinement, to her home, where she soon after died. A clergyman of Beverly examined her on her death-bed as to her participation in the guilt of witchcraft.

"'No,' said she, 'I am innocent of the sin; my greatest trouble is that I was impatient because I suffered wrongfully.'"

Many years after I left the home of my childhood, the haunted house was still standing, and I used to visit it in my yearly pilgrimage to the place. But a short time since I went to the old familiar corner, but the house was no more. It had been torn down, for 'corner lots' were becoming valuable. Steam factories had risen up in the vicinity, and the smoke, and steam, and noise were heard as I stood musing. A moment more, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive jarred upon my ears. "Oh dear!" I exclaimed, as I hurried away, "the devils are here now in tenfold more power than in poor Goody Morse's day."

BERANGER.

LAMARTINE and Victor Hugo still live, but the greatest poet of France is dead. Jean-Pierre de Béranger was born in the house of his "poor old grandfather," a tailor, in Paris, on the 19th of August, 1780, and to the care of the poor tailor his infancy was confided. His father, who appears never to have taken much notice of him, had some pretensions to nobility, and wrote *De* before his name. The aristocratical prefix was rejected by the young Republican, who, in one of his songs, proclaims himself a "villain et très villain"—a plebeian, a very plebeian. To those who criticised him for having the *De*, he replied:

"Moi noble? vraiment, messieurs, non, &c.

I noble? truly, masters, no.

No coat of arms or crest have I,

No patent written on vellum to show

That my descent is ancient and high;

To love my country is all that I know.

For I'm a plebeian!

A thorough plebeian!"

He resided in the house of his grandfather until the age of ten. He learned little or nothing; but he witnessed the siege of the Bastille, and the impression this event left upon his young mind was indelible. Forty years after, he was pleased to celebrate it when confined behind the iron bars of La Force.

He left Paris, in his tenth year, to reside with a paternal aunt at Peronne. She dispensed wine and brandy in a small tavern, but for all that was a good and pious soul, and had a great affection for her poor, neglected nephew. In her slender library he found "Télémaque" and some volumes of Voltaire and Racine, and with his aunt's aid he was enabled to understand them. But, with a love of literature, he was fast imbibing at the same time infidel maxims.

One day Peronne was visited by a violent thunder-storm. The good Catholic aunt went about sprinkling the house with holy water. An awful crash burst over it, and Béranger, struck down by the lightning, was for some time paralyzed. Recovering from the shock, the young skeptic of a dozen Summers turned round to his aunt and said, maliciously: "Ah, well! of what use has been all your holy water?"

At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to a printer, and learned to spell correctly in setting up the types. But his progress as a compositor was slow; he had no love for the composing-stick; he was bent on versification.

His first proper school was the *Institut Patriotique*, an elementary school founded by M. Ballue de Bellanglise, upon the system of his friend, Jean-Jacques. It was at once a camp and a club. The scholars wore a kind of military uniform. They made patriotic orations, and sent deputations to the Republican chiefs of France. Béranger composed and delivered many of the addresses presented by the school to Robespierre. His taste for literature was quickened, his style was improved, his knowledge of history and geography extended.

Returning to Paris, at the age of sixteen, he thought he would write a poem which should take all by surprise. The "Hermaphrodites" was the result. In this poem, he ridicules dandies and women ambitious of being considered strong-minded. The poem was a failure. At eighteen, he conceived the idea of writing an epic, with the title "Clovis," which he promised to himself to complete when he should attain the age of thirty. He worked and studied hard; but in the meantime he gave birth to dithy-

rambs—"Le Déluge," "Le Jugement Dernier," and others.

At twenty-two, he composed "Le Pèlerinage," wherein he sought to reproduce, in all their simplicity, the manners of the sixteenth century. This poem, his dithyrambs and his Alexandrines, were all inspired by reading the writings of Châteaubriand. Verse-making has always been a poor heritage as a rule, and Béranger found it so. Iambics and dactyls are not bread and wine, but often bread and water. He resolved to go to the East, when the French were in occupation of Egypt; but a friend who had been there, and who had returned disenchanted, dissuaded him.

It was at this season that he gave himself up to a wild, devil-may-care life, half forgetful, half lazy, throwing off at his more active moments some of his choicest pieces—"La Gaudriole," "Roger Bontemps," "Les Gueux," "Le vieil Habit," and some others. These were the days of the "old coat" and the "garret;" these were the days of *Lizette* and *Fréillon*—of love and song conjoined. This chapter in his life he always turned over with pleasure. In one of his most intimate emissions, he says:

"The slightest party of pleasure obliged me to diet myself for eight days afterward on bread-soup (*pomade*), which I made myself, heaping up rhyme upon rhyme, and full of hope of a future glory. Nothing draws forth from my eyes involuntary tears but in speaking to you of this smiling period of my life, when, without support, without the certainty of a livelihood, without instruction, I dreamed of a future, without neglecting the joys of the present. Ah, youth is a fine thing when it can shed a charm even to old age—an age so disinherited and poor! Employ well what remains to you, my dear friend! Love, and be loved. I have known this happiness. It is the greatest of life."

But penury one day came in at the door or the window of the *mansarde* of the poet. In his extremity, he inclosed copies of some of his poetical effusions to Lucien Bonaparte, in 1805, when he was without means and without hope. Three days afterward, came an encouraging answer. Then followed several literary engagements. In 1809, he was attached to the *secrétaire* of the University of Paris, with a salary of 12,000 francs, which never rose above 20,000; yet this was sufficient for his moderate habits.

He never got into debt—never craved for advancement. His songs were popular—he was truly a *chansonnier*—but hitherto he had slightly touched on politics. "Le Sénateur" and the "Roi d'Yvetot" made him popular in a manner he had never thought upon; but, on the whole, disagreeable. The first excited the laughter of the Luxembourg; but the second, which by its antithesis gave a lesson to the man of France

the least disposed to listen to it, was ill received at the Tuilleries.

What matter?

Béranger was not the man to sacrifice his opinion to his daily bread. He explains that he was an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of the Emperor. He lauded him to the point of idolatry, while he was not blind to the despotism he was drawing upon France.

In 1814, he saw, in the fall of the colossus, the miseries only of a country which the Republic had taught him to adore. Between the first and second restoration, Béranger refused several lucrative appointments. In 1815, when he published his first collection of songs, which entire France knew almost by heart, he was *warned*, and this was equivalent to a threat of destitution; and at the end of 1821, when the second appeared, he incurred the rage of the minister, who interdicted him from entering into his office.

Thus neither weakness, nor seductions, nor fear, could vanquish the conscience of a man, which calumny has not dared to tarnish. He spoke, in his songs, to his countrymen; he knew their sentiments, their desires. He sang, and they gave articulate echo. "L'Habit de Cour," "Le Marquis de Carabas," "Le sainte Alliance de Peuples," "Le Dieu des bonnes Gens," and other songs, awoke the patriotism of the people, and scattered abroad maxims of philosophy which shook both throne and altar.

Such a man could not, in reason, be spared by the powers. The poet was sent before the Court of Assize of the Seine, and was condemned to three months' imprisonment, with a fine of 500 francs. Béranger was restored to liberty, but he lost his situation in the University.

What cared he?

Lafitte made an offer to admit him into his office. His independence became alarmed. He was grateful to Lafitte, and in his "Conseils de Lise" his scruples will be found. A true poet is a plain speaker, and a plain speaker is a disagreeable subject.

After the publication of "Le Petit Homme Rouge," the Government thought it advisable to pluck a pinion from the wings of the republican Pegasus. In 1828, the songster of "Bon Dieu" was again dragged before the Court of Assize, and condemned to nine months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs.

Béranger's political life, in all its details, it does not enter within our design to sketch. This properly belongs to the modern historian of France. His politics may belong to France, but his fame is world-wide. Many of his best songs have been translated into English, and all who

understand the originals have read them with delight. They have a pith, a freshness and originality, that give them a stamp of true genius.

This much must be said in all sincerity: in consistency of political faith he has approved himself a man. He may have committed errors, but they have been those of the judgment, not those of the conscience. The prison may have restrained his individual liberty, but it has never incarcerated his thoughts. Behind the bars of La Force he wrote as freely and as gaily as in his garret, attired in his old coat.

Republican, he has yet had the courage to reprove the rashness of his republican friends. Never doubting the truth of the principles which he has professed, he has still had the sagacity to perceive that there are times when they may be propounded with advantage, and times when they might be attended with danger to the community.

His autobiography is to be found in his songs. They are the reflex of his inner life. He has said himself, and, we believe, with truth, "Mes chansons, c'est moi."

His generosity is well known. He has long done good by stealth. Many hearts he has comforted—many a tear dried up. It will not be forgotten that, in 1849, he was returned a member of the Constituent Assembly of the Department of the Seine by 20,000 votes. He begged to resign; but, by the Assembly, his resignation was unanimously refused. Again he insisted, and the National Assembly allowed him to retire into the quietude that besuited his years.

Of late years, he had always been writing, but had published nothing. In his portfolio he had some hundred songs which have not yet seen the light, and which he corrected in his hours of inspiration and leisure. He called these his Posthumous Works. One day the reading public may be permitted to peruse them.

He had also been engaged upon a "Biographie des Contemporaines," which, emanating from such an author, would lead us to expect candor and impartiality. His style is flowing, inartificial, and has a precision and purity which defy criticism. The man who was persecuted, was deprived of his bread, who was more than once made the inmate of a prison, lived to find himself respected by political magnates and princes. Churchmen, whom he has not spared, paid their tribute to the poet. The late lamented Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Sibour, paid him a visit in 1849, accompanied by one of his vicars-general. He was a cheerful old man until his last illness, frank and chatty. He committed errors, which he acknowledged; he has done works of mercy, which he concealed.

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT.

BY AN OLD COLONY MAN.

On the opening of the XXVth Congress, in December, 1839, in consequence of a twofold delegation from New Jersey, the House was unable, for some time, to complete its organization, and presented to the country and the world the perilous and discreditable aspect of the assembled representatives of the people, unable to form themselves into a constitutional body. On first assembling, the House has no officers, and the Clerk of the preceding Congress acts, by usage, as chairman of the body till a Speaker is chosen. On this occasion, after reaching the State of New Jersey, the acting Clerk declined to proceed in calling the roll, and refused to entertain any of the motions which were made for the purpose of extricating the House from its embarrassment. Many of the able and most judicious members had addressed the House in vain, and there was nothing but confusion and disorder in prospect.

The fourth day opened, and still confusion was triumphant. But the hour of disenchantment was at hand, and a scene was presented which sent the mind back to those days when Cromwell uttered the exclamation—"Sir Harry Vane! woe unto you, Sir Harry Vane!" and in an instant dispersed the famous Rump Parliament.

Mr. Adams, from the opening of this scene of confusion and anarchy, had maintained a profound silence. He appeared to be engaged most of the time in writing. To a common observer, he seemed to be reckless of every thing around him; but nothing, not the slightest incident escaped him. The fourth day of the struggle had now commenced; Mr. Hugh H. Garland, the Clerk, was directed to call the roll again.

He commenced with Maine, as was usual in those days, and was proceeding toward Massachusetts. I turned, and saw that Mr. Adams was ready to get the floor at the earliest moment possible. His keen eye was riveted on the Clerk; his hands clasped the front edge of his desk, where he always placed them to assist him in rising. He looked, in the language of Otway, like the

"—fowler, eager for his prey."

"New Jersey!" ejaculated Mr. Hugh H. Garland, "and the Clerk has to repeat that—"

Mr. Adams sprang to the floor!

"I rise to interrupt the Clerk," was his first ejaculation.

"Silence—silence!" resounded through the hall. "Hear him—hear him!" "Hear what

he has to say!" "Hear John Quincy Adams!" were the unanimous ejaculations on all sides.

In an instant, the most profound silence reigned throughout the Hall—you might have heard a leaf of paper fall in any part of it—and every eye was riveted on the venerable Nestor of Massachusetts—the purest of statesmen and the noblest of men! He paused for a moment; and, having given Mr. Garland a

"—withering look!"

he proceeded to address the multitude:

"It was not my intention," said he, "to take any part in these extraordinary proceedings. I had hoped that this house would succeed in organizing itself; that a Speaker and Clerk would be elected, and that the ordinary business of legislation would be progressed in. This is not the time, or place, to discuss the merits of the conflicting claimants for seats from New Jersey; that subject belongs to the House of Representatives, which, by the Constitution, is made the ultimate arbiter of the qualification of its members. But what a spectacle we here present! We degrade and disgrace ourselves; we degrade and disgrace our constituents and the country. We do not, and cannot organize; and why? Because the Clerk of this House, the mere Clerk, whom we create, whom we employ, and whose existence depends upon our will, usurps the throne, and sets us, the representatives, the vicereagents of the whole American people, at defiance, and holds us in contempt! And what is this Clerk of yours? Is he to suspend, by his mere negative, the functions of Government, and put an end to this Congress? He refuses to call the roll! It is in your power to compel him to call it, if he will not do it voluntarily. [Here he was interrupted by a member, who said that he was authorized to say that compulsion could not reach the Clerk, who had avowed that he would resign rather than call the State of New Jersey.] Well, Sir, let him resign," continued Mr. Adams, "and we may possibly discover some way by which we can get along, without the aid of his all-powerful talent, learning, and genius. If we cannot organize in any other way—if this Clerk of yours will not consent to our discharging the trusts confided to us by our constituents—then let us imitate the example of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which, when the colonial Governor Dinwiddie ordered it to disperse, refused to obey the imperious and insulting mandate; and, like men—"

The multitude could not contain or repress their enthusiasm any longer, but saluted the eloquent and indignant speaker, and intercepted him with loud and deafening cheers, which

seemed to shake the capitol to its center. The very genii of applause and enthusiasm seemed to float in the atmosphere of the Hall, and every heart expanded with an indescribable feeling of pride and exultation. The turmoil, the darkness, the very "chaos of anarchy," which had for three successive days pervaded the American Congress, was dispelled by the magic, the talismanic eloquence of a single man; and once more the wheels of government and legislation were put in motion.

Having by this powerful appeal brought the yet unorganized assembly to a perception of its hazardous position, he submitted a motion requiring the acting Clerk to proceed to call the roll. This and similar motions had already been made by other members. The difficulty was, that the acting Clerk declined to entertain them. Accordingly, Mr. Adams was immediately interrupted by a burst of voices demanding, "How shall the question be put?" "Who will put the question?" The voice of Mr. Adams was heard above the tumult: "I intend to put the question myself!" That word brought order out of chaos. There was the master mind.

As soon as the multitude had recovered itself, and the excitement of irrepressible enthusiasm had abated, Mr. Richard Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, leaped upon one of the desks, waved his hand, and exclaimed:

"I move that the Honorable John Q. Adams take the chair of the Speaker of this House, and officiate as presiding officer till the House be organized by the election of its constitutional officers. As many as are agreed to this will say *ay*; those——"

He had not an opportunity to complete the sentence—"those who are not agreed, will say *no*"—for one universal, deafening, thundering *ay* responded to the nomination.

Hereupon it was moved and ordered that Lewis Williams, of North Carolina, and Richard Barnwell Rhett, conduct John Quincy Adams to the chair.

Well did Mr. Wise, of Virginia, say: "Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence: "I will put the question myself."

LA BRUYERE says, "When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may be sure the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it."

HONESTY AND TRUST.

THE following beautiful and instructive anecdote is related in the autobiography of Doctor Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, who, in the earlier part of her life, kept a school for children at the old "north end."

"A cousin of mine, in Charlestown, having passed away, it became proper that I should attend her funeral. It was school afternoon. I did not dismiss the scholars, and, as they disliked a monitor, I hit upon the following plan of leaving them: I placed in the chair the large old-fashioned slate (it had been my father's), wrote on it the names of the scholars in the order in which they sat, and arranged the needle-work and reading (for I always had some interesting work read aloud by some elder pupil every afternoon), and then said: 'Now, my children, when the clock strikes five leave your seats orderly; go to my chair, and place on the slate by each of your names a *unit* for good behavior and a cross for bad. When I return, I shall anxiously look at the slate, and in the morning, when you are assembled, I will read the list; but I *trust* in you!'

"On my return, I visited the school-room, and found but one cross on the slate, and that where I least expected to find it—appended to the name of a beautiful, open, bright, brave child, who then promised much for the world, the fact of having rich parents being her greatest drawback. She was the last child in the school I should have thought capable of any misconduct. Well, the next morning came; the list was read; it proved truthful; but when I came to this name I said: 'My dear child, you must explain. Why is this? What did you do?' Looking up to me with those soulful eyes, and speaking with a soulful tone, which ever made her an object of sacred interest, she replied: 'I laughed aloud; I laughed more than once; I couldn't help it, because a slate was keeping school.'"

THE EAR OF FAITH.

"I HAVE seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurs from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation." [Wordsworth.



LAST EVENING WITH ALLSTON.

SEPTEMBER 12.—To-day is the anniversary of the death of Washington Allston.

I wish to recall the last evening I spent with him, about three weeks before he died. I would fain suggest to others, to gather, before it is too late, their reminiscences of those immortal conversations which so many have had with one whose every conversation had the beauty of a work of art, though it was always the unaffected and spontaneous outflow of a nature in which no faculty had been left to grow rank, but all were cultivated harmoniously and faithfully.

I can tell some of the things he said that evening, I think, nearly in his own words; but who could convey the impressions of grace, tenderness, earnestness, courtesy, sympathy, that add their enchantments to my recollections? Only those can understand it who have themselves been under the spell.

VOL. V—26.

In the course of the evening, he had brought out of an old portfolio a dozen little Indian ink sketches; studies for pictures, made in the last century, some of which he had painted, and some he yet purposed to paint.

"I have enough sketches," he said; "indeed, I have work enough planned out in my studio for a hundred years to come. Were I rich, I would open a school as the old Italian artists did, and sketch and finish only, leaving my students to do the rest of the work under my direction."

"Let me tell *that* in Boston," I answered, "and all the money needed to set such a school into operation would be raised and put at your command in a month."

He shook his head, and replied, "I said, 'if I were rich,' not if *Boston* were rich."

"But," I persisted, "Boston is liberal, when a great object is presented; and students would so gladly pay."

He smiled, but still shook his head. "There

is much genius in this country, especially for color—and Morse's Drawing School in New York is quite a good drawing school," he added, dismissing the subject.

We returned to the sketches. I looked over them with admiring eyes, and thought I could, perhaps, possess an *Allston*, in this humbler form. He, perhaps, divined my thought, for he silently took one of the sketches, and, putting his name and date of the sketch (1797) upon the back of it, handed it to me. It is a man in the modern unpicturesque costume, with a hat on, sitting upon a bank; and that is all. But it is markedly an *Allston*, from which it may be seen that it is the management of the light and shade, and a certain delicacy of manipulation which characterize him, for here is no color, that element in which the Italians acknowledged him to be a rival of *Titian*, whom he loved as a master. I was much surprised to find he could express himself at all without it. It proves what he always used to say: "Drawing is the first thing; drawing is the second thing; drawing is the third thing."

He used also to recommend molding. He said he had disciplined his own eye a great deal by molding. Sometimes, in drawing groups, he wished to put a foot or a hand in a certain position, and he molded it, draped it, and arranged the light to copy it on his canvas. He thought it was good for an artist to keep a tub of clay at hand, wet, and ready for use in this way. A friend of mine, who kept a child's school, hearing him say this, put a trough of clay in the corner of the school-room, and some pretty, simple models of hands, arms, feet, animals and vases, on a shelf over it, and allowed her pupils to amuse themselves, in the intervals of A, B, C, with molding. One sculptor was the result of this plan, while it proved a charming means of disciplining the school to order and silence; for no word was allowed to be spoken at the trough, and it was made a reward and privilege to go to it.

In looking over the sketches, Allston said many things about design, and spoke of Spenser, as an inexhaustible source for the ideal artist. He had taken several subjects from the "*Faerie Queen*," and he wanted to take many more.

In considering the exquisite scenes perpetually presented in that poem, and their depth of spiritual meaning, I suggested the moment when the helmet falls from the head of Britomartis, and Sir Artigal's career of victory being turned into defeat, by the dazzling vision of her blushing beauty, he kneels to the champion of Chae-

tity. I told Allston I had my models of the two figures, whom I warmly wished he might see; the lady, beautiful, of majestic form, and yet buoyed up into the lightness of a vision, by her joyous and *spirituelle* maidenhood; with blue eyes full of life, and upper lip slightly curled with that expression of delicate scorn which is the result of a lively mind, but without one particle of malice; a brow on which all the virtues sat; and meshes of golden hair curling round her face, in which all the loves played hide and seek, and nearly reaching, but not quite touching her shoulders: the gentleman, tall and slender, with a military air of ease, black eyes, hair that grew as if he were of the race of the long-haired kings, and a pale face, through which his intellectual soul shone, like a light through an alabaster vase, giving to the severe and delicate features an expression of fiery power, worthy to be kindled in the service of Truth and Justice only, for it seemed to borrow nothing from the material body, over which the spirit had absolute mastery.

Allston was charmed with my description, and said he should be glad to see such beings with his own eyes, as well as through my imagination. I said no; I was telling him, not of the creation of my imagination, but of what was visible to the senses.

"In a certain strict sense," said he, "imagination does not create, it only sees the spiritual creations of God. It was not your senses, but your imagination, that saw what you have described to me; but the visual object was unquestionably there. It can be transferred to the canvas, so as to satisfy you, however, only if the painter sees what transcended your senses."

"Then you think you would do it better, perhaps, if you do not see them?"

"That does not follow," he replied; "for I know you have eyes, as well as imagination. A model helps—not hinders—the artist who knows how to use it. But the object of sense must be his servant, not his master. This is the secret of ideal art. He is not the greatest, who, like some of the Germans that I have seen, go out of nature after impossible forms to express their ideas." And here he murmured, in a recitative, which seemed like the breathings of a flute, the lines of his own poem, inscribed to Mrs. Jamieson:

"Who loves thee, Nature, loves thee not apart
From his own kind; for in thy humblest work
There lives an echo to some unborn thought,
Akin to man, his Maker, or his lot.

Nay, who has found not in his bosom lurk
Some stranger feeling, far remote from earth,
That still, through earthly things, awaits a birth?"

The youth of whom I had spoken was of rather rare metaphysical, inclining to the theology, genius. He had written a little tract, which Allston had read; and allusion to this opened Allston into a field where he loved to expatiate no less than in the regions of fancy—for he was more ideal than fanciful. And he was not used to confine himself to the region of ideality in reference to the expression of it by pictured forms merely.

Allston was profoundly religious; and with him, as with Michael Angelo, *salvation* was the ultimate art of humanity. But, unlike Michael Angelo, Allston sought the expression of the infinite form of human character to the last, without laying aside the fine arts—but, rather, by their instrumentality.

I had never seen the artist when he revealed so much of his personal experience of religion as on this evening. From the same divine region whence came those ideas of beauty which so importunately sought their appropriate forms in the regions of divinely-created matter, yet redolent of their author, came no less importunate beckonings of the Divine Father to his child, making the latter realize all the more that his finite nature was a hinderance. It seemed to me that his sense of this hinderance was too bitter for the individual case. It was the sense of an evil deeper than all transgression. This love of the "perfect, good and fair" was so intense and disinterested, that the *necessary* self-love showed, by the side of it, as a substantive pain, "long, obscure, and infinite."

I cannot recall all the conversation—at least, in its order. We spoke of that pang which the spirit of man experiences only by coming into the beatific vision—of that remorse which has been characterized, by a kindred spirit, as not without its sweetness—

"The joy that is sweetest
Larks in pangs of remorse"—

and he asked what these things signified? He said that when he was in England (either just before or just after his residence in Italy—I forget which it was), the question came to him, "and would not be put by," *Is the memory our spiritual body?*

We had just been speaking of Coleridge's story, in the "Biographia Literaria," of the "girl possessed with a learned devil," that he saw in Germany, to which I added several facts of an analogous nature that I had known personally, and which had tormented me for months; but I told him that at last I had consoled myself with the thought that, unless the *affections* and *will* adopt the evil thoughts and recollections

which constitute a part of memory, the latter must fall off, like the deciduous foliage of the pine-tree.

"True," said he; "but the affections themselves are too often corrupted, and assimilate to what they feed on. Can an evil thought ever come to act, unless it has suborned some affection? It is not the evil thoughts merely, but the evil affections combining with them, or out of which they grow, that make the spiritual body, which death sets free to a sleepless consciousness."

"But does not Christ," said I, "in becoming an object of affection, on account of the perfection which he manifested, kindle our hearts to a pure flame, which burns up all that opposes it?"

"Ah! yes, that is the solution," said he, "to recognize the divinity in Christ; and this was revealed to me—I say *revealed to me*, for I cannot call it any thing else. It was not span out of my brain, *I know*. It was a dim, misty night in November that I was walking in London; the fog enveloped the lamps, so that each looked like a huge bundle of cotton-wool; the air was comfortless; my own spirit was even drearier than the outward scene; a heavy weight was on my heart and in my brain. Then this question of memory and dread of imprisonment in my own self forever, with the sense that it would be a relief to get out of such a dungeon, even into the cold, raw, wretched November, were hardly living, but obscurely burrowing in my brain. Suddenly, there came to me a train of thought, in verse, as if it were whispered by a spirit objective to mine, who made me the automaton of its utterance. I actually uttered it in words, which I subsequently wrote down."

And then he recited, with an expression of reverence which was sublime, those lines that the editor of his works has published under the title of "Atonement":

"Hopeless (alas, of sinful man the lot,
For who may say of sin he knows it not),
If that the thoughts that usher in the will,
In all their myriad hues, may never die!

"'Tis even so—whether of good or ill!—
For what but this the ever-conscious I?

"Then what compunction, agonizing grief!
Alas! it gives not to the soul relief,
That, in herself, no *past* can know, that never
From the Eternal Now one thought can sever.
Ah, no! no partial suicide may drink
Her least of life, whose tenure 'tis—to think.

"What, though as dead, through threescore years or
ten,
Some evil thoughts should sleep? there's no *amen*.
Fresh as new-born, that unremembered thought
Again must wake; nay, even on the very brink
Of some far-distant grave, and there its link

Join to the living chain of self, self-wrought,
Which binds the soul—her fetter and her life—
Her life! the consciousness of fruitless strife.

"Ay, such, oh man! thy wretched lot had been,
Had He forbade not, He who knew no sin,
Who, to his own, the creatures he had made,
Veiling his empyrean glory, came,
Even in their form; who not alone in name,
But palpable in flesh—A MAN—obeyed
The human law; a veritable man,
A second Adam, who again began
The human will; that, to our nature joined,
Obedience of that will should fullness find
In His, the Infinite, Uncreating Mind!

"Oh, blessed truth! in my soul's need I feel
In thee, alone, my everduring weal.
Yet who may hope to reach, or reached, abide,
Unquenched of life, this awful mystery;
The sweat of blood, the nameless agony
That wrought the final doom of sin and death,
Which tumbled from his throne the Prince of Earth,
And gave again to man a sinless birth,
And breathed into his clay a sinless breath?

"No, not to me—of mortal mold—is given
To scan the mystery which no eye in heaven,
Attempted to all deepest things, may read.
Yet who shall make me doubt the truth I need?

"Then, down my soul, from the four furthest towers
Of the four warring winds, call in thy powers
Vagrant o'er earth, with all their reasoning pride,
And here—beneath the cross—their madness hide.
Down to its kindred dust here cast thy store
Of learned ignorance, to rise no more;
For what may it avail thee, if to thee,
When all of sense, like passing air, shall flee,
If to thy dull, sealed ear come not the cry,
'Where now, oh, Death! thy sting; oh, Grave! thy
Victory!'"

In the long silence that followed this recitation, I felt as if I were in the "holy of holies" of his mind. We had risen into that electric sphere which needs no words. This was proved to me when, in answer to my thought, which I certainly did not express in words, he went to a desk and took out a copy of the lines he had just recited, and laid it before me. I read them over and over again, until I had them by heart.

In the course of the evening, I told him a long psychological biography of a young man whom I had known very intimately, who had lived—and nearly died—without any realizing sense of any relation between Jesus Christ and his own soul. This had arisen, as I thought, from the false associations with the name of Jesus which he had had; for he had the truly spiritual longing to be clothed upon with immortality.

Allston listened with the tenderest sympathy as I told him how, in the last days of this youth's life, I read to him Milton's "Paradise Lost," in the conviction that that splendid poem embodied the personal religious experience of the author;

that the war in Heaven was the struggle he had known in his own soul, where "one-third part"—no more—of his spiritual nature had fallen, for a season, under the rebel rule of his own rampant individuality; where, in vain, all the natural powers of the intellect, led by the ideal, personated in Michael (whose very name means ideal of God), contended with selfish propensities, marshaled by a fallen will, originally created to be the highest archangel of the kingdom within; and where the filial sentiment, God's first-begotten, going out of the bosom of the Father, and that alone, was found able to sweep the terrible array from the battle-field of the soul—conquering, without the sign of visible contention, purely by the sheen of its "far-off coming!"

"All this," said I, "he understood intuitively, so true was his intellectual imagination; and when we went on, in the story, to the place where the curse of Adam is put into the mouth of Christ, he stopped me and said: 'What does that mean? Does it not suggest that it is the soul's keenest pang to find that it has been contending against Love in its rebellion, or neglecting Love in its vanity?'"

"He touched the heart of the truth, then," said Allston, with an eager interest; "and did you go on further?"

"Yes," said I; "he was earnest to know what effect Milton wrought out in the human Adam; for he said, now, for the first time, he thought that he saw into the secret of Christianity; and when I came to the part where Adam tells Eve that punishment was the last gift of grace, and proposes that they who had blasphemed joy should accept sorrow, as the dear gift of a redeeming God, he said, with great satisfaction, 'Yes, I understand that.'"

"And how long did he live after this?" said Allston.

"Not long," said I. "It was the last thing read to him. But he was thenceforth peaceful. He had said many times during his sickness, that he had lived for no purpose, to no accomplishment; and it was mysterious, to him, why he had lived at all. This youth had been sacrificed to gain a future of this world that was never to come, and had not educated him for the future of another. Making an application of Milton's doctrine to himself, he said that his sin had been a *presumption upon life*, founded on a feeling of physical strength. 'And do you think,' I asked, 'that to have lived twenty-five years in one mansion of the Father's house, to no other purpose than to be able to enter another, not presumptuous—is it worth living for, and suffering all you have suffered?' After a

long silence, as if he were inquiring into himself, he answered, deliberately, 'Yes?'

The tears stood large in Allston's eyes, and even overflowed, as, with a smile like the morning sunshine, he said: "And he retained this peace?"

"Yes," said I. "He had feared the physical agony of death; but, to the question asked him a little while before he died, by a friend who came in from a distance, whether he had any such fears, he replied: 'I have feared it; but within the last twenty-four hours I have anticipated the end with a glow which reached even my body.'"

"What a remarkable expression," said Allston, with an illuminated face; and it struck me that, perhaps, with his fine organization, he himself had a physical shrinking from death; and we diverged from the subject of my dying friend, to the general subject of death, and to the proofs that the departing soul is not *alone* in the trying hour; but that the spiritual world comes down to the borders of this, and takes the spirit into the bosom of Love at once.

The necessary limits of this paper would not allow me to tell half the things actually said that memorable night, which I enjoyed so keenly that every word was recalled afterward, that I might, if possible, wring from it new meaning. I remember that many trains of thought were let fall, because I was to go again so very soon, and should take them up again. Alas!

And yet, why should I say alas! for this unfinished conversation, like so much else of the rarest and finest of this world's experience, and like his own Belshazzar, is the pledge of immortality. Very precious is the recollection of his delightful collation of facts and words, testifying to the interaction of the two worlds, from the Hebrew and Christian books of prophetic inspiration; also, from the poets of the Christian literature—from dying saints, and the smiles of children, who always meet death so quietly and gladly. He was full of instances.

We talked on till beyond the time when the more darkly superstitious tell us that the troubled spirits of the departed walk the earth; perchance, because when on earth, in the body, they were not apt to peer, as he was now doing, into "the dim delightfulness beyond."

I was to leave early in the morning, and bade him farewell that night. It was, I thought, but an *au revoir*. I never parted with him with such a sense that I should soon see him again, and plunge deeper yet into that communion which seems to me to be part and lot of "the just made perfect."

But when I looked on those features next, the spirit that brightened them, and whose parting footsteps yet consecrated them with beauty, "was above and beyond!"

Seldom have I felt, in a life of many years, the pang, the blank of dreary pain, the sense of what Byron calls "obstruction's sway," that answered to the sudden announcement made to me, on my return from a short journey—ALLSTON IS DEAD!

I had a visit to him in prospect, planned on the memorable last evening, three weeks before. And I was to take with me the two friends, of whom I then had spoken, to sit, as it were—one unconsciously—for a study of the Artigal and Britomartis of Spenser's "Faerie Queen."

At the same time that I was told he was gone, it was added that the funeral was to be strictly private, and I should never look even upon his mortal remains.

But I felt that I must do so. That body which had radiated such beauty—could not I even see that? I asked a relative, and was told that such was the wish of his brother-in-law, whose sensitive and reserved nature naturally sought seclusion for the dead. But I could not acquiesce, and at last my friend said: "If I felt as you do, that it would be even the least consolation to see his remains, I should take the responsibility to go."

I seized the possible chance, and went. As I was passing the bridge between Boston and Cambridgeport, a chaise, pursuing the same direction, stopped, and a near relation of the family told me that Mrs. Allston wished all his friends to come.

I went on. His body was not yet put into the coffin, and directions were given that I should be allowed some time alone in the room. I went in, and lively as was my recollection of the beaming beauty of his living face, my first impression was of a greater and more impressive beauty of the lifeless form.

How majestic that tall figure, as it lay there in his long, white robe! They had bent his arm, and his hand lay on his breast, and had fallen into the attitude of holding a pencil. It seemed as if a smile had just left his features, whose expression had but deepened into an awful depth of joy. Was it not the imprint of the last earthly consciousness, as he looked into the life to come?

I recalled some of those last words that I had heard him utter, recounting the death-experiences of which he had heard, and on which he was pondering. It seemed to me but a continu-

ation of that conversation. What was he thinking now? Is he here? Does he know my thoughts? The idea was oppressive. I have since seen in Tennyson just what I felt:

"Do we, indeed, desire the dead
Should still be near us—at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide;
No inner vileness that we dread?
"Shall he, for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?"

But I could not get up to Tennyson's height of faith, though I did *think*—not feel—that I "wronged the grave with fears untrue," and reason told me "there must be wisdom with great Death," and that my friend was watching, if near me at all,

"With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance."

I then became distressed to think that, in so grand a presence, I should think of myself at all. I felt I was not worthy to look upon that sight.

Years after, a friend told me a story, out of "the memorable relations" of Swedenborg, whose fine meaning would have delivered me, had I known it then, from the distress of that conscious weakness.

Swedenborg says that once, when he was "in the spirit," he seemed to himself to be standing in the vicinity of a group of the disembodied, who, in one of the spheres of the spiritual world, were communicating upon the subject on which his own mind was for the time intent; and that, as he looked, he saw an individual, with thoughtful brow and folded arms, appear among them for a time, and walk round listening, and then disappear; and this happened more than once. He asked the one of the group who seemed to be his guide what this meant, and the reply was: "*That is a spirit still inhabiting an earthly body; but, in his higher hours of meditation, he becomes visible to us.*"

I needed to realize that spiritual proximity has nothing to do with spatial relation, and that just in proportion as I was unworthy, I was hidden from those "purer eyes than could behold iniquity," by the very law of the spiritual world. Thus relieved, I might have risen on the wing of prayer to that sweet presence.

But the shadow of my own opacity lay across my way, and I felt myself, indeed,

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

And, before I had recovered my equilibrium, I was obliged to leave the room.

The company assembled to the funeral; and by and by the coffined dead was arranged for friends to go and take the last look.

It is a fact that he looked better in death than often he had looked in life. Clevenger's bust of Allston was taken just after his recovery from a severe fit of neuralgia, which was the only time Clevenger ever saw him. I saw him, also, at the same time, and can testify that Clevenger, with his usual accuracy, made an exact copy of his emaciated features, as they then appeared. Therefore, the bust looks infinitely more as if he were dead than the real corpse did. That particular disease of the heart of which he died does not emaciate the flesh.

Again and again everybody went and looked, as if "the eyes could not be satisfied with seeing." New persons were arriving until the last moment. But at twilight the procession could be delayed no longer and the fatal lid was closed.

A prayer, full of the faith of immortality, was poured out at the house, by the minister of the Congregational Church in Cambridge, where he attended. Allston was an Episcopalian by birth and education, and he had never formally left that branch of the Church, as he once told me; but he attended the ministrations of a Congregationalist.

The conversation with the friends, which transpired during the several hours before the funeral began, was a recounting of the conversation on the evening of his death.

All his wife's family were at his house to spend the evening. He came in from his painting room, at seven o'clock, more exhausted than usual. He was painting upon Belshazzar's Feast, and this required a perpetual going up and down upon a ladder, as it was necessary to keep going to a distance, to see the effect of his work. But after the refreshment of a cup of tea he revived, and expressed, as was his wont, his hearty enjoyment in the presence of his friends.

Intercourse with Allston was always of a singular freshness. He was very retired in his habits, and his hours of work, whether with the pencil or the pen, were always passed in absolute solitude; also his hours of lassitude or weariness. But when he came into the company of even his most intimate friends, he was in full presence. He always went round and shook hands with each, in delighted recognition, and whenever he parted, even with members of the family, and for the night, it was done with so much sensibility that it would do well for the last time.

It was so that night. The conversation was very

interesting, and ended with the subject of the perfecting of the character. As each parted for the night, there was a kind pressure of the hand, and a cordial expression of the enjoyment he had had in their company, though most of them were to meet him again the next day. To his niece he talked latest; and when she rose to go, he rose, too, laid his hands upon her head, and said: "God bless you. Go on to perfection, my child!" and, stooping, kissed her forehead.

It was the last expression of his thought and feeling. He proposed to sit up and write, and they all left him. He took out his portfolio, but a faint feeling seized him, and he went to his wife's chamber and asked her for a draught of vinegar and water, which, on a former occasion, had relieved the same unpleasant feeling. She came down stairs with him to procure it, and he sat at the table while she was preparing it. When she brought it to him, she thought his attitude singular. She passed her arm round him, and his head fell upon her shoulder heavily. She called out in a startled voice for her sister, who rushed down at her call, and found him dead in the arms of his wife.

Even then, at the funeral, when it was so recent, they were rejoicing that his death was so entirely a mere translation. The sweetness of the last conversation lingered with them, and while they felt that

"The light that never was on sea and land—
The consecration, and the poet's dream,"

had been with them, and was with them no more, and that nothing was left like that which had passed away forever; yet so intense and disinterested was the love he inspired, they could not but ejaculate, in the midst of their desolation, their thankfulness that he had not passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death, but went at once from life unto life!

The procession was at last arranged, and we went on through the golden twilight, which, before we arrived in Cambridge, deepened into night, when the moon and dark clouds contended strongly for the sky. At the moment we arrived at the churchyard in Cambridge, the clouds had gained the mastery, and a deep darkness seemed to brood over the whole scene. When the students of the University came over with torches, and gathered round the open grave, we left the carriages and came to the spot, and the voice of the Episcopal clergyman began the beautiful burial service. As it went on, the clouds broke, and the moon shone down upon us, but soon again closed over—then again shone out; in wonderful consonance to the tone of our feelings, which were now rising on the

triumphant wings of faith, now bowing under the load of sorrow.

Not hired hands, but those of kindred, had laid him in the coffin, and now the same loving hands lifted the coffin into the grave, and covered it with earth. So was consigned the dust of Allston to the dust, and his spirit to him who gave it.

ANDRE CHENIER.*

BY MERT.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

A FEAST-DAY.

At this moment, Paris—which had witnessed every thing, and which may witness the same again—had changed its countenance; the groundwork, undoubtedly, was the same, but the surface presented great variations. Gayety reigned externally; yet the causes of this metamorphosis would appear absurd to us to-day, if our revolutionary experience had not demonstrated to us that Paris is in the habit of trembling or rejoicing for reasons which will be historic mysteries in the calmer days of a distant future.

There were no more clubs, except that of the Jacobins, which was but a branch of the Convention. The streets wore a festive air. The famous decree had just been proclaimed: "*The French nation recognizes the existence of the Supreme Being.*" A series of feasts had been instituted for the *decadis*, as follows:

Of the Human Race, of the French Nation, of the Benefactors of Humanity, of the Martyrs of the Revolution, of Liberty and Equality, of the Liberty of the World, of the Love of Our Country, of the Hatred of Tyrants and Traitors, of Truth, of Justice, of Modesty, of Glory, of Friendship, of Frugality, of Courage, of Sincerity, of Heroism, of Disinterestedness, of Stoicism, of Love, of Conjugal Faith, of Paternal Love, of Paternal Tenderness, of Filial Piety, of Childhood, of Youth, of Manhood, of Old Age, of Misfortune, of Happiness, of Agriculture, of Manufactures, of Our Ancestors, and of Posterity.

The painter David had been charged with drawing up the programmes of these feasts, in accordance with the traditions of the Greeks and Romans.

The Commune and the Jacobins had congratulated the Convention on this sublime decree.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The *Hymn to Virtue* was chanted everywhere; pacific words were in every mouth, and no person dreamed of distrusting a future that was laden with so many festivals.

The removal of the ashes of Rousseau to the vaults of the Pantheon gave the final stroke to tranquillizing the minds of the people.

A new era was commencing. The Republic would henceforth be founded on an immovable basis—as are all those that are founded in France.

Danton and Camille Desmoulins, the only obstacles to progress, having disappeared in a recent tempest, nothing could longer trouble the serenity of the political horizon. In short, as was said by the poets of the times, the age of Saturn and of Rhea was about to return; and Danton and Camille Desmoulins could no longer oppose, by their systematic malevolence, the renewal of the golden age.

They breathed at last—it was time.

Over the frontispiece of the temples they had effaced the words, *To Reason*, and replaced them by the inscription, *To the Supreme Being*; and the sentence uttered by Robespierre, in the session of Pluviose 17, year II—*Virtue is the origin of democratic government*—was read on the walls of many of the public buildings.

It is in this new phase of affairs that we again find the Countess Marguerite at Versailles, beneath the trees of the garden of the Avenue du Tiers; she had returned there with joy and sorrow, two feelings that often go hand in hand.

It was the *decadi* of the *Fest of Happiness*. All Versailles was celebrating Happiness on this day, but with a certain moderation in its enthusiasm. Municipal placards, drawn up in the style of eclogues, invited the citizens to be happy till the setting of the sun; and the faces of the passers attempted to conform to the requirements of the programme. This recalls the lines of the Italian poet, who says that all the happiness of some men consists in appearing happy to others.

Alas! in France it is easier to decree victory than happiness. Yet, if a ray of tranquillity shine out in the midst of political tempests, we seize it on its flight with transport, as the shipwrecked man, engulfed by the waves, eagerly profits by the minute that he floats on the surface, to open his lips for respiration.

Madame de Pressy, despite her want of faith in the revolutionary programmes, drew, nevertheless, some secret consolation from this public feast.

"And then," said she, attempting to deceive herself, "who knows if even these false appear-

ances of tranquillity be not the genuine symptoms of a social amelioration. Much evil has been done already; but those who have done it are now anxious to stop short, and to cause their past to be forgotten by their future. It is impossible to believe that any men can have formed the design of establishing perpetual scaffolds, inundating the public squares with blood, and filling all the prisons with victims. Evil has had its day, good is coming."

And the young woman, after abandoning herself to these reflections, lost herself in her joy. It was but for an instant, yet it was much; she had caught a glimpse of life.

She quitted the garden with the intention of stationing herself behind the blinds of the drawing-room, on the ground floor, to see the company of happy officials pass through the Avenue du Tiers; for the feast was celebrated on the lawn of Satory, at the same place where the races are now held.

As she entered the room which reminded her of the terrible scene of Claude Mouriez, her foot, which was already raised to reach the side of the window, fell as if a serpent had suddenly appeared.

It was simply a letter which seemed to have been thrust through the blind, and which a ray of the sun had, by chance, disclosed to her.

A letter dropped upon the floor of a drawing-room does not seem, at first sight, to be a terrible thing; yet the Countess de Pressy started convulsively, and looked at the piece of paper with a sort of affright—circumstances can give the most insignificant things a high value.

Madame de Pressy gazed for some time at this mysterious letter, without daring to touch it with her hand, and attempted to read the address, which was written in small letters, and in a pale ink like that which is found at inns, from a distance. At length, finding herself alone, she summoned all her courage and picked up the letter to examine it more closely.

The paper burned her hand, and she let it fall like a firebrand. She had recognized the handwriting of André Chénier.

"It is he—it is really he!" cried she; "and how has he discovered my abode? They told me that he had quitted France; and how could he, in a foreign country, have supposed that I could return to this house, under the eyes of Claude Mouriez! Has he learned the removal of Claude? But no journal has spoken of it; probably, he has left to some friend the care of watching over me. And if he has done this—oh! it is because he still loves me—it is because he has always loved me, in mute delicacy, like

a choice spirit! One only watches from a distance over the woman whom he loves!"

Madame de Pressy again took the letter, and, before opening it, she looked at what was passing without, but with the precaution of a woman who wishes to see without being seen. The sidewalks and the road of the avenue were filled with passers, but the Countess discovered no familiar face among them. The crowd seemed to be enjoying the *decade* with quiet happiness, like a Sunday that had been delayed three days.

The Countess Marguerite broke the seal of the letter with trembling fingers, and read as follows:

"MADAME—In the depths of my retirement, I am completely ignorant whether I can pay you a visit without offending against propriety; but I know that if your new position permit you to grant the desire which is a prayer, this day will not be unworthy the festal name which has been given it by a decree of the Convention.

"ANDRÉ.

"Passy, Rue Basse, 15."

This note had a transparent obscurity; and it authorized an answer, because it had the air of asking for nothing.

Let us never compare the acts of tranquil epochs with those of stormy periods; we should expose ourselves to committing too many errors. The Countess did not hesitate an instant; she went directly to her chamber, and, taking a pen, wrote a reply without taking the precautions used in such cases; that is to say, without composing and arranging any of those misty phrases which always displease those who receive them by their studied politeness.

The Countess' note ran as follows:

"To-morrow, at noon, two women will await M. André before the basin of Latona; one of them will grasp the hand of the poet with the greatest pleasure."

This note was carried the same day to the designated address, by Denis, the faithful farmer.

This done, the Countess, whose heart was too full of joy for her to keep it all to herself, hastened to the garden to rejoin the good Angelique, who had long since become her friend; for in the misfortunes of this epoch, it was tried fidelity which suppressed the distance and titles between masters and servants, and not the articles of a law.

Angelique heard all that had just happened, and said, smilingly:

"Will you permit me, Madame, to tell you frankly what I think?"

"Ah! certainly," said the Countess, in a sprightly tone; "if I have confided to you what has just happened, and what I am about to do, it is to know whether your reflections agree with mine. Fear nothing; say all you think—you will not offend me."

"Well, Madame, since you authorize me to speak freely, I am going to abuse your permission."

"Abuse it, Angelique!"

"You will see, Madame. Well, I can see the course of events from here. When your time of mourning shall have legally expired, you will take a third marriage name, and—"

"Angelique," said the Countess, interrupting her, "this is precisely the thing which you ought not to have said."

"But, Madame, I warned you."

"Yes, that is true; and, indeed, my good Angelique, your remark does not surprise me; every one, after having been authorized, would have made it in your place—except you, notwithstanding."

"Ah! excuse me, Madame. I do not clearly understand your remark; please to give me an explanation."

"Reflect a moment," said Marguerite, sadly.

"Yes, Madame, I have reflected, and for a long time. This is not the first time that this idea has occurred to me. Come! what is there extraordinary in it? This young man loves you—and such love! these poets do not love like common mortals! He loved you first as a widow; then, he retired before M. de Pressy—he even completely disappeared. This was real love, for it was joined with respect. Afterward, God willed that you should be again in the liberty of widowhood. Well! this young man proves to you that he has never forgotten you; and, certainly, he comes with the most honorable intentions to the widow of the Count de Pressy."

The Countess Marguerite shook her head sadly, folded her arms across her breast, and said, in a voice choked by emotion and tears:

"Angelique, my love is fatal; I have been twice widowed, but by two thunderbolts. Those who love me seem destined to perish by violence. I wish to see André Chénier once more; but then—oh!—I shall never see him again! My love is fatal—believe it, Angelique!"

"How can you speak thus, Madame," said Angelique, clasping her hands; "you offend God!"

"Angelique," replied the Countess, "I am offended with no one but myself; and to-morrow I dread, if I am forced to it, I dread offending André Chénier."

(To be concluded in the November Number.)

FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY?

NONSENSE ; it is nothing of the kind. And the best way to prove this, if we would only take the trouble so to do, is to collect and adduce groups of instances in which joys and successes, happy enterprises, fortunate determinations, world-improving schemes, have been initiated on Friday. Do not, good reader, deem this process of proof beneath you ; it is always worth while to remove prejudices ; for to show the fallacy of aught that is untrue, is to render due allegiance to that august lady who is said by some learned men to "live at the bottom of a well."

Not that we can ever remove such prejudices entirely. To whatever subject science has not yet reached, there luck and ill-luck maintain a sovereignty in popular belief. Lucky numbers have had a prodigious reputation ever since the days of the astrologers and long before. Three, four, five, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, twenty-one, all have had advocates, as being numbers to which certain special attributes pertain. Number seven had a long reign, but it is being gradually deposed ; for the talk of seven metals and seven planets will no longer accord with the discoveries of modern times. We know—indeed the number of such believers is still considerable—a person of education and general good sense, who would refuse to sit down at table if the number of diners were thirteen ; he would rather have a domestic servant included among the guests, or would go without his own dinner, or would retain a supplementary guest at hand for exigencies, than be placed under the cloud of the dreaded thirteen. Ask him why ; he can only say it is "unlucky." Ask him why it is unlucky ; he can only say, "because it is." In the old days of lotteries, when it was optional in the purchaser to select a ticket of any particular number, the theory of lucky and unlucky numbers was in full power. Some adventurer in the lottery would select the number representing his own age ; another, the current year of the Christian era ; another, the year in which he was born ; another, the number of pounds in the greatest prize ; another, a number revealed to him in a dream.

The Spectator discourses of a nonconformist, who, being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, selected 666 against any other number, because it is the number of the Beast. Lotteries are now dead by law in England ; but let us only look down the advertising columns of the sporting newspapers, and consider how astounding is the credulity there implied ; seeing

that men will give money to knavish charlatans for the expression of a *guess* concerning the name of the horse that will win in the forthcoming Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger race. If a man would toss heads and tails with himself, it would be better, for the guess would be just as good, and he would save the charlatan's fee ; but, in either case, it is a relic of the old feeling, a belief in lucky numbers or lucky names.

Certain days of the year have had celebrity, either as lucky or unlucky days ; sometimes only in the thoughts of individuals, but occasionally throughout wide circles of society. There was a queer little volume published two centuries ago—something midway in character between Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, and the *Young Man's Best Companion*—in which it is said : "Six dayes of the year are perilous of death ; and, therefore, philosophers forbid men to let blood on them, or take any drink ; that is to say, January 3, July 1, October 2, April 30, August 1, December 21. These six dayes with great diligence ought to be kept, but mainly the latter three, for all the veins are then full If any child be born in these latter dayes they shall die a wicked death."

In an old Roman calendar, on the 13th of December, prognostications of the weather were drawn for the whole year. Another old weather-book asserts that the feast of St. Barnabas, and the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude are often tempestuous days. A writer of the Elizabethan times enumerated no less than sixty "unlucky" days in the year ; the month of January was especially unfortunate in this matter ; for the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 10th, 15th, 17th, and 29th days of this month were included in the doleful catalogue. The ancients had their *dies albi* and *dies atri*—"white days" and "black days." St. Augustine, in commenting on a passage in St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians, says that it was meant to apply to those persons who regulated their conduct by reference to the particular day of the month, or to the age of the moon, or to the relative positions of the planets, or to the year being leap year, etc.

There are many old missals and breviaries, produced before the days of printing, which contain a sort of calendar in Latin, enumerating the days in the year which are to be regarded as unlucky ; these are January 1 and 7, February 3 and 4, March 1 and 4, April 10 and 11, May 3 and 7, June 10 and 15, July 10 and 13, August 1 and 2, September 3 and 10, October 3 and 10, November 3 and 5, December 7 and 10 ; all kinds of miseries—swords, slaying, dying, blood, wounds, drinking to death, treach-

ery, malaria, serpents' venom, scorpion's sting—are associated with these days. To our perplexity, however, the unlucky days do not at all accord with those given by the Elizabethan writer. A treatise was published in 1687, with the sole purpose of proving that the 14th of October is a lucky day, because "our magnanimous, magnificent sovereign, James II, was born upon that augural day;" because that day

"Gave the Norman Duke

That victory when he England's scepter took;"

because Edward III safely landed on that day, after his tempestuous voyage from France; because the siege of Calais, by the French king, was frustrated on that day; and because on that day, in 1557, a treaty of peace was signed between Rome, France and Spain.

When a date is said to have some connection with a particular state of the weather, the assertion is worthy of a little more attention; since modern meteorologists have found themselves justified in looking out for meteors on certain days in August and November, and since the sun's place in the ecliptic may have much to do with the weather; therefore, when it is stated that the feast of St. Barnabas, and that of St. Simon and St. Jude (June 11 and October 28), are likely to be stormy days; or when it is stated by Dr. Foster, in his *Perennial Calendar*, that the 15th of September is fine in six years out of seven—the assertion may possibly rest rather upon science than upon superstition.

Particular days of the week, again, have had their lucky and unlucky attributes in the minds of some persons. Stow remarks that Thursday was connected with many disastrous events in the career of Henry VIII and those of his line. A book published during the reign of Charles I, discoursed on the unlucky characteristics of three Mondays in the year—namely, the first Monday in April, as that on which Cain was born and Abel was slain; the second Monday in August, as that on which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed; and the last Monday in December, as that on which Judas was born.

In the old "Statistical Account of Scotland," under the heading of "Logierait in Perthshire," the inhabitants of the parish are spoken of as being prone to the belief in lucky and unlucky days. "The day of the week on which the 14th of May happens to fall, for instance, is deemed unlucky through all the remainder of the year. In fevers, the illness is expected to be more severe on Sunday than on other days of the week; if easier on Sunday, a relapse is feared." In the parish of Kirkwall, the same authority states that many of the inhabitants "will neither go

to sea in search of fish nor perform any sort of work at home," on certain days of the year. In Caithness, "no gentleman of the name of Sinclair will put on green apparel, or think of crossing the Ord, upon a Monday. They were dressed in green, and they crossed the Ord upon a Monday, on their way to the battle of Flodden, where they fought and fell in the cause of their country, almost without leaving a representative of their name behind them. The day and the dress are accordingly regarded as inauspicious. If the Ord must be got beyond on Monday, the journey is preferred by sea." Supposing these statements to be true, in reference to the time when Sir John Sinclair collected the materials for his valuable work, it would be interesting to know whether the subsequent period has been marked by any changes in the popular belief in question.

But Friday is the unlucky day, *par excellence*, according to the opinion of the million. Singular, indeed, is it to notice how wide-spread is this credence or credulity. Some writers, who claim to know all about the chronology of early events, even to days and hours, tell us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and died on Friday; hence, the inauspicious characteristics of that day. Others have picked out a few Fridays, in connection with events and persons at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and have made poor Friday responsible forever afterward. For the greater part, however, the dictum has been accepted without any troublesome inquiry into the cause or authority; we know that the cat breaks every thing, no other culprit coming forward; and, on some such principle, Friday is selected as a scapegoat among the days of the week.

The Spaniards have a pretty general opinion that it is unlucky to begin any enterprise on a Friday; and the Finlanders couple that day with Monday, in the same bad list. The "Statistical Account of Scotland," already quoted, tells us that, half a century ago, in some parts of Banffshire, "few persons would choose to be married on a Friday." Richard Cœur de Lion was killed on a Friday; and the event was chronicled in a ballad, in which Friday is frowned upon for evermore. A Shropshire adage holds the balance evenly between this day and the other days of the week; for it announces that Friday has always either the *best* or the *worst* weather in the week. Seamen are the most redoubtable defenders of the ill-Friday theory; they generally dislike to start for a voyage on that day; and some of the bluff old admirals and captains are believed to retain the prejudices, in this matter,

imbibed in the early days when they served before the mast.

In 1848, it was whispered, at one of the English ports, that the port-admiral had delayed the departure of a ship in the Government service for one day, in order that Friday might give place to the better-omened Saturday. If you tell a seaman this is pure nonsense, he will quote you instances in abundance. He will adduce the case in which, to disabuse sailors of their prejudice, a shipowner caused a ship to be laid down on Friday, launched on Friday, sent forth on her first voyage on Friday, and placed under the command of a captain named Friday. The ship was never again heard of. He will tell you that the West India mail-steamer Amazon left Plymouth, on her first voyage, on Friday, Jan. 2, 1852, and was burnt to the water's edge, with a loss of one hundred and fifteen lives; and that the troop-steamer Birkenhead, which left Southampton on that very same day, was wrecked in her voyage, with a loss of four hundred and fifty-four lives. He will tell you that one of the survivors of the Amazon joined the ship on a Friday, procured his register-ticket on a Friday, received his appointment on a Friday, left London in the ship for Plymouth on a Friday, and sailed from that port on a Friday, and that a foreboding of disaster arose in his sailor-mind when the list of Fridays came to his recollection.

But what the sailors have *not* told, and what the ill-Friday believers have not cared to inquire about, is the number of disasters that occur upon, and are associated with, the other six days of the week. Let them give poor Friday fair play, and he will come up to a level with his companions. If it be a catalogue of shipwrecks, burnings, or other disasters, why not inquire whether such do not occur on the other days of the week in as large number as on Friday? If it be a list of fortunate or happy events, why not search candidly for a fair seventh of these on Fridays?

The Great Mogul, Aurungzebe, is said to have exclaimed: "Oh that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he that dieth on that day!" But as we do not know why he adopted this theory, we can say nothing further about it. As an example, however, of the mode in which a sensible person may upset a stupid prejudice, we will quote a passage, showing that America, at all events, has had no reason to consider Friday an unlucky day:

"On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land; on Friday, January 4, 1493, he

sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent; on Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America; on Friday, June 13, 1494, he—though unknown to himself—discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII of England gave to John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America—this is the first American state-paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

We have not verified these dates; but, supposing them to be correct, they certainly send Friday up to a premium, so far as America is concerned. But we do not want any premiums. All we ask is—*fair play for Friday.*

THE SUBLIME AND THE INFINITE.

BY ANTHROPOS.

"I had a dream that was not all a dream."

MAY I tell you something of myself? And yet, why should I desire to do so? Neither the first nor the final cause of this inclination has been revealed to me, save in some inklings which my reason may not have properly interpreted. He who can fathom neither the *whence*, the *wherefore*, nor the *whereunto* of his own being, may be pardoned for ignorance respecting some minor facts. I shall however, offer to make you confidant touching some things I love. Why I love them is a problem to me; but suppositions about

this I may intimate before I stop. It is curious that now I delight in seeing words grow beneath the pen; anon, finding sufficient good in bread and the reddening fruits that drop, like constellated miracles, out of the sky of Summer; then, in the warm pressure of a hand, or the silent conversation of glistening eyes; and, again, in straining my vision to catch the faintest object that almost baffles its search over the dim horizon, or in retiring within the echoless corridors of thought, and there watching the spent forms of millions of years that go dropping, dropping, over the brink of time—and, like sand-grains that trickle, one by one, through the glass, sending out ceaseless ripples of inaudible, melancholy music to course without end down the surface of the great, silent, and boundless sea.

I do not know; this composite frame—interknit of thought, sensibility, and passion—sits heavily on me at times. But it has large redeeming qualities. Of all the pleasures it makes possible to me, far above the least is that springing up at the sight or contemplation of things broad, grand, boundless, infinite in magnitude, or unfathomable in profundity. A far-stretching prospect, such as one looks on for an hour, after clambering to the top of a mountain, and is then not satiated; or such as breaks suddenly on the traveler when the smooth surface of a lake, or the cordon of cleared and tilled farms, reaches away between bordering forests on either hand, until the objects that bound the vista shrink to Lilliput dimensions, and borrow the blue of the sky—what is more noble to the sight, or more absorbing in thought?

When the storm-god encamps in the sky—when he pushes fast forward his dark aerial redoubts, and urges his battalions on toward the zenith—when the flash and roar of his artillery mock the puny spectacle of human battles—when we start with the strange surmise that perhaps the unseen charge and aim above, sympathetic with the subtle attraction, may even now be creeping through our frame that shall mark us the victim of the next fatal bolt—then, doubtless, the scene is more grand than that presented by the quiet, outstretched earth; but it is also more terrible. It is a sublimity of dread, and not of wonder and love. So of the march of the tornado, or of the flood, and of the storm that hunts the dismantled bark at sea. So of the wide-boiling surf, with its din overtopping all human sound, and its rushing spray snatching and arresting a human breath as it would toss a leaf or drown an insect in the surge; and so of the portentous mutterings of the volcano or the earthquake, of the rain of molten rocks

and sulphurous fire by that, or the convulsions that rend the earth into gaping chasms, and swallow cities and histories, and the promises of labor and growth, in this.

But not as of these is the grandeur that rises on the eye in the broad view of forests and plains, or of hill or mountain tops, or of cities teeming with concentration of life. Secure on some commanding height, how we look instinctively for the horizon, and note with satisfaction how far it has been pushed out, and out, away so distant that the scattering trees on the remotest hill-top seem little more than occasional dark lines traced against the verge of the sky. And, then, if we look upward, how the sky itself has been lifted up, and spread out on every side, like a blue tent suddenly amplified a hundredfold, to accord with the nobler dignity of its new inmate. No longer does the azure dome fall close and confining, just beyond the nearest wood; it has been lifted so far away that the child who believes he could climb its inviting heights to Heaven would despair of reaching it, and resign himself to exclusion from the paradise of his dreams. How large the world is! There, and beyond that, and yet again further on, run the series of fields, and homes, and highways; then, fields again, and forests; and then, the whole is repeated—how many times within this visible circle of the fertile bosom of our wondrous planet! How many homes! And every one of these—what a focus of hopes, and labors, and influences, and destinies! How many human beings live within this magic circle, that is carpeted with dyes of emerald, and canopied with a blue that baffles the imitator's skill! Woods may be waving gracefully to the wind almost at our feet, but we pay little heed to them. We have larger work now. We prefer the forest that *bounds the scene*, because it tells us of the largeness of our nature and of our powers—none the less so that this panorama of so many miles diameter really exists in our thought only as it is painted in the visual camera, within a miniature field, half an inch in breadth. Our thoughts are with the mighty, swinging planet; with the endlessly-repeated experience of human hearts, that find themselves, so strangely, chained to the possibilities of its surface; with the great facts of society, commerce, education, custom, and law, that grow up out of our being here. Even under the glance of our eye, are so many pulsating hearts, so many toiling heads—each a vortex, around and into which course incessantly the waves of interest, desire, and fruition, like the whirling waters of fabled Charybdis. One looks on this, and for the moment grows

larger of insight, of charity, of purpose. Happy are the dwellers of the plain—fruitful of wealth and comforts; but happier the dwellers of the mountain—fruitful of large-heartedness, of the sublime in sense and thought.

I rank it my misfortune that my earliest impressions were received in a level section of country. This was, however, compensated in part by the proximity of a picturesque beach and inlet of Lake Ontario. How many hours I spent profitably on that pebble-strewn shore—thrifty, “pattern” parents would have said as a vagabond—but, as I now know, drinking in, in the chance happy moments of careless hours, the elements of beauty and sublimity—planting the germs of unutterable thoughts and consolations against the dark hours of life and struggle. Thus far they—the inherent ideal, the grand in actual nature, the beautiful in possibility—have borne me triumphantly through. And I have seen days of terrible teaching, and listened, but as a conqueror, to fierce inward promptings. Oh parents! let God educate your children in part, at least. Let them walk at large sometimes, among the suggestions and influences that Nature, whether in her aspects of wildness, or power, or productiveness, or beauty, showers like a dew on the young heart. Equip them with a guiding love of truth, and nobleness, and excellence; and then cramp them not within the lines of the paternal domain, nor cut them down wholly to the pattern of a school, nor over-zealously reproduce in them the *imperfection of your own life*, which is too apt to become the prominent characteristic of your training!

My youth, I have said, was spent on the plain; but since I passed the gateway that youth opens to all excellence, I have seen mountains, and stood where range after range of green hill-tops covered the visible earth, looming from every side on the eye like gigantic billows congealed on the bosom of ocean in a storm. I had a favorite hill, to the summit of which wound a lonely path, under arching trees, and beside jutting rocks. One quiet Autumn day I walked to its top, to look once more over the far-reaching landscape, and to see the Autumn sun set behind a larger horizon than that of the valley. Arrived, I feasted again on the pleasures of sight and reflection. But to the long walk and the strain of attention succeeded weariness; and, aided by the undisturbed stillness of the place, this invited sleep. When fatigued, I often dream of flying. I mount up with astonishing ease and celerity, by effort of the hands alone; and always at such times I am not less surprised than delighted at my new-found power. On this oc-

casion the curious consciousness of flight returned. Upward I rose, buoyant with delight, scanning the prospect from a new and more favorable position. I rose very high, noting with pleasure how my horizon enlarged, and how new objects came into view, and new rings of visible surface were added to the picture below me.

Soon, strange thought! I saw that the picture was changing—the earth was passing from beneath me, and I was not returning; nor did I desire to do so. Further and further it receded, until small objects disappeared, and the features of continents and oceans came into view; then the latter shone like sheets of burnished silver, and the former lay like the pretty embroidery of an hour’s leisure, on a shining stuff, or like the innocent tracings of a schoolboy’s map. The sounds, the smoke of a thousand hearths, the evidences of labor and of conflict, had retreated far beyond the grasp of sense. Then I saw that the size of the departing earth had grown rapidly less—less; the lines of land and water fused slowly into one; the former was no longer distinctly dark, but the whole took on a light hue, brightening and lessening, till it shone out clear as a brilliant star, then sunk further into the blue depths, and paled, and glimmered faintly, and went out!

I was alone in space. But, as we are not all philosophers in dreams, I forgot that the atmosphere, too, had departed as the vesture of the departing planet, and I still breathed freely; nor did pain or uneasiness of mind follow the loss which I had so vividly realized. New wonders called my eyes above me, and on every side. The sun—that sun which I knew was in the chain of physical causes my father, as the fertile earth was my cherishing mother—was departing also. Less and less it grew, shining brightly and cheerily, like a large eye looking benignantly out from the depths of the engulfing space; though this was now no longer a blue canopy, but a black abyss on every hand. The sun, too, departed; and now I was in the presence of, not one, but an amphitheater of suns. If I could have fancied myself, for the moment, a victorious gladiator, what an audience of piercing eyes had I gazing down on me! But fancy had no room where fact was stupendous and absorbing. Not the lost sun of my own system only, but all the suns within nearer distances of me were apparently hurrying away in the same direction in which the former had departed; and, at first, I had little conception how swiftly. Long I seemed a fixed point, with the universe fleeing away from me. Then came a consciousness of sinking, and I saw that my pre-

vious idea was an illusion. The universe had not been hurled from its balance; but I was rushing, as if by some infernal gravitation singling out and sweeping away me only of all things that existed, away from the familiar fields of space—from the embrace of the circling galaxy—that vast hoop studded with luminaries that had so often fixed my boyish wonder in the contemplation. I saw the pleiades shoot away into the profound, a minute nebula, and then a single glimmering point of light, and then a blank. Sirius grew pale and vanished; Arcturus and Orion, and all the constellations had early changed their form and become undistinguishable; and now, even their component stars were going out—not one by one, but phalanx after phalanx, over one-half the discernible sphere of space, as ranks of migrating birds dip within the azure that lights their way to calmer-flowing streams, and richer clustering fruits, and Summer-smiling skies. Then, first, a pain, deep and terrible, came over me—the pain of memory, and love, and despair.

Onward the trooping suns fled, pauseless and inexhaustible. Painful thoughts could not survive in the midst of such grandeur. I became absorbed in what was passing about me, and began to note some peculiarities of the celestial pomp. I was amazed to see that I had passed now wholly without that vast cluster or nebulae of suns to which the familiar luminary of my own planetary system belonged, and of which the Milky-way is the jeweled rim. But other nebulae were approaching, and in the vast interspace between them were sparsely sown a few orbs, fixed at inconceivable distances. All this time had elapsed, and yet I had entered the immediate confines of no new planetary system. My course did not seem bent from a straight line; but with the immense distances intervening between contiguous orbs, even those that seemed moving directly upon me opened apart as they approached, and gave me a broad passage. The new cluster approached, spread out, opened widely, rushed forward with surprising velocity, closed beyond me, and for a brief space I was in the midst again of one of the mighty constellations traced, not on the schoolboy's or the astronomer's map, but within far-succeeding strata whose number is infinity, that parcel out the domain to which God himself could not set bounds.

So the sun-clusters came and went. And I noticed, with no small satisfaction, that in all of them there was a repetition of very much the same facts. It was evident that light and gravitation—and hence, we must suppose, the other forces that inform and animate worlds and sys-

tems—were the same here on the confines of existence, as within that gigantic cluster which to me had been the very heart and penetralia of Nature's achievements and mysteries. Here, as there, shone suns with a pure, white radiance, and others of all the hues disclosed by the prism—suns azure, and red, and golden and purple. Here, too, were so-called multiple stars, two, three, four, bound in closer embrace, mutually circling round each other, and leading their worlds, if worlds they were attended by, in a mazy dance of orbits, and seasons, and culmination and recession of life and endeavor, compared with which the fabled labyrinth were a straight and undoubted pathway. Here, too, where the combination of stars was double only, appeared the singular fact that the color of one of them was the complement of that of the other—if one was red, the other was green; if one was blue, the other had an orange cast. Here, too, were the variable stars—luminaries blazing up at one period with intense brilliancy, and paling again until they almost or quite expired; in the latter case, curiously seeming to dart with more than usual rapidity into the black depths; in the former, appearing as if lingering among their companions, or even coming back for a brief period to accompany the wanderer out of the domain of the visible creation. Here, too, at long intervals, I passed those prodigious dark orbs, seen only on a near approach by the faint illumination of the trooping suns, and whose massive bulk, no point nor modest shield of light, overlaid a vast circle of the abyss, as would the dark bosom of the earth to one who was not, as here, at an immense distance, but quite within the length of her diameter.

The sun-clusters came and went; I shot through their midst, a speck lost in vastness, coming not near enough to one of those myriads of luminaries to study its character, the cause of its light or heat, or whether its attendant worlds were barren wastes, or teeming with the mysteries and the possibilities of life. And now, far down in the interminable depth through which I was hastening, a new and remarkable brightness showed itself. It grew broader and spread widely on every side, brilliant, beautiful, scintillating in quick flashes of various colored light. Was I approaching the central point of universal space? Was this some vast field of sun-dust soon to resolve itself into gigantic orbs, grander than any I had yet seen? The latter supposition, at least, proved true. Soon the sea of brilliancy parted, shivered into a million furnace-gleaming spheres, launching a

blinding but rich and softly colored radiance through space. And now they covered one whole hemisphere of my vision—so massive, so bright! I felt they must be close at hand; but it was not so. Long I flew toward the center of the blazing host, and yet their approach was only proved by increase of size and power. I had been a melancholy lover of starlit nights, and though not much given to living ever in the same round of thought, yet seldom can I look upon the full, pale, blue firmament, twinkling with living points of light, without repeating Virgil's inimitable description of the skyward observation of the gray pilot, *Palinurus*,

"Sidera cuncta notat tacito latentia celo."

"Gliding through the silent heaven!" I repeated; and at thought of what Virgil might have said, had he looked on what I then beheld, I uttered the feeling of wild delight that rose within me in a laugh that startled me, with its long resonance, as it went swaying, sinking, and swelling down through the black profound. It was horrible, and an alternate shudder and awe ran through me, as I saw how little was human wisdom and triumph. But now the bright orbs came up to me; on this side and on that, they marched swiftly on, not glittering points, but broad disks, grand as the sun I had formerly beheld at its noonday culmination, and hurling through the ether beams like flashing lightnings. I closed my eyes; I seemed annihilated. By some strange law of contrasts, my mind reverted to thoughts of the soft, purple light of violets that I had seen long since growing by whispering rivulets in the deep shade of woods, and to the miniature rainbows that had greeted many a morning ramble, sparkling forth from hanging drops of dew. But this majesty, this vastness and intensity, were too much for me. Resignation took the place of curiosity; and memory brought her treasures to my relief, on the very verge of threatened extinction.

Long after, I looked again—what was my tenfold amazement? Not a sun, not a nebulous cloud, not a point of light was visible! Above, below, on either side—but it was in vain! I seemed no longer moving; but rather at rest, as if reclining on an impalpable moss-bank, or stretching myself on an invisible cloud—a couch that gave back perfect support, without possessing form or substance. Little did I think I had thus been seated, as if in Nature's stupendous theater, to be a solitary spectator of the grand pantomime of the ages. At that moment what were my thoughts?—buried as I was in the infinite darkness, and vacuity, and solitude, and silence.

There! there!—see a point of light breaking, above, away, so far back into the unfathomable fastnesses of space that, though but a point, it revealed to me with a terrible vividness some grasp of the measure of immeasurable space. Slowly, and how long, down the side of the black inane, came this point of light, still so far above; and now I saw that it formed, as it advanced, a permanent trail—a luminous pathway; and just over it, as it came on, burst out successively, at equal distances, small bright stars; and as every star appeared, a sound rolled through and shook the whole concave of far-reaching darkness, as if an iron tongue, more huge than a ship's mast, struck the hour on some bell in dimensions like a massive hill, and caused it to shudder under a blow of transcendent energy. Onward still, but as if never fairly to emerge from the depths in which it had its rise, came the luminous track. Perhaps it was my impatience, but it seemed as if centuries rolled away, and yet the advancing front was away so far as when, in those terrene nights, one should strain the eye to catch clear vision of the faintest star. So distant, yet so marvelously distinct! And now, dim-seen forms grew to something of shape and method in the field of the widening trail of light. There was first a moving cloud—a vortex of faintly glittering dust. That condensed slowly into a glowing ball, and then threw off successive blazing fragments, that went their way. The giant hours still tolled; the residue of the glowing ball sunk from the view, and one of the previously dissected parts, it seemed, came in its place. Of this, convulsions tore the surface; flames leaped from rifts in its fretted sides; black clouds rolled up and veiled its face. The giant hours tolled on—the clouds rolled away—a rainbow spanned the retreating mantle of gloom. There was greenness on the once-tortured hill-sides, and a gleam of sunlight glancing on the surface of broad and quiet waters; the starry waymarks were now myriads in number, each so far only from the last; and the clangor of the iron tongue rolled at measured intervals down the long declivity, but sunk in a sort of unquiet, audible silence at its base.

I felt that Time was enacting one of his tragedies before my gaze. A spirit of interpretation seemed born on the instant within me; and all my senses were purged and clear. It was the *birth and biography of a world* that was being played in pantomime before me; and that world, I felt, my own. "Terra! loving, mystical planet-home!" I said, "shall I learn thy secret? or pierce the purpose of the maze of

human experiences?" Watching, I saw where ephemeral vegetation gave place to stately forests; then animal life appeared, and went through its countless transformations; and then, as I noticed with surprise how near the front of the unrolling history had reached my own level in space, suddenly appeared man and woman; and thereafter the work of creation appeared complete. Then I saw in the light-path the history of my kind slowly unraveled. I may not reveal it; for the Infinite Love and Wisdom has conditioned man's growth in knowledge on the sweat and struggle of his reason. But I may mention some of the things I saw.

The luminous highway came closer to my own level; how vastly broad it had now grown! What millions of lives stood revealed in some undefined way in that radiance; what intricacy and involvedness of all life and experience were represented through the workings of the scene! And now, the present age—broadest, deepest, most inexplicable of all; and so readily recognized. Beyond this the widening path of light, the outlooking sentinel stars, the booming of the iron tongue went on, and on, and on forever—down so deep that the eye convulsively closed with straining after its course, and the brain reeled at a glimpse of the immeasurable vastness. But below that section which showed the present age, *all was blank*. The secret of a world was safe! and my irrational curiosity rebuked.

The ages-picture grew plainer, and I was more than ever surprised at the marvelous compass of my vision, which saw at once so almost infinitely far, and so widely, and yet clearly distinguished so many minute things. There, far back among the ages, was the slender stock of the now multitudinous, turbulent, and importunate human kind. As my eye slowly passed down the successive periods, the progeny grew in numbers with astonishing rapidity. I looked on the one thousand millions of the present; my faculty of number as well as my sight had received so great an extension that I comprehended the enumeration. Nay; I performed a *summation of the series* backward to its *first term*, when *two only souls* strove to comprehend what to them was a boundless and mysterious habitation. Would you know how many were there? Multiply a millionfold the "Autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa;" count the drops in ten cubic miles of ocean. So many souls? So many passed from the "stage" already? Where and what are they now? How terribly the possible complicates and intensifies the known! But what is the mundane and supramundane pur-

pose of this lineage, so widely spreading, so intensely self-preservative, at such expense and outlay renewed and perpetuated? The enigma which poets and philosophers have wrought at—the riddle which defied the ideal Faust, because it defied the real Goethe—presented itself before my mind; and I sought its solution in the study of man and his activities—in vain there, as elsewhere. *I became more convinced, as I gazed, that life is a thing which will forever repay, but never yield to, analysis.

Down from the long light-slopes came now a breezy murmur. Then it grew on the ear, as if a wind tossed rudely the leaves of a forest, and in the interim large rain drops fell, and the roar of a cataract came in their pauses, and the thunders of a surf-beaten shore swelled and sunk ever as a mournful accompaniment, and the quick, heavy booming of artillery broke in momentarily above the whole. Then, louder and faster the sounds came, alternately strengthening and confounding each other, till the very air seemed thick, hot and vivid with an overmastering energy; and the tumult so strained my nerves that I cried out, and would, if I could, have leaped to my feet and fled. Then the monitor within said, "Be quiet; it is ever so; the ripples of the aerial ocean never cease over man's head; they pulse up to the ether like quick-coming echoes from the rushing circles of a maelstrom. This is but the reflex of passion, and endeavor, and joy, and pain, and laughter and oppression, and bravery and slaughter, and of sympathy, too, that comprehends and gathers of all to the harvest of the ever-coming and better time." How the ferment thickened and involved itself under my eye, and how the multifarious clangor swelled on the ear, language would fail me to tell. There were intelligence and reckless ignorance moiling side by side; and if that one gathered faster than this scattered, I saw a smile of triumph light his features, as if he had achieved a positive and enduring good. There, unconscious sleep breathed calmly beneath bending poppies; while on this side agonizing labor sweat and groaned, and on that murder poised a glittering blade for the unseen blow. Everywhere childhood leaped with an exulting bound into life; and children were from before the days of Memnon or of Orpheus, as now, flaxen-headed prophets singing vaticinations of coming excellence and good—vaticinations never to be fulfilled! Everywhere youths and maidens modestly looking askance, weighed down beneath a new necessity, exalted into a new happiness, torn by antagonistic attractions—the intellect ever realizing most keenly the high

guerdon in store for philosophic calm and self-separation at the very moment when the mastered sense stoops lowest to the behests of life and its perpetuity. Infinite modesty and truth, infinite self-devotion and sacrifice, infinite raptures and pangs! How strange to note the blush that, as to-day, crimsoned the cheek of damsels in the times of Belus and of Thor; and how still more strange the lesson thence to be drawn. How important is the human type, when eternally such safeguards are thrown about it to secure purity at its fountain! And how ineffably deep the guilt that mars the fruitage of time by breaking down those safeguards, and contaminating at its source the stream of virtue and magnanimity, of essential manhood and womanhood!

Birth, necessity, struggle, pain, achievement, death—so read the ever-repeated history. But the aggregate of being was far from painful, or unhappy. Among the toiling millions, mirth was a ceaseless infection, and laughter bubbled up at once in innumerable places, and spread in ripples widening without end. Nay, frivolity had large room in the great life-picture; and, strange to say! custom sat with deadliest incubus on the most cultivated and intelligent phases in the motley of each succeeding age; and I noticed, not without pain, that while toiling man too often sullied his victories by intemperance or social crime, woman, too often unheeding of the means by which to reach the ends her instincts pointed to, stood in the earlier times by the brook-side, and in later before the seductive mirror, ever studying, arraying, and disciplining her charms—seldom with the alembic, the book, or the pen—seldom without the pots of sweet-smelling odors, the glitter of colors and costly fabrics, or the well-conned rules of an objectless art!

And now, utterances came wafted to me; at first, a confusion of a thousand tongues and dialects, and the mixed outspeech of all desires, all cunning and violent passions, all discernings, all aspirations, all thoughts, all selfward or humanward aims. Then, the Babel unconsciously subsided, but the speech remained—speech of hundreds of generations and millions of tongues; but strangely, in some way I could not understand, it was *representative speech* only; it was the spoken thought of the centuries, the ages of man's life, the bipartite humanity of all times, and the many-condition strata in which, curiously, souls get to be aggregated by the conduct and chances of life's experience. Down the steep of ages came the old words, and fell on my ears. They had in them a patriarchal unity and

majesty; they came forth as the utterances of a self-contained power; they spoke the inner to the outer, and in tones of wisdom and command. Then, I heard the many-piping voices of the present. They embraced knowledge and interests of which the language of the past afforded not even an intimation, but their spirit was that of distraction and vassalage; they told the submission of the man to his achievements; they were born without, and not within; they proclaimed institutions, and not personalities—shrewdness in place of wisdom—a multiplicity of means, rather than a grand individualism of ends. But I saw that all ages spoke to the future. The words of all swept forward; and echoes of the wisdom of the past and the acquisitions of the present were resounding down the corridors of the coming ages, even before the young generations arose to catch and treasure the boon. But more, I saw that the young ages *listened* to those of elder time. There was an instinctive expectation, as of a great bequest; and each noted all too reverently at times, for his own growth and power, the wealth with which minds departed had left the stage of life already illuminated and adorned for his coming. And, then, I saw that composite man, who alone of all creatures is, in a manner, repaid for his exceeding proclivity to be in error, by the inestimable privilege of being able, from some other side of himself, to discover his aberration, and to ridicule or chide himself out of it, in behalf of something better—I saw that composite man, in this latter age, laughter-laught, was beginning to perceive that he had been venerating rather the casket than the jewels which the antique wisdom had left in it for him; nay, that even where he had broken the casket, he was in danger of accepting the dust gathered in closet and highway for the outglancing radiance of the jewel itself.

What did I not hear? Woman's plaints, before Rachel and Leah as now, because the sphinx-riddle of her being presses ever, and is yet unsolved. Man struggles with himself and the devil, before David and Plato as now, because the world-wide contradictions of his powers overwhelm him ever—and when shall the reconciliation or conquest come? The ever-growing, silent, sullen faith of the oppressed, that man is more than his accidents, and that the *meanest*—so inspected, passed upon, and labeled by society—is innately the peer of the self-styled "*highest*" and "*best*;" now, in these latter times, it grows toward a rocking, dizzying, thunder tone—and would to God it grew but faster!

What more I might have heard cannot be said; for now the thick-coming voices softened

and modulated into a chant—a soft-beginning, ever-swelling, quick-moving, roystering pean of life, with sighs for its undertone, and bursting heart-sobs for its refrain. Then, the music changed. The sounds of voices passed imperceptibly into the sweetest and fullest-volumed breathings of all noblest instruments—organ, and flute, and viol, and harp, and horn, with all names of lesser accompaniments; and a grand prelude rose, quivering, mounting to the far roof of the endless, chaotic blackness, then dropping in mellow cadences, like richly-colored fires falling from the empyrean, or breathing like the melodies of winds on the brow of a prisoned and fainting soul. Then came the oratorio of the ages, and the prophecy and dream of peace—the peace which is not, but is to be. From how far down the endless declivity of the future centuries did that clear organ-tone seem to come! How rich and beautiful the joys of which it seemed to speak! How the melody that came up in quick, low, wooing pulse-waves from the far-hence time could make even the hermit heart forget its solitude; and, with all the man once more aroused in it, long to be transplanted from the cares that corrode without availing to the coming atmosphere of truth, and purity, and love, and all excellence! How it carried me away back to the light of ten Summers, and showed me that the religiously-believed-in, religiously-hoped-for consummation of all the ages is foreshadowed in the day-dreams of every child! Prophetically, as I listened, the world of three thousand years hence seemed rising on my view. I saw a continent where was no barrenness, no pestilential marsh, no mountain top or river's bank neglected, but all tilled and cared for—not always for food, but often for beauty, and oftener for the perfection of a rugged sublimity—in which nature now, by interfusing many unfortunate elements, appeals hourly, but in vain, to the creative beauty in man. I saw no contrast of hovels with palaces, no display of governmental and punitive agencies, no festering cities, nor strife of enterprise wasting itself in that reciprocally destructive process which I well knew my fellows now dignified with the title of *unrestricted competition*. The world had not so many inmates as now, and at this I was at first no little astonished; but they who were there were large and agile, large-browed men and women, that walked as kings and queens, and had a wonderful comprehensiveness of objects and employments; and of their thoughts and achievements the whole earth was witness. There, beneath a clear sky, whose azure was purified from all infusion of noxious and somber-

colored exhalations, were the fields waving with grain and the trees bending with golden fruits, while through the parting sunlight glanced gay birds of rare description, and the docile herds grazed on a thousand hills; and there stalwart youths directed the movements of machinery which prepared the soil or gathered the ripe grain, submitted nature again to the crucible, or read the mechanism of the heavens; and tall maidens, like the Venus of Medici, plucked the purple vintage, or assembled the youthful learners in the shade of groves, and near the rainbow-colored spray of fountains, and called forth by words, instead of forbidding by books, the exercise of their innate powers of observation and of reason; while men with silvered hairs—aged Cuviers and Humboldts they seemed to me—received the advancing pupil, and taught him not alone the rescued arcana of nature, but not less the deep and tangled lesson which was then, not less than now, the fruit of life's experience. There *society* had ceased to be merely a name, and *humanity* to be a questionable abstraction; there mirth abounded, and the hour of quiet or recreation after labor was graced with music, and wit, and kindness; while all the arts lent their inspiration, and thought became a great, and growing, and crowning joy.

I looked and listened. The enthusiasm of a pilgrim came over me, and forgetful alike of the chasm of the centuries and of the utter helplessness with which I was bound, I shouted my determination to journey down the long steep, through the far and thick darkness, to where the prophetic world hung pictured on one of time's later pages before me. I strove to rise—alas! for the vision of beauty! consciousness returned; I had raised myself upon my elbow, and as I looked over the familiar features of my mountain resort, the truth came, half in regret, half in relief, over my mind. I had dreamed—but such a dream as remains ever thereafter one of the firm realities of the mind that has experienced it.

The sun had set, and twilight was far advanced. A single line of light cloud lay sleeping in the Western sky, like a group of low islands studding the surface of a sea whose color hung doubtfully between a rich peach-green and a pure cerulean blue. The stars were coming out in unusual brilliancy, while the dark form of the night-hawk glanced swiftly athwart their beams, and his shrill note broke sharply the surrounding stillness. Darkness had gathered her mantle thickest over the plain below; but here and there a white painted dwelling barely struggled through the gloom, or a candle threw its

small but potent beam over the interval, to fall on the eye, a loving reminder of home, and rest, and the joys of friendly and social intercourse. I followed the well-known pathway to the plain, thinking much, then and since, of the emotion and love of the sublime in nature and the infinite in thought, with a perception of which the mind of man is privileged.

Sublime objects and ideas of the infinite are, indeed, seldom absent from us, if we have the disposition and the time to attend to them. An enumeration of some of these objects and ideas affords sufficient proof of this. From Burke, and from our own consciousness, we will gather a list of some only of the objects which appeal to our perception of the sublime. Whatever is vast in dimensions, especially vast depth, and more especially when this depth is precipitous, or a fathomless abyss; and on the opposite hand, even space infinitely divided and small; long, unbroken succession; grandeur or magnitude in natural objects; power, to which human strength can oppose no effectual resistance, especially infinite power; all great privations, as vacuity, darkness, solitude and silence; great obstacles and difficulties; unusual magnificence; light, the sun, the stars, lightning; dark and gloomy colors; sounds, either when loud and sudden, or when low, tremulous and intermitting; lights and sounds, appearing and then leaving us, especially when in solitude; the cries of wild beasts, from hunger or rage; excessive bitterness or offensiveness, as in the fancied atmosphere and breath of infernal existences; great velocities and forces; the thought of a plurality of worlds; astronomical periods or cycles, many of which involve millions of years; infinity in number, space and time; past eternity, the future eternity, and the slipping of present moments, like sand-grains, from one of these boundless durations to the other; the infinite circle of organized forms; the infinite chain of causes; the origin and end of man, of worlds, and of systems of worlds; the progress of society, and advance of the human type; infinite failures, shortcomings and frailties, the entailed estate of man, as if God feared his capabilities, and would not have them overgrow; infinite truth, work, and thought; a concentration of all the like experiences of individuals in a moment, or through ages; infinite love and wisdom; the thought of a millennium in time; the faith in immortality and heaven beyond the confines of the present life; and, finally, all that is grand in heroism, intellectual power, or moral excellence;—these are some only of the great thoughts which tax and oppress, or enlarge the conceptive capacity

of the human mind, while they seldom fail to bring to it a ministration of good.

What, then, may constitute a general expression for that in nature or life which becomes a source of the sublime? Burke answers: "Whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger—that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analagous to terror—is a source of the sublime." Although he afterward, inadvertently as it seems, modifies this judgment, by admitting magnitude, power, &c., as well as terror, as leading elements of the sublime; yet he evidently does not mean to abandon his original definition; and "the terrible" is the key-note of the masterly essay "On the Sublime." From the sweeping nature of this generalization we must dissent. In the foregoing enumeration many things have been named which are in no way capable of exciting a sense of pain or danger—which carry with them no terror—and yet they are unquestionably capable of exciting emotions of sublimity, and some of them the most powerful. Such are conceptions of the astronomical periods, the course of organized existence on the globe, immortality and heaven, a past eternity, and the conception of infinite space. We object not less to the *physiological explanation* advanced by Burke—the immediate, organic cause of the sensation termed "the sublime." This he considers to consist in "an unnatural tension, and certain violent emotions of the nerves." We believe the objects just named are not calculated to excite any "unnatural tension" of the nerves; while in respect to "violent emotions," if these can be properly ascribed to those organs, the statement is nevertheless too general; many things, as excessive sense of the ludicrous, cause violent emotions of the nerves, and yet are in nowise sublime.

Can we, then, find any characteristic which belongs alike to all these, and to all supposable sources of sublime feeling? It is believed that such invariable character is found in the direct appeal which all such objects and ideas make to the *potent sentiment and desire of being and well-being*, so fundamentally and vividly pervading every sane and normally constituted human mind. Is that deep and controlling sense of self, of life, of its painful and varied realities, of its nothingness and powerlessness with which the soul bows before the august conceptions of infinity in time and space, or in struggle and achievement, or in wisdom and love—is it all but a pitiful affection of the nerves? We should think Burke incapable of the sense of the sublime in its highest

manifestations, if we believed he had succeeded in correctly expressing his own judgment. But besides, the plainest teachings of science overthrow his physiological position. Are the nerves put *directly* in tension by the presence of sublime objects? And does this tension then act on the mind? Not at all: just the reverse. The constrained attitude of a person in terror, or breathlessly absorbed in some grand contemplation, is only the effect of the overwhelming sense of danger or of majesty which has pervaded the mind, and which, by its working in the mind, then impresses the bodily organs. The nerves (*afferent*) which convey the intimations of the presence of sublime objects to the mind, never express any emotion. The nerves (*efferent*) through which expression takes place have their origin at the brain, and radiate outward the effluences of its changing states, consequences of the mental action—in all instances, that is, in which the mind takes any part of the action occurring.

The feeling of sublimity is then primarily and purely a psychical or spiritual, and not a physical affection, nor one derived through a physical state. It is the mind that directly perceives those relations of external facts or truths to itself which constitute the elements of sublimity; and it is the mind which directly feels the force and urgency of those relations, and in so doing endures the emotion of sublimity. Whatever, then, pressingly presents the question of our existence, or of its perpetuity, or of the measure of our capabilities, whether, as do thoughts of omniscience and infinity, by belittling the essence and scope of our being, or as do thoughts of heroic endurance, of intellectual achievements, or of an immortality hereafter, by exalting and ennobling us—that, we believe, and that only, is a real source of the sublime in conception and feeling.

Of this emotion, however, all persons are by no means equally capable. Like all other constitutional qualities of the soul, this is a thing of inheritance, or very rarely of growth. There are who can realize danger, and cling to existence without any of those far-reaching linkings of self to the universal fabric of being, or of the present moment to the lapsing of infinite time, which, when felt, elevate the peril of a life or the vivid conception of its powers and its possible duration into the very highest range of sublimity. But why is this faculty made a component of our nature? All we can reply is: that, since whatever we love or prize we would have immortal, and since the infinite and the sublime often suggest the answers which our hopes and desires crave, it follows, conversely, that if indi-

vidual life have any object beyond the gratification of the moment, or collective human life be not in reality devoid of any high end and purpose, then the perception and love of the sublime in nature and life, to sustain man through debasing and disheartening contact with the lower details of the present state of existence, is the indispensable means of preventing, so far as humanity is concerned, the failure of the whole grand design of a world's creation.

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

PROTEST OF A LADY MEMBER.

It is a fact worthy of note that, while the best minds of the country are coming to a fuller appreciation of woman's true mission, there is a growing tendency on the part of our standing institutions to circumscribe her real sphere of action. We do not speak thus from the narrow stand-point of the fluctuations of a few years, but from the gradual shaping of events in the progress of the ages. There is a broad chasm between the days of Zenobia and Carmenta, and the Saxon dames who sat in council with their husbands on the banks of the Rhine, and our own times, when woman is no longer acknowledged as the head of her own household. In the earlier ages, when every spark of genius was hailed as the glimmer of inspiration, men received these gifts of the gods with reverence, nor dared assign to them limits of sex and condition. The deep, spiritual insight of woman was recognized by these children of nature, and the tripod and sacred fire were placed in her keeping. But when religion built unto itself tabernacles, and endowed positions of high honor and emolument, the doors were closed upon the priestesses, while the priests alone remained within. The custom prevails to this day, wherein women are not only excluded from the pulpit, but from every church office, except that of collector of alms, and are denied the right of voting upon questions of church policy.

So has it been with the medical profession. As the healing art gradually grew to the dignity of an institution, and the members banded together in a fraternity, and strengthened their union by oaths and ceremonies, they shut out woman from the mysteries of their order, to serve as a nurse in the outer courts of the temple, under cover of that stern law of logic which declares her incapable of scientific attainments, forgetful of the delicate intuition by which she enters into close communion with the spirit of nature, and wreaths its mystic secrets from its keeping. And, though a few brave

spirits have successfully claimed a place in the ranks of the profession, the sturdy oak doors of the old orthodox colleges are bolted and barred against them, and they are forced to enter in by the postern gate of some youthful and modest university. They will succeed; but they must win their way to the highest popularity ere their existence will be fully recognized by their brother "regulars."

So, from our colleges, universities, law schools and political institutions, is woman effectually barred by the most stringent rules and regulations. The Revolution, which gave full political liberty to man, took away all civil privileges from woman, and the consequence has been, that while the men of our country have grown into a vigorous independence of thought and action, the women have fallen into an enervated inanity.

The popular philosophy of the day, that woman's sole work in life is to perform the duties of a wife and mother, really deprives her of all individual existence; and the basis of our society recognizes no other work for her. But this is a false position; for these duties cannot fill up the life of a woman; and besides, not more than half our women are ever called on to assume them. The truth is, in America a woman has no sphere. In Europe, she, at least, is at the head of her family; she gives tone to the society, she has control of the domestic department, she is the independent sovereign of a little principality. Here, in the most approved establishments, the husband hires the servants, orders the provisions, regulates the expenses, and employs the tutors and governesses; while the wife plays the part of a costly automaton in the elegant mansion, and acts as a lay figure for the display of the husband's wealth and standing. And this is the highest ideal of many of our American women.

And in logical accordance with the philosophy that no labor was intended for woman is the state of society fast approaching, in which there shall be no labor found for her to do; yet is there no decrease in the necessity that demands this labor of her. Bread is none the less needed, though the means of obtaining it grow more scanty each day; widows and orphans are still to be found, though husbands and fathers spring not up to meet them. The labor-saving machines of the last half century have greatly circumscribed the industrial sphere of woman, while no corresponding openings have been made in other directions to fill the demand for employment thus created. The only occupation fully open to woman has been that of the teacher.

In this she has hitherto found a full recognition. Although the half-price salary system has extended even to this, it has been attributed to reasons of political economy rather than to any just and sufficient causes, and has been openly denounced as unjust and inconsistent. Woman has been universally acknowledged as the fittest educator, partly from her more intimate acquaintance with childhood, and partly from the affectional, intuitive perceptions by which she can win the hearts of her pupils, and develop their moral with their intellectual nature.

We have been induced to throw out these desultory remarks by witnessing some unique proceedings at the New York State Teachers' Convention, held at Binghamton in the month of August. The occupation of teaching has hardly been considered as offering sufficient inducements to men of talent to persuade them to make it the business of their lives; hence it has been used as a stepping-stone for those who were on the way to higher callings. But the feeling has grown up of late that this vocation should be elevated to the rank of the other professions, with equal facilities for attaining professional honor and emoluments. "At last," thought we, "a profession is about to be opened in which woman may openly compete with man;" and full of faith in the bright star which was rising for our sex, we set out for the Convention which was called to discuss the matter.

But we were doomed to disappointment. The learned professors who were about to embark in the new enterprise indignantly scouted the idea of sharing their monopoly of the leaves and fishes with the gentler sex. The President, in his inaugural, warned them off the forbidden ground by saying that, "if any woman thought it *consistent with true feminine modesty and delicacy* to nominate herself, or any other lady, to an office, she had a *right* to do so; which, in fact, amounted to a very pressing invitation to waive all such rights in favor of the male members of the Association. Notwithstanding this hint, a woman was bold enough to brave all the thunders of the Vatican by offering, in person, a series of resolutions, that the rights of the colored schools should be protected; that woman should receive equal and identical education with man; and that, if a woman did the same work as a man, and did it as well, she should receive the same pay for doing it.

These resolutions called forth a spirited discussion, in the course of which some points were evolved which were neither creditable to the head nor the heart of the speakers. A professor of the Rochester University advanced the

startling propositions, that woman ought not to receive an equal compensation with man; that she is already adequately recompensed for her labor; that the demand is greater than the supply; that there are always more schools than teachers; and that women are never forced to degradation from an insufficiency of employment; theories which do not argue much for the extent or accuracy of his observation. Those who live in a great city can easily test the truth of them.

Parliamentary usages and courtesies were forgotten or lost sight of in the discussion, warm personalities and indignant rejoinders were resorted to, and the resolutions were finally declared lost. Yet this was all because woman asked a formal recognition of equality in the vocation which has always been conceded to be her own peculiar calling.

This passage at arms, though seemingly unimportant at first sight, is, in reality, fraught with the deepest significance. American women are coming to be a standing jest. The papers are filled with sneers at their dress, their occupations, their mind, and their manners; Punch, and all Punch's imitators, indulge themselves in the broadest caricatures. "Nothing to Wear" has a greater run than the choicest volume, in blue and gold, of Ticknor & Fields' collection, and a popular orator never makes a happier hit than when perpetrating some witticism on the folly of women. On the other hand, any suspicion of intellect in a woman is found equally ridiculous. "Literary women are deuced bores," says young Francis Fitz Flummery, carelessly twirling his eye-glass; and the editor at his side, though despising him in general, thinks that, for once, Fitz Flummery is in the right, and concocts an article for the morning's paper on the absurdity of loving sensible women—while the *savans* of the party, who are utterly incapable of talking mere nonsense, look askance at the monsters in crinoline, and utterly forswear all female society. We were somewhat vexed, not long since, at being told by a gentleman of the latter class, to whom we had just been introduced, "You must allow me to present Mr. C. to you; he is a ladies' man, and I am sure you will be charmed with him." Had we felt disposed to flatter the speaker in question, by depreciating the qualities in which he was deficient, we should have assured him that we detested the whole race; as it was, we held our peace, and simply declined the introduction.

Now, what inducements have American women to rise any higher in the intellectual scale? They are taught that all honorable ambition is un-

worthy of them; they know that it is the popular idea that heart and intellect can never go together; they feel that isolation is the penalty one must pay for admiration; and what wonder is it that they shrink from the lonely pilgrimage of thought, and cling to those glittering idols which alone can win for them a semblance of affection. For, however great may be the ridicule which men may heap on the frivolities of women, they know that in these consists their greatest fascination.

This is a subject worthy the attention of thinkers. So long as we declare intellectual ambition to be degrading to women, so long will we have a race of wives and daughters whose highest aspirations center in Paris bonnets and velvet tapestry. So long as we declare remunerative labor to be unworthy of woman, and only to be resorted to in case of necessity, so long will we have a nervous, enervated womanhood, whose physical strength is barely equal to a promenade on Broadway, or a drive to Stewart's. So long as we declare thought to be unattractive in woman, so long will our Clytemnestras hide the little light they possess under a bushel, and be as vapid and senseless as the most brainless fop could desire. So long as we strive to narrow down the sphere of women to the dimensions of a toy-house, so long will our men and women continue to degenerate; until our imbecile, puny race shall finally succumb to the hardy, vigorous sons and daughters of thought and toil, who shall pour in upon us from the poorer but wiser nations.

Especially should this school question be looked to. If it be really in contemplation to exclude woman from an equal share in the higher positions of the only vocation which is open to her by common consent, it is a matter worthy of serious attention. Experience has taught us that fossilized institutions are as strong and impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar, and that many a vigorous assault is needed to batter down their walls of strong prejudice and let in the new-born light of day. It is all-important, then, that our new institutions should be founded on liberal principles, in accordance with the spirit of progress of the age. We should rejoice to see our common schools placed in such a position as to enlist and retain the best talent of the age; but we earnestly protest against the exclusion of either sex from a field where all should meet to speak their best experiences, exchange their best thoughts, and take counsel together in their plans for the future, and where no class should be overawed or insulted by the stigma of an inferior rate of pecuniary remunera-

tion. The women in our common schools are receiving, at this day, but an average of ten dollars per annum above the wages of a servant in the kitchen. Under these conditions, can we expect efficient teachers or fine scholars. We trust that, among the many reforms of the day, this will not be overlooked or ignored until it is too late to take action on the matter.

ALICE CAREY.

THIS distinguished author, in a recent article entitled "Women and Literature," gives but a sorry picture of the condition of those women who have devoted themselves to literature, which we trust can be accounted as no more than her own experience, and not at all applicable to others of her sex who have found happiness in the expression of noble ideas, and content in the consciousness of using their best talents to the best good. Surely the picture she draws must be one which few who have made an honorable career in the world of letters will be willing to accept as applicable to themselves. She says: "Woman is mistaken when she persuades herself into the belief that it is the praise of the world she desires—it is only the praise of the few that she cares for; the little circle of friends, the more intimate household, and the one dearer and more beloved than all—these—this one, I may say, inspire all which the nations praise far off. It is not the reward of the future she looks to when the fine sentence is written, but the pleasure, the astonishment, or, possibly, the spite of the individual. For, however large her intellect, her heart is so much larger in proportion; and though at times she may rise out of it, or subdue it, there will come other times when she must go back to her nature, in spite of all her calculations and all her philosophy. And she is wisest and happiest who *lives* out, and not crushes out her heart—beautifying her home with duties, making her husband to be praised, and her children to rise up and call her blessed, unheard of beyond her own neighborhood, and unpraised by any except those whose praise is made sweet by love and gratitude."

We had thought that the sex wrote from the necessities of genius, not from the desire of praise. If the motive be mean and external, disappointment must ensue; whereas, the high motive will carry with it a conviction of having "aimed at great things," even if no great results follow, and there must be a positive content in such conviction. We do not see that because a woman writes harmoniously, she is to be at perpetual discord with herself and the

world—because her heart overflows with beautiful intimations, we do not see how the process of putting them into words is going to wither and scorch up its many chambers, and leave them desolate. The woman most affluent in her nature is the one who, from the very nature of things, will challenge the admiration and the love of those of the sex most liberally endowed; but if she be one-sided, bulging out into one extreme or another, she will excite disgust or repulsion, from all who are like herself tortured with an ill organization. She will be loved in sections, as it were, for this or that, but not as a whole, and in the end find herself, as Miss Carey intimates, alone, and "the girl who does the meanest chores" happy in comparison.

It is not the large heart which finds itself defrauded, but the one with sharp angles, and with distorted dwellers, and tortuous labyrinths. What women need is sentiment—deep, earnest sentiment—not sentimentality; they need a wise candor and considerateness, not exaction and caviling. The great love must and will reward the great heart, and those who fall most readily into complaints are the ones who carry the shallowest hearts.

If women wrote to please the few, or even the one, they would not print their lucubrations. If a woman ever wrote to *spite* a human being, her motive was as unwomanly as it was unlovely, and if she find a recognition which degrades, it is one worthy only of her motive.

We are willing to regard these remarks of the fair author only as an outbreak of sentimental spleen, but must regret that a woman of undisputed genius should lend herself to such poor cant. The woman who has no promptings of the inner life, has no need of the pen; but we believe that every large-hearted and large-minded woman, like every large-hearted and large-minded man, will feel the need of some higher expression of life than what is demanded by the common exigencies of common life.

The lovely parent who smiles in the face of her child will smile none the less because she can call the stars by name, analyze a flower, construe Greek, or discourse philosophy with a Plato. Because she sings with the morning, she is none the less lovely as a friend, a companion, a mother. If she enlarge the boundaries of thought, she is the more likely to reject falsehood and pettiness in every shape. If she is capable of estimating a true manliness, she is not the less likely to honor her husband; if she understand the hidden workings of the human soul, she is the more likely to train her child wisely and well.

Again we say, we regret that Miss Carey should have lent herself to the upholding of what is common, proper and praiseworthy, at the expense of what is noble and aspiring. Nothing which promotes domestic peace and pure comfort is ignoble in our eyes; but because a woman sits at the household altar, and in sweet humanity drapes it with herbs of grace, even with chamomile and rue, we do not see that she need condemn the divine nectar nor the ambrosia of the immortals.

We would say only to the woman of genius, purify the motive—do not offer strange fire upon God's living altar. When the Father of Spirits imparted to you large gifts, he designed they should be largely used—for he is no gratuitous giver. You are not to whine over your destiny, but to take it up strongly and with a glad heart. You are not to disparage the gifts, nor repine at the recency, lest you be like the countryman to whom a prince once gave a casket of jewels, pearls and diamonds, but who, for the time being, wished they had been grains of corn, for he was hungry, whereat, in looking upon the treasure, each one had resolved itself into grain. The fairest gifts may be transmuted to what is common, and even evil by an ill receiver.

The world is not superabundant in intellect, even ranking that of men at the highest, and when women repine over the burdens of large endowments, it is a poor augury.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.
SECOND SERIES—1857.

THE world is one year older. The "American Association for the Advancement of Science" has again met, completed its curriculum of intellectual tasks and of high scientific pleasures, dropped its mite on the already overshadowing mountain of scientific knowledge, and gone its various way. The generation that is, has taken a step; and that which follows, has closed in by an equal advance, anxious to fill its place. Savans, as well as simple men, grow old; two well-known members, at least, of the Association recently convened, the last year have been laid in the quiet home where brain, as well as muscle, may at last rest. We allude to Professor J. W. Bailey, of West Point, the distinguished naturalist, the "Ehrenberg of America," and Mr. Wm. C. Redfield, well known as the originator of the theory of storms as traveling whirlwinds. What limit would not man's achievements overpass, were it not for the messenger that ever awaits him a little in advance, and—himself?

That very little can be said, in a general way, of the recent meeting of the Association at Montreal, is rather complimentary to it than the reverse. The bad blood and worse policy of the Albany meeting seem, in the main, if not wholly, to have been wanting; and the spirit of its resolves and its corporate action were certainly commendable, if we except the very questionable rule by which the Publishing Committee are allowed to omit from the annual volume of proceedings the very titles of papers which they do not see fit to insert. This is contrary to previous usage in the Society, and, it is believed, to all precedent; and it leaves room for a complete annihilation of those whose criticisms, rival theories, or other lucubrations, may happen to be obnoxious to the dudgeon of the men in power—a step which, to say the least, is of very problematical justice, credit, or utility.

An important step was taken in securing Professor Ramsay's paper on the "Geological Survey of Great Britain" for publication and general distribution through the States. This survey is topographical as well as geological; and the most minute and accurate knowledge of the face of the country, as well as of the strata that compose and immediately underlie it, the localities furnishing coal, tin, etc., are preserved in a series of tables, and of maps drawn of the size of six inches to the mile. Once completed, this great survey saves all expense of surveying for railroads and many similar purposes. In this country, it is believed, such a survey would ultimately effect a great saving in this particular, while it would develop more clearly than is otherwise possible the mineral wealth of our extensive domain, and would confer the highest possible boon on our confessedly industrious and deserving body of geologists. Why should it not be done? Congress, as Professor Hitchcock well said, has money enough, and will spend some of it for less useful purposes.

Another proposition of the highest scientific interest was that presented by Lieutenant E. B. Hunt, who, after pointing out the present almost utter impossibility that laborers in science should know what has been already published in regard to their special studies, suggested "that a universal agency should be established among the publishing scientific societies to distribute special memoirs, among students of special subjects, at *minimum* paying prices. By organizing thus the special demands of investigators, we might have a maximum circulation of memoirs at minimum prices, instead of, as at present, a minimum circulation at maximum prices." All who have desired to prepare themselves to in-

investigate new fields in any given subject, or even to comprehend and acquire all that has recently been brought to light upon such subject, and who have consequently gone through some part or all the unenviable experience of want of current scientific periodicals, want of tolerably full public libraries, or incompleteness in their arrangements, and indifference in their managers, will see that, to them, Mr. Hunt's suggestion embodies an idea of incalculable value. Should the publishing houses but see their true interest in this matter, they would at once establish some such depot in each country having a large corps of special cultivators of science; and put their productions within the reach pecuniarily, also, of those who stand in need of them. In fact, Mr. Bailliere's establishment, in this city, would require little if any change to become such scientific depot; but the books of all houses making a speciality of science are now unconsciously high.

Last year, we had occasion to speak of the superb refectory which emulous citizens and societies are wont to provide, wherewith to refit the tattered *physique* of the makers and narrators of scientific research. When the wind blows, all wise men know the use of "straws." By one of those coincidences, often in scientific politics but too unhappy, though not so in the present item, other minds than the writer's seem to have been dwelling on the thoughts that, while a worn nervous tissue requires nerve-making aliment, so that all men of thoughts, from the great Bacon or Goethe down to "X. Y. Z.," who indites revolutionary firebrands for the "Plugtown Daily Thunderer," are fond of tidbits, yet there was such a thing as sinking the sagacious host in the ostentatious Sybarite—a relation wholly profitable and grateful in the memory of neither party. And so, the dignitaries of Montreal provide, in their turn, an entertainment from which champagne, etc., are excluded, and plain cakes and ices, coffee, lemonade, and classical "ginger pop," form the staples of delectation. Thereupon the *savans* rejoiced, no doubt, at the rout of manifold temptations; and the reporters, making a virtue of necessity, herald the change with well-personated gusto. The reporters are right; it is of less importance "who shall spread the grandest feast than who shall furnish the most agreeable and elegant society." Most of our readers already know that, after the choice, among other officers, of Professor Wyman, of Cambridge, Mass., as President, and Professor Wm. Chauvenet, of Annapolis, Md., as Secretary, the Association adjourned to meet at Baltimore, on the last Wednesday in April, 1858.

In proceeding now to give a brief abstract of some of the most interesting "papers" read and thoughts evoked at the recent meeting, the reader will not surely require that we should either repeat the principles that have heretofore guarded us in our selection, or the preliminary views with which we prefaced some of the departments of research then passed in review. Although, perhaps, to do so is to "draw inferences like a horse," yet we shall presume that so many of those whose eyes run over these paragraphs have already perused the first series upon a kindred occasion, in the January and February numbers of this Magazine, for the present year, that it will be safer to refer the few to the same source rather than trespass on the patience of the majority.

In the matters presented before the recent meeting, a leading bent is easily discovered. What was the origin, what the causes of the world's physical geography? What was the origin and primeval history, and what are the zoological import and character of man? These were the absorbing questions. To the solution of these great problems, on the known quantities requisite to which solution Time seems to have shut down irrevocably the earlier pages of his ponderous folio, many minds endeavored to bring their quota. Next after geology and ethnology, physics received some valuable contributions. We begin with subjects on which very little was said, and relative to which we find even less than that little of general interest, namely—

MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMY.

Relative to *mathematical infinity*, Lieut. E. B. Hunt advanced a view which may safely be accepted as the correct one. We derive our ideas of distance from the "reach" of the hand, and from the "reach" of the eye, taught to form correct judgments by the hand. The extent of sight is not as great (until after we have aided its flight by poisoning its wings in the atmosphere of reason) as we are prone to think. Until the deductions of the astronomer had taught us, we should place the sky, with sun, moon and stars fixed in it, but little above the highest hill-tops; and this would be the visible limit of our universe! For the seeing brain is but a heavy-footed mathematician, and, taking a breadth of two and a half inches between the eyes as the basis of his "triangulation," he measures distances until, with the loss of sensible inclination of the visual axes, his parallax is lost; then he throws his pencil aside, and resigns the computation. To reason we are indebted for the lifting of the heavens, and the setting back of the stars

from a few scores to many billions of miles. Yet our powers of numerical conception are thus only extended—they are not freed from limitation. Mr. Hunt thought *infinity*, therefore, to be only that which was too great, as the infinitesimal is that which is too small, for our conception. Infinity, in this sense, varies with the powers of the mind grasping it; and it is negative, defining the limits of our knowledge. As Professor Alexander well remarked, there is beyond all this a higher infinity—absolute space, absolute time, and the illimitable love and wisdom, in whose presence all things are equally zero. The lower infinities are such as merely surpass any conceivable number; the higher are such as can only be conceived of as having in themselves no bounds; and they become, therefore, as compared with the former, infinitely infinite.

Professor Alexander had become aware of the danger of fallacies arising from the expectation of too perfect a symmetry in nature. He would modify Laplace's nebular hypothesis, as it related to our system, by supposing that the center of the incandescent vortex-globe of system-matter radiated heat more rapidly than the circumference. Then the sun must have separated first, Mercury next, and so on outward. He traced in the ratios of distances and periods of revolution of the planets, a principle of geometrical progression more exactly followed than Bode's law, or Pierce's phyllotactic series. By the same reasoning, he harmonized with those astronomical facts the inclinations of the planets to their orbits, the *zodiacal light* as an earth-ring, and even the *aurora borealis* as a nebulous matter floating in the interplanetary spaces, rather than as a mere electrical display in the upper air. All this would certainly be very fine, but that, unfortunately, it is built on a physical impossibility. The surface of an incandescent mass is always first to lose its heat; the center parts with heat most slowly, and retains it longest. This is necessarily so, because the radiation of heat is but a process of tendency to equilibrium; and in this process heat can only be allowed to evacuate the center in proportion as the superficial parts have become sufficiently cooled to be receptive strata—as, when the surface was hot, was the surrounding void. Surely it were better to leave Laplace's laurels undisturbed until something better than an *inversion* of natural law and physical fact is brought in testimony of claim to them.

STATISTICS.

Dr. J. H. Gibbon, Assayer of the United States Mint, in North Carolina, read a series of

four highly instructive papers upon ancient and modern systems of coinage. Thinking men will pronounce these essays timely; and with them, indeed, whatever of sensible utterance may be made relative to this subject, Dr. Gibbon traced the origin of our present coinage. About 1,900 years ago, or 52 years before the Christian era, Julius Cæsar found the inhabitants of Britain using, as money, brass and iron rings of regulated weight. But the root of our present weights, coin-weights included, has been traced much further back. *Avoirdupois*, as a measure of ponderability, is believed to be traceable to the times and markets of Babylon, and to have been thence transplanted to Gades—the modern Cadiz—in Spain, by colonists from Tyre, some 3,056 years ago. It is believed to be the most ancient weight or measure of value now known to human history. By it the Canaanitish coins of silver and gold, used by Abraham and the Hebrews after him, were probably valued. The twenty pieces of silver which Joseph's brethren received in payment for the lad, was doubtless a weight of silver of twenty ounces *avoirdupois*; and coins of this kind were the "images" or "gods" which Rachel pilfered from the churlish Laban. From Spain, this weight must have come through France, receiving its present name—*avoirdupois*—"to have the weight," as generally used a pleonastic barbarism—on the way; and it reached England about the year 1355, where, in the absence of any thing like a metrical system, it was gladly adopted. Previous to this, however, it had been agreed that the silver penny—Easterling, Esterling, or Sterling—should be of the weight of 32 grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear. Troy weight also came from the eastern nations, and from Troyes, in France, found its way into England in the reign of Henry VIII, who availed himself of the new weight to debase the coinage. Wheat kernels and silver had become the established measures for each other; the one was very variable in weight—the other was so in quality, and never absolutely pure. The old silver penny was at once a coin, a weight, and a measure; and as its purity changed, all the measures and values based on it changed also. Some of these pennies were nearly divided by a cross through the middle, so that they could easily be broken into half-pennies and farthings (*fourth-things*). And thus our modern moneys had their origin in accident and necessity, at a time when "the houses in London were thatched with straw; chimneys had not been built; coal had not yet been carried to the capital; wheat flour was not

in very common use; splints of light wood were employed for tallow candles; wine might sometimes be procured at apothecaries' shops; printing was not invented; gardening was unknown in Great Britain; no coaches ran; and ladies wore neither pins nor silk stockings."

With their British blood and their religion, the colonists to this country brought also the house coinage. This, about the same time, was reformed under Queen Elizabeth—a feat that is recorded on her monuments. Again, Newton, Master of the Mint to George I, acting upon the conviction that the physical forces of nature operate uniformly, found the length of a pendulum that should beat seconds, at London, at the level of the sea; and this was adopted as the standard yard, while a cubical mass of distilled water of fixed length became the unit of weight. When the United States Mint was established, in 1792, the Spanish dollar was assumed as the standard—an accredited, though not an actual, sixteenth of an avoirdupois pound. And we now have three standards in United States coinage—that for *quantity*, from Great Britain; that for *purity or fineness*, from France; and that for *proportion*, from Spain. Strong reasons exist for the conclusion that the weight, measures, and coins of Europe and America, at the present day, are but compounds of "shreds and patches" of systems that have come down to us from some former civilization, not based, however, on a correct appreciation of principles of physical law. Recently, in England, owing to the loss of the old standard yard and pound, by the burning of the Parliament House, a commission was appointed to consider the propriety of their restoration. They found in the existing copies of those standards proofs of defect, and report unfavorably. They would do away with Troy weight, and establish a decimal coinage.

Here, however, arises a serious question. A decimal division and subdivision of measures and values is admirable for the uses of scientific men: for all the common processes of the arts and exchanges of valuables, and for the common mind, is it either natural, convenient or practicable? The most natural fractionals are doubtless those in which the unit is divided into *halves, fourths, eighths*, etc. But the most natural limit for units is, without question, the *dozen*; and it is already found as a well-known link in many of our measures. There is much more in favor of counting by *twelves* than by *tens*; among other things, the numerous *even divisors* found in twelve, while *eight* is too small a limit in counting, and *sixteen* too large. Much interest is excited, in connection with this subject,

at the present time; and were not the hold of the popular mind on sacred abuses so tenacious, we might hope that something would be done; that, indeed, as ought to be, our whole system of counting, weighing, measuring of lengths and liquids, etc., should be reduced to a single, consistent, easy system, not as in France, on the basis of *tens* and an inaccurate measurement of the quarter of a great circle, but upon a basis of *twelves*, and some absolute, unchangeable measure. Why should we not throw off these "shreds and patches" of a past age, that hang so loosely about us, that so discourage, and *duncify*, and cramp the mind; of the young, that so perplex the old, and render all the progress of art and science slow and uncertain? The child, the accountant, the artisan, the inventor, the *savant*—each might save *one-fourth* of his time as now devoted, simply by having at command a clear, simple, uniform system of figures, applicable alike to all measures and values.

We do not, therefore, like the plan proposed by Mr. G. M. Dexter for a reformation of our arithmetical tables, because it is not radical enough. It is a repetition of quackish prescription for the old system; and though it is capable of greatly improving that, yet the labor of substituting a perfect system would be no greater. Mr. Dexter proposes to assume as a standard of measure an *inch* which shall be the *thirtieth* part of the standard yard, to divide most of the successive measures of each kind *decimally*, and to simplify all the different measures to agree with that of length. Thus, making 10 dots 1 line, 10 lines 1 inch, 10 inches 1 foot, 3 feet 1 yard, &c., he would make a cubic inch of distilled water, at 55° Fahrenheit, an ounce avoirdupois; while, in dry and liquid measure alike, 100 grains should make a dram, and 100 drams the ounce. Whatever may be said of recommendations of this system growing out of the slight actual changes it would require, and this is worthy of consideration, yet it has the fundamental fault of the current method, namely, it is a hodge-podge. It is not clear, consecutive, unmistakable as truth. It has the elements of annoyance and loss of time, in its successive *tens*, followed by a single *three*, or *nine*, &c. For time is yet destined to be found the richest estate possible to man or woman—an estate to be worked in the way of rejecting cumbrous excrescences and hinderances from our processes of communication and computation, and in the way of utilizing and, in a higher sense, transmuting its passing seconds more profitably than mines of California or

Goleonda. And this is our assurance of the ultimate success of a philosophical system of counting and measuring, which, we propose, might be called *orthometry*, and of the philosophical method of representing spoken language by its actual sounds, which is known as *phonetics*.

To those who live, and think, what subject can present a greater inherent interest than that of the calculation of the probabilities of human life, and the laws of human mortality? Last year, Professor McCoy's paper formed an admirable contribution to this subject, and his conclusion, though professing to be drawn from the most numerous and careful tables of mortality, was still one calculated to excite surprise—namely, that there are no periods within the limit of life marked by unusually rapid or slow mortality, but in the aggregate one invariable accession of deaths and diminution of life, from the period of infancy till the last centennarian of a generation succumbs to dissolution, and takes his place beneath the green sod. The late sitting has contributed to this subject little more than a few fragments, and some of these not wholly new. Mr. E. B. Elliott, of Boston, found many of the tables of mortality throughout Massachusetts very inaccurately kept—few men can see that they are personally interested in the *rate* and *causes* of the life-ebb; and what with *sorghum*, *stocks* and *politics*, fewer yet find time—but, comparing those which seemed correct with the results obtained in European countries, he found that until the age of *nineteen* the vitality of Massachusetts exceeded that known for any other country, while from nineteen to forty, the vitality in England and Prussia is greater. After this age, the rate of dissolution in all civilized countries was nearly the same. Why these results? Why do the men of the State most renowned in the Union for its common schools and general enlightenment die perceptibly faster just in the full bloom of life, and onward—just when hale men begin to live? We do not know the causes: we do know *one* of the causes, for we have been there to see. Massachusetts men, women and children eat bread poisoned with *alkalis*, to an extent, we believe, not elsewhere paralleled in this country. Massachusetts cooks—and in their wake cooks of all parts of our land—deal out to the hungry poison with sustenance. Why need this be? Who will give us bread without bane?

Butchers and innkeepers have been much solicited on their exemption from the danger of consumptive disease. They have their perils. Mr. Elliott stated that a careful comparison of

mortuary statistics showed these two classes to be subject to the minimum of vitality in mature life. Dr. Hare thought the poor, under their privations and excessive toils, equally unfortunate with the rich, under their indolence and luxury; and if he intended to designate the poorest classes, he was doubtless in the right. Relative to all but the most abject and ignorant poor, however, we subscribe to Dr. Wynne's opinion that their chance of life is distinctly better than that of the wealthy. It is agreed that philosophers, and men of quiet reasoning, astronomers, naturalists, &c., are long-lived; while poets, novelists and men of excitement are short-lived. Witness a Humboldt and a Dick living to extreme old age, while a Byron and a Sue perish before the midday of their power. Professor Pierce had examined the mortality of the graduates of Harvard College. The results corroborated the conclusions of Mr. Elliott; and when the mortality was compared with the scholarship, showed the further fact that the best scholars were the longer-lived—in other words, that dissipation and indolence kill more men than hard study. The inference is fair, because all are equally exposed to the other causes of premature death.

The mechanism of life in each individual is evidently intended to run only for a limited period. Yet, while the misuse and forfeiture of the life-power are fearful to contemplate, in lands the most blessed with the diffusion of knowledge the average longevity is already lengthening. There is no reason inherent in the human constitution why the span of each life should not exceed one hundred years. For, as Flourereus has shown, vertebrate animals are capable of a life five times the length of the period of ossification of the skeleton; and the human skeleton is not ossified until after the age of twenty years.

The subjects of geology, ethnology, and others, we are compelled, by want of space, to postpone to the next number of the Magazine.

LIFE.

LIKE the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid at night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot.

PHILIP FLETCHER, 1630.

Editor's Studio.

EMERSON AND PUTNAM.—In Heaven, we are told, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage." But the great law of the created universe everywhere proclaims that "all things are double, one against another." While, therefore, we remain this side of Heaven, we may expect the ceremony of marriage to be a frequent and even constant occurrence. And why should not magazines marry as well as men and women? Every thing in the boundless universe has its like and its opposite; not a plant, flower, tree, not an insect infinitely minute, not a planet or sun revolving in infinite space, but proclaims the universal law, "All things are double, one against another."

To come at once to the application, EMERSON'S MAGAZINE and "Putnam's Monthly" have been wedded. If the announcement may strike the reader with a little surprise, we trust the accompanying emotion will be pleasure; for all changes carried out in accordance with the pure laws of nature lead to perfection. We trust, and believe, the readers of both magazines will find an increased interest and value in the combined work. As in ordinary marriages the bride is taken home to the house of the bridegroom, in the present instance "Putnam" may appropriately be styled the *bride*; for she has removed, with all her goods, and chattels, and outfits, to the house of "Emerson." It will be seen that the orange blossoms in "Our Window," fresh plucked by the fingers of Putnam, show not ungracefully in the lattice of Emerson. We are sure our readers will inhale their aromas with a sympathetic interest, for, while they may wear the appearance of exotics to the readers of Emerson, to those of Putnam they will surely seem "to the manor born."

We do not wish our readers to look upon this union of Emerson and Putnam as a thing brought about by any necessity which might cast a "stain upon the escutcheon" of either house. On the contrary, Emerson was never more prosperous—never promised more for the future. Our subscribers count from every part of our goodly heritage—from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including the "isles of the sea." We could say no less than this, in order to show that "Emerson" is thrifty and above-board, and no fortune-hunter, and keeps his own independence; and, married or single, will hold to his integrity, and will treat the large family into which he has just married with that courtesy befitting a true gentleman.

"Putnam," on the other hand, is no beggarly bride. She did not "marry for a support." She was of age, and, married or single, could support herself.

On the first of January, 1853, Putnam stood, hat in hand, at the portal of the public, and in a speech not a little confident in tone, but a seemly and worthy utterance, from which the following words arrested us as most noteworthy, being the opinions of "Emerson," said:

"The genius of the old world is affluent; we owe much to it, and hope to owe more. But we have no less faith in the opulence of our own resources."

"To an American eye, life in New York, for instance, offers more and more interesting aspects, than life in London or Paris. Or, again, life in London and Paris is more interesting and intelligible to an American when reported by an American, than by the men of any other country. * * We understand his impressions and estimates, because they are made by a standard common to ourselves."

Then it goes on to promise that "poets, wits, philosophers, critics, artists, and men of erudition and science," will be represented in its pages.

In reading all this, one cannot resist a tender sympathy for Putnam, so full of promise at the outset. Nor did it fail to redeem much, very much, herein promised.

A magazine, however many editors may be associated therewith, must of necessity be under the guidance of one directing head, or it will fall into a perfect Babeldom of conflicting opinions. We apprehend that the failure of our Magazine literature may often be imputed to this lack of centralizing interests.

This principal head must by no means imagine that the whole world revolves around his small circle of a brain; he must not imagine that the magazine which he conducts, and which may speak to an audience of two hundred thousand, is brought into existence for no other purpose than to represent his prejudices and predilections. If he is large and objective in mind, he may safely trust his own opinions; and if a person of ideas, there is no reason why he should not express them, honestly and boldly, leaving the privilege of dissent in the generous mind of the public; for if there is any thing repugnant to a clear-minded man, it must be that miserable state of "being all things to all men," without the sacred and redeeming motive of the great apostle.

We believe a magazine should be outspoken. Emerson has always claimed this right. It

challenges, also, the dissent of its readers. It desires them to write their protest to the editor, and they shall be heard and answered. We think it unwise for any class of persons to refuse hearing and reading what can be said for and against all subjects whatever. For ourselves, we confess we hold so tenaciously to our own opinions, and feel that we see all truths so clearly to which we give an assenting sanction, that we rather like to have our points assailed, in order to justify a more triumphant voice in their favor. We are no noisy declaimer, or egotistic volunteer of our own enlightenment. We do not hold Emerson as in a state of beleaguement, that we, the editors, may find excuse for rattling shot about the ears of our readers; we do not sit, cudgel in hand, ready to give battle monthly, from the pure love of fight; on the contrary, we are placable and peaceful in our proclivities, being, we trust, so far well bred that we can sympathize with the best courtesy of the knights of the olden time, and yet not so "gentle-bred" that we may be likened to a dahlia with all the crimpings of its petals ironed out. Despite this, we confess, in the one aspect of solid earnestness, we could find it in our heart to pat the stout Paddy upon the shoulder, who, feeling himself oppressed with unused power, swung his shillally aloft and went to the cross roads, determined to find an antagonist, saying, "I am dry-molded for lack of a bating." Nevertheless, we "roar you like a sucking dove," in our editorial vocation.

For five long years, Putnam has been weaving fair chaplets for its readers. We trust those whose hands have been thus delicately and pleasantly employed in beautifying the fair maiden will not now forsake the bride.

Mr. George P. Putnam, the well-known publisher, a man of taste and enterprise, wishing well to the literature of the country, started the "Monthly," as we have seen, and, in justice to him, we should say that he gave it an honorable rank in the literature of the day. And, in justice to Mr. Putnam, we should also say here, that since he sold the magazine to Messrs. Dix & Edwards, some time in 1855, he has had no control over it, either in its financial or literary concerns.

We feel it a special duty to make this last remark, as the magazine has continued, and still continues, to wear the personal name of its worthy originator, and may, therefore, lead some portion of the reading public to consider Mr. Putnam in some way still responsible for the character of the work.

Mr. Putnam received a handsome pecuniary

return, as well as much honor, for his magazine enterprise; for it paid him a liberal profit while he published it, and when he transferred it to other hands, he received eleven thousand dollars for its sale. At the time the magazine was sold to the present proprietors, it was in a more prosperous condition than ever before—having doubled its circulation in the past three months.

We believe the readers of "Putnam" will not be displeased at this new relation with Emerson; a robust, sensible, and companionable personage, we promise he will be found. He has points, it is true, not unsalient, for though he likes the cut diamond, he likes it in the rough, also, and despises "California diamonds," like all other shams. He has a trick of preferring his own country to any other in the world. He believes we are the greatest nation that ever was, or that ever will be—and the little republic of an American village, with its public schools, and school committees, its

"Church that tops the neighboring hill,"

the pastor and deacons being elected by the congregation, and said village, roystering in the pomp of militia trainings, selectmen elections, and effervescing every four years in presidential tickets, stump-orators, and lecturers upon all sides of the question, he regards as a perfect little empire of bustle and noise, all coming from the people themselves; and he considers such a sight worth more than all the despotisms that have existed from Sesostris to Louis Napoleon, and all the republics from that of Greece to the eagle-nest of San Marino.

The readers of "Emerson" are so well acquainted with his honest and manly bearing, that they will not mistake him, though he dons now a new dress and bears a new escutcheon. He will put on no airs upon this "momentous occasion." He is well-poised, notwithstanding the honeymoon. He will go on much in the old style; for, after all, bachelors do not change much by marriage, unless caught too young, when they are apt to become "sponies." "Emerson" is young, it is true, but not enough so to be troubled with "youngeess." He has grown rapidly, and on several occasions so outgrew his tailoring that it has been a little difficult to keep up with his length of limb. However, he is of goodly size at present, and assumes proportion, and not the less elegance, and promises to be right handsome and wholesome in his career.

Thus, "grave and reverend signiors," that is, readers of Emerson and Putnam, we have given you our Othello apology, "the head and front of our offending," in this our new relation. We

have not attempted any fine flourishes, and we dare not make promises—honest people are chary of the like; but we hope to so adjust ourselves to our position that publisher and reader will be the better for the union we have described. We hope also to do our devoir to the world, and help it on "in the way it should go," for we think meanly of that course which does not advance human good.

LETTERS AND EDITORS.—Letters would be the most delightful things in the world, were there not the contingent reply to stare one in the face, much abating the delight. Some of our friends talk but indifferently, yet write delicious letters. The sight of a friend, so far from magnetizing him into eloquence, has the effect to paralyze his tongue to a most melancholy degree; and we wish, but in vain, he had been

"Born to speech—

Born blest heir to half his mother's tongue."

What a life such persons might lead!—chaste as the icicle upon Dian's temple, pure as the liquid in the heart of the crystal, fair as the pearl in the depths of the fathomless sea, bright as a pearl at the gates of Paradise—they need never be seen; "dumb nightingales," choked in their own melody, they might warm and inspire us, who bear the burden in the heat of the day, with their cool, lovely utterances, as did Egeria looking from her cave upon the enraptured Numa.

Lovely women are sometimes sweet lamators by the winged Mercury, and yet write as if an angel had nibbed their pen fresh from the wing of "Raphael, the sociable angel." Such should close their ruby lips, and look unutterable things; but on velvet and "crown-laid," rich as the leaf of the magnolia, utter their heavenly inspirations. For ourselves, we must not speak; one should be musical as is Apollo's lute, or the one essential grace of social life is wanting.

An editor talks to so many, can he be expected to always talk well?—and yet his readers have a right to demand it. They have a right to

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn;"

they have a right to preludes worthy of cathedral hymns; they have a right to the aromas of woods, and the fair sweetness of

"Violets dim,

Yet lovely as the lids of Juno's eyes;"

they have a right to the flash of thought, quick as the contact of flint and steel—to deep and holy utterance befitting the ear of saintly nun, of discreet matron, and brown-eyed childhood—to great thoughts, such as expand the heart and lift the brow to God and the angels.

Sooth to say, an editor should be a right goodly spoken man, as he sits in the presence of his hundred thousand readers, and has a word to say to each, and feels the answering pulse of the dear, great audience, who look to him to open his mouth in dark sayings, and wise, beautiful parables.

An editor must talk; it is not the time, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, when the eyes of all men and women are looking for the heavens to be opened and a great light to appear, even as if a second advent were at hand; for the editor, who is truly the great man of the times, to sit and concoct paragraphs, and write columns of dull, well-turned periods; he must talk—talk with his readers, till they shall say, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?"

It follows, then, that an editor is a poor letter-writer—he must yield the graces of the pen to the urgencies of the tongue; for we assure our readers, each and all, that we see them face to face, in our mind's eye, and no more think of pen and paper while we sit conversing with them, than we should think of asking about the time on the dial while we took sweet counsel with a cherished friend.

If we were a good letter-writer, which we are not, we would not leave a friend month after month without a word of remembrance, simply because the last letter had been unanswered; no, indeed, we should vie with Cleopatra's messengers, and cry,

"Whack him that day,
Which I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Clarissa."

for we would send our missals, our *billet-doux*, our notes, our letters, in such hot haste, that reply would but knock our own messengers in the head. This *quid pro quo*, is the very iceberg freezing up the veins of friendliness.

We have a passion—it is our one passion—for receiving letters; we cannot answer them; we halt too long in the reading, and thus occasion goes by. We roll every word, like a sweet morsel under our tongue, and thus in the hyblen banquet forget to pass the salt. We treat a letter most reverently—we would shame to break the seal in the presence of observing eyes; we would not read the tokens of another heart while unsympathetic eyes watched how our own sent the blood tingling to the cheek, or called it home to the citadel, hoarding its pulses, and leaving the cheek like the "wraith primrose," or the blanched lily; they wondering all the time "whether the news was good," as if letters were only to report facts.

We have seen persons tear open a letter with inconsiderate haste, and devour its contents with a look of animal eagerness, which has led us to whisper, in our sorrowful reprehension,

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

for a letter, fresh from the soul of a friend, is, in effect, his angel, the angel of his spirit, knocking reverently at the door of our own heart, and appealing to us in that tenderness of utterance delineated in the Canticles as—

"Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove,
My undefiled; for my head is filled
With dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."

Never was letter more elegantly superscribed. It is likely that Solomon thus appealed to the beautiful Queen of Sheba, inclosing his missive in a casket of sandal-wood. The whitest of papyrus, ornamented with a device of the lotus upholding the mystic apple, conveyed the sentiments of the royal friend. There were no post-offices in Jewry at that time, and a handsome Ethiopian page carried the casket upon a purple cushion with tassels of amber.

An editor is not supposed to have either sentiment or imagination; and, therefore, it is no wonder if he should please his fancy with dreams of letters in every shape, from one written in flowers and bound with talismanic fillet, to the homeliest attempt of a letter, looking a goblin brownie, with its yellow paper and zigzag cross-bars.

We ourself being, as we have hinted, disqualified from writing letters, we have learned a delicate treatment of them. We look at the little white casket, with its cabalistic superscription. We please ourself with calling it an angel. (The editor of the Independent has said that angel should be translated spy, which detracts greatly from the sentiment of religion, and robs much in the Bible of its signifi-*cance*.) We touch the white wings softly, and learn the import of its coming, reverently, without breaking the seal. We have carried a letter in this way sacredly for many days, imbibing its contents by an inward sense sweeter than the light of the eye or the framing of any words. If we are a poor writer, it will be seen we are no contemptible recipient.

We once received a letter which we held clasped in the hands till they tingled with a sharp pain. We knew what awaited us. We knew that our delinquencies called for reprimands, and we saw in the mind's eye, and felt in the prick of our ears, how Jennie's eyes flashed, and how her pen (it spattered a trifle) galloped over the paper, and set down with a keen touch words which it were useless to speak;

VOL. V.—28.

and so her hand ran on, while her lips were bar-*ra*cadood. Since that time we have been careful to publish, as occasion required, this infirmity of ours; and we say it here in all humility, that the correspondents of "Emerson" may bear with us, and convict us of dullness if they will, but not of contumely.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.—The earthly career of this man has terminated, and, as public journalists, it is needful that we should have something to say of one who has been more widely associated with the literature of the country, and with literary persons, than any one left to us. We shall say little of the experience of Mr Griswold, painful as it was, and as full of sorrow to himself as to others. "Tread lightly upon the ashes of the dead," is a humane and Christian-like proverb. Creatures of harmony are not often born into the world. Plato was the gift of the ages, Christ of the eternities; and as yet the earth is burdened with discordant children who see wisdom and goodness as "through a glass darkly." No one is evil without knowing pain; no one is weak without the pangs of weakness.

That Rufus W. Griswold was a weak and ill-judging man, no one will deny. As a man, there was much in him to regret; but those who knew something of his last lonely years, his bed of solitary and uncheered suffering, will feel for him only pity, as one who was made to atone deeply for all the mistakes of his life. He left three children, and we much doubt if either of them were with him in his last moments.

As a literary man, we will now speak of him. At the time that Rufus W. Griswold commenced his compilations of the "Authors of America," which he continued in various ways for a period of nearly twenty years, our writers were comparatively little known at home or abroad. Old models were so much in vogue that a truly home and original product stood little chance of recognition. The country had not recovered, nor has it yet recovered, from the colonial taint; we were not prepared to honor what was indigenous; the resources of the people had been exhausted in the struggle for our independence. Then followed a period of comparative repose, in which the commercial, agricultural and educational capabilities of our institutions began to develop themselves, and we were once more thrown back by the aggressions of England, which produced the war of 1812.

Our successes then threw the people into ecstasies of self-*laudation*. Twice had we, poor

and few in numbers as we were, rebuked the pride of the haughtiest nation upon earth. Our literature necessarily became of the political and patriotic stamp. Now and then, a man or woman, of so large a life and of such carefulness of aim that he shot upon the wing, produced a book or a poem, to be read only by the few—an offering of the head and the heart, showing how very vital we are as a nation; but our envious foes, without sympathy for our struggles, without charity for our poverty, and without knowledge of the far-spreading intelligence of the growing masses, asked tauntingly, "Who reads an American book?"

We wish to God Americans wrote less, and did more work which should overwrite the ages with national deeds of justice and enlightenment better than any musty tomes or sounding hymns, and which should be as palpable books as any preserved by the hands of the typographer. Jesus wrote no books, and yet, "never man spake as this man;" and the simple writing, when "he stooped down and wrote with his finger upon the ground," conveyed a diviner lesson of human charity than any record engraved upon marble.

Prior to the researches of Griswold, our people were unacquainted with the richness of material scattered up and down the country through the periodicals of the day. The learned professors of our colleges were often men of no mean genius, and did not fail to enthuse the minds of their pupils with a love for literature and art—which found expression, here and there, as opportunity afforded. Hence, there were some few names that had become household through the newspapers, which gave a corner to the poets always. Several attempts had been made to consolidate our literature, but with little success. Kettell's "Lives of the Poets" was probably the best, till Mr. Griswold astonished the country by his "Poets of America," revealing to them a treasury of rare and unknown beauty.

Instantly a new impulse was given to the minds of thinkers, readers and writers, and we saw at once that a world of power was opening to the country through the ennobling and harmonizing influences of art. Here was a collection of persons, comparatively little known, whose souls were replete with delicate conceptions, which had found expression through the harmonies of verse. We learned to know, and to love and honor our prophets as we should. We learned a reverence for the divine art, the truest expression of the all-beautiful afforded to earth; and though the work unquestionably stimulated

into existence a perfect hot-bed of weakly, precocious plants, it did people and country good. That the work was faulty, none will deny. Many names enjoy, through the writings of Mr. Griswold, a popularity which time will fail to indorse; but, as a whole, it was well and generously done; and the numerous works of the kind which followed—most of them mere resums of those of Dr. Griswold—attest the success of his undertaking, and the popularity of a subject made so by his efforts alone.

We have reason to be grateful to him, as Americans, for what he did for literature. He was untiring in his researches, and sought for the beauties of an author with as much avidity as critics of less fineness of intuition look for faults. That his judgment was not always to be trusted, is not much to say of one who did so much that was trustworthy. That he was capricious, and allowed his personal predilections and prejudices to sway him, is most true, for he had the whims of a woman coupled with a certain spleen which he took no pains to conceal; yet was he weakly placable, and could be diverted from some piece of mischief or malice by an appeal to his generosity—by some expression of wit or outbreak of indignation. Had he lived in England, for instance, where the child of genius is received, with all his faults and infirmities, simply and kindly as the bearer of sacred vessels, Mr. Griswold would have found his career one of more kindness and sympathy.

In our own country, we exact yeoman service of all, and we have little pity for the shortcomings of the gifted. We have poetry on a vast scale, but we do not like that it should leave the world much behind it; and hence we should be quite sure to tackle the heavenly-winged Pegasus to the plow, and compel him to the furrow with the commonest dog of the team.

Mr. Griswold was in the habit of going about with bits of criticism in his pocket, and scraps of poetry which he had picked up; and these he would read and comment upon. He had the laugh of a child, and was strangely unable to see the world as an arena for forms, ceremonies and proprieties; hence his freakishness, and mistakes and errors had always something incomplete and childish about them. He should have been shut in a library, with some protective spirit to direct him, for he could not understand the world, nor how it should be met; hence, some few loved this man with a deep and abiding love, which tells of much that was noble and beautiful within him—others pursued him with hatred and malice, which shows that his sphere was one of power in some way; and in all this, the man

was utterly ignorant of himself, and of what the world had a right to demand of him.

CHARLES SWAIN.—The readers of "Emerson" will remember that our June number contained a critique upon the poems of Charles Swain, Manchester, England, published by Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston, Mass. This notice we regarded as no more than a matter of justice to an author whose simple, wholesome lyrics so often enliven the home circle, when the heart demands an expression of those every-day litanies, through which the hearth-stone becomes an altar-place of praise to the Father of love. It is the part of duty, no less than delight, to give praise to the worshipful, honor to whom honor is due; therefore, we are not entitled to any thanks—still, a grateful response goes to our heart.

Since the appearance of our article, a letter from Mr. Swain, written with that candor which best befits the true man and true poet, expresses pleasantly a recognition of the courtesy. Mr. Swain published a poem many years ago, in what he calls his "younger and more ambitious days," entitled "The Mind," which we hope the publishers will present to American readers. Southey and Montgomery have been the fast friends of the author, which is no small praise. "The Mind" passed through several editions in England, and was illustrated.

We do not like that Charles Swain should speak of himself as less young or less ambitious than in former days. The morning bright Apollo is always crowned with the dew of youth; the heavenly lyre has hung in the heavens ever since "the morning stars sang together," and the "sons of God," lifted by the ecstatic melody of revolving spheres, "shouted for joy;" and yet there is no decay of its bright effulgence; nightly do its golden strings vibrate to the touch of far-off worlds on their bright, harmonious rounds; and thus should the poet renew his youth like the eagle, and reject the fingerings of time.

"Ambition,
That best infirmity of noble minds,"

is too often confounded with that poor, spleen vanity and selfishness which makes a man heedless of God and duty; but a mind divested of this true, noble aspiration, becomes utterly mean and commonplace. We would say to our poets, each and all, sing in your degree; it may be that you are not nightingales, nor larks, nor far-sounding eagles; yet sing, nevertheless, for even the chirp of the sparrow cheers the cottage-door, where, it may be, the care-burdened heart and toilsome hands are too weary to listen to

the bird "that sings darkling," or too depressed to mount upward with the lark.

We like the letter of Charles Swain; and, were it not an implied breach of trust, would give it entire to our readers. He says he "desires to stand well with American readers, both here and hereafter." It is well said, for there is now no question that an American audience is the most desirable, to any man who has any form of utterance, of any nation upon earth. Reception does not go by favoritism here. To be heard, a man must have something to say; to be felt, he must have touched a true human chord; for so many are tugging at the public pulse that it is a wonder any man should be felt at all. But we are a live people; every avenue of existence is flooded with vitality among us, and we can afford to magnetize the exhausted energies of the old world. Our faults are the faults of youth and aspiration, not those of old age and vice; and if we boast, we do well even, for it would be shame to us not to know our worthiness, and argue an altogether dullness of sight.

Besides the manly letter of Charles Swain, for which we give him thanks, he sends us an original poem, "The Vicar's Blind Daughter," with which we are proud to grace our columns.

We find it pleasant thus to stretch our hands across the water, and greet the young poet. The new telegraph will soon bring us nearer, and we may sit in our sanctum and hear the perpetual roar of Broadway—so crowded and yet so solitary, so full and yet so empty, so noisy and yet so silent—for where the heart is in a work, as is the editor of "Emerson" in his, the outside world can neither disturb nor annoy; and so it will happen that we shall almost hear the beating of English hearts when this girdle is put round the world in forty minutes, and Charles Swain will not note the myriad of Manchester spindles any more than we the noise of Broadway, and there will be only two kindly human beings talking together, brought so near the one to the other, by this magnetic girdle, that time and space are annihilated. Surely we shall now cease to wonder that the babe who died years ago, but has never been lost to the mother's eye, should come from supernal spheres, joyous and beautiful, to touch her cheek with kisses. This telegraph makes all the miracles of our existence wear the aspect of simple, naturally-to-be-expected facts.

THE VICAR'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Lone, yet never feeling lonely,
For her spirit's peace can win;
Blind she is, but darkness only

Dwells without, and not within.
Face of friend or brother never,
Lent their image to her eyes;
Yet the world seems kindly ever,
And its love wears no disguise!

Let us sit awhile beside her—
Watch her life a single day;
See the angel that doth guide her
Gently through her darken'd way.
Nature hath but one concealment,
All that eloquence can yield
Meets her soul in rich revelation,
Voice of stream, and wood, and field.

Even the Summer flowers, though lowly,
Gather their whole heart's perfume
With a sweetness still more holy,
As to sanctify her gloom.
Charm of hue they cannot send her;
Yet her gentle touch they meet
With a softness far more tender,
And a sweetness still more sweet.

Not a rustic in the village,
Not a plowman laboring nigh,
But, forgetting toil and tillage,
Blesses her as she goes by.
She knows all the children's voices;
Calls their young names o'er and o'er;
Every mother's heart rejoices
As she standeth by the door.

For she feelth for their sorrow,
Careth for them in their care;
Helpeth them to meet the morrow
With the little she's to spare.
In their sickness she is near them,
In each trial of their lot
She is first to aid and cheer them;
None in sorrow are forgot!

So she fills her daily mission
With unwearied heart and mind,
Helping all in hard condition,
Leaving sorrow more resigned!
So each night, by angels tended,
Finds she Nature's rest increase;
And that days in duty ended
Bring the spirit perfect peace.

Call you life like this privation?
Hath not God's own word supplied
Even in darkness consolation;
Joys, through Jesus, multiplied.
Light, which earthly vision never
Yet beheld on sea or shore;
Hopes no darkness can discover,
Lift her soul for evermore!

Manchester, England, July 29, 1857.

A THIEF AT THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.—The newspapers lately told us that, at Albany, a respectable female, named Crouch, aged 70 years, and a member of church, was detected pilfering articles in a store in that city, and secreting them about her person. She was arrested, accused, searched, and a lamp, a bar of fancy soap and a brush broom found hid beneath her dress. She was then discharged, but the stigma

so deeply affected her that on reaching home she immediately committed suicide by taking poison.

We wonder if the persons who caused the arrest of this "respectable woman" of 70, and thus caused her death through shame and disgrace, were aware that parts of the brain *become ossified by age*; and thus demonstrations are sometimes made, at this period, entirely repugnant to the character in early life. It would be well for such to read the beautiful and significant poem by Wordsworth, "The Two Thieves," a portion of which we extract as a prompting to that reverence so becoming in youth to the aged, and as a plea in behalf of our humanity when it shall fall into that state in which the Bible declares "the grasshopper is a burden," and the "clouds," which no sunshine can repel, "return after the rain;" which Ossian describes as "unlovely," and which Shakespeare calls "the sear and yellow leaf" of life. The poet tells of two children—the grandfather of ninety, and the child of three years—who "go a stealing together:"

"THE TWO THIEVES."

"The one, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old—
His grandsire that age more than thirty times told;
There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather
Between them, and both go a stealing together.

"The pair sally forth, hand in hand; ere the sun
Has peered o'er the beeches their work is begun.
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,
This child but half knows it, and that not at all.

"They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,
And each, in his turn, is both leader and led;
And wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

"Neither checked by the rich nor the needy, they roam;
The gray-headed sire has a daughter at home
Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done,
And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

"Old man! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,
I love thee, and love the sweet boy at thy side;
Long yet mayst thou live, for a teacher we see
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

UNPUBLISHED POETRY.—Upon our desk lies an old volume, discolored by time, and filled with the records of a gentle soul, who, nearly half a century ago, eased the pangs of his heart by the invocations of song. We have not read it—may not read much of it; we are content to see it lie there in mute quiescence, all that is left of the silent heart and the moldering hand. Long since, the author passed to unknown worlds, and be the expressions in these dim covers what they may, they would be childish to him now.

We find the contents such as best the young

poet—addresses to Spring, odes to Fannie, to Mary, songs of the heart, &c.; the old story without an end, which lovers sung from the creation of Eve, and will sing to the end of time. We doubt not copies of some of these lyrics have been worn long and tenderly under silken bodices, and been read again and again in the soft twilight, with a tear under the lids. It is all over now. The poet has sung his last song; the seasons have come and gone; the maidens are comely matrons now, in decent coif and sad-colored robes. The little drama is all played out; sometimes it comes back to them that they were ideal once, and loved by a poet; and then their step is lighter, and a blush, the ebbing back of youth, rises to the cheek, telling that love is the dew of youth—love is the breath of life—love is the atmosphere of the soul. Blessed are those to whom a great love has revealed the divinity of the soul.

The old MS. is musty now, the characters fading; time is covetous of all things, and knows no greater joy than to soften, and blend, and smooth, till all things wear his own gray tint, and are lost in his own undistinguishable oblivion.

Still, there is internal evidence that the poet lead no pining, weary life, uncheered by the sweet offices of home and friends. We apprehend "Our Eldest" at some time laid sacrilegious hands upon the book, for there is a tree within the cover whose botany might puzzle a naturalist, yet once it was green; an arbor, also, in checker-work, containing a rose-tree, with a blotch of red to show it was meant for a "red, red rose."

A heavier hand, in pencil, has sketched a house, and a soldier-looking man coming boldly up to a door, which reaches only to his knees. Then there are colonades of fierce-looking trees, and smoke pouring from chimneys in a way that might shame the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar. These last were unquestionably made by "father's boy," who relieved the precocity of his genius by invading the sanctuary of Apollo with the rude touches of art.

For the poet we are content—his destiny was not altogether cheerless; and though much that is best and sweetest must be, of necessity, ignored in the career of the child of song, yet they are but the stirrings of an inner life, to be more fully developed in the unseen and eternal.

BOOK-MAKING.—We observe, cordially, that the South is beginning to develop and appreciate more and more her own intellectual resources. Hitherto she has been willing, in a great degree,

to receive her esthetics from the North; and her own best thinkers admit that Southern intellect and Southern literature find little encouragement at home. Now it promises to be otherwise, and she extends the fostering arm to her own in a truly paternal spirit. Her great men are not wanting—her great names are not few—and yet, we believe, they are more familiar to the Northern than the Southern reader. She has produced her orators, and statesmen, and poets, and "honorable women," not a few.

Foremost among the latter will rank Madame Octavia Walton La Vert, the author of a work just published by S. H. Getzel, Mobile, Alabama, entitled "Souvenirs of Travel." Madame La Vert is an accomplished, amiable woman, who goes out into the world with a heart so good, so generous, that all she beholds is tintured thereby *couleur de rose*. The work makes no claims as a literary production, but is simply a record of pleasant memories. The author has friends, numerous and powerful, both at home and abroad, who will read her grateful, cheerful reminiscences with kindness and sympathy. She is singularly childlike and winning in heart and manner, so that the reader will turn the pages of the book with the same feeling he would have were he talking with the writer, listening to her genial voice, and echoing her happy spirit. He will not look for startling thoughts or profound intimations, but he will find much that is lifelike and tender to reward the hours he will pass with this truly excellent and elegant woman. Sometimes we wish the author would pause over some great memory with a distinctive recognition, such as on her visit to an artist at Old Brompton, where she says: "The grounds were surrounded by a high wall, and are a portion of the farm of Oliver Cromwell. In a little dell, overshadowed by a great oak, is the spring, called to this day *Cromwell's Spring*."

Madame La Vert was familiarly entertained by the best society abroad—lords and dukes, and ladies and duchesses, statesmen, authors, artists, all the sparkle of life bubbling up before her, and she pleasing and pleased. We doubt not the book will have a large sale.

Messrs. Derby & Jackson continue their Library of Classical Novels, with here and there one from an American pen. Marian Harland's new work, entitled "Moss-Side" appeals more to Southern than Northern readers—she being a Virginian, and a favorite. Names are important, and we wonder that a writer at all aware of the euphonics of language should choose the title "Moss-Side," an almost unpronounceable assemblage of s's.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields publish, in "blue and gold," the writings of Leigh Hunt, with a portrait. Not the least interesting part of these volumes is the letter of Leigh Hunt to the American public, characterized by his own inimitable quaintness and vivacity.

The same house publish "Two Years Ago," by Charles Kingsley—a panorama of the times of cholera and gold digging, and life as it exhibits itself among the great and the lowly. Kingsley is like one who walks in a great forest whose affluence of power and beauty so enchant him that he begins to fill his arms with acorn boughs, and cones of pine, branches of maple, brown-berried beeches, *sassafras*, yew, fern leaves, and dragon's leaves, till he staggers under his burden; and much that is beautiful and noteworthy fails of effect, because they have no perspective. But "Two Years Ago" should be read, if only for the sake of the character of Thurnall, the inveterate contemner of all shams, who "does God's will and knows it not," from the natural impulses of a true manhood and instinctive beneficence of heart.

John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, publish "The Memorial"—being the record of the life of a young and gifted girl, who folded her wings and went away at the age of nineteen, leaving her heart unclosed, and the touches of song hardly articulate, but fair and tender

"As if a rose should shut and be a bud again."

She had by care and study prepared herself for the useful and honorable vocation of teacher, when the angel summons called her from her task. She was the daughter of the author of "Sunny Side," thus inheriting genius from the mother. One of the most striking passages is that recorded by herself as a memory, when she was, perhaps, six years of age. She had moved to a new home, "where was a stately sun-flower growing before the nursery window."

"My first feeling was that the huge, ugly flower had a conscious being; and the idea haunted me till I came to think of it as an evil genius. While playing before it in the yard, it seemed always staring, or winking and nodding at me maliciously. And, after I was alone in my little crib for the night, when I looked at the window, the moon reflected it still upon the white curtain bowing and mocking, as if to say, 'I know you are there.'"

Several touches like these impart a psychological value to the work more significant than mere literary claims. The few lines written fifteen hours before the last scene, while she sat with the sunlight streaming upon her young head, and with no fear of death upon her spirit,

are wonderful for their force and lyrical cadence. We give but the opening stanza—the remaining are even more remarkable:

"Soul of mine,
Mourning in darkness thicker than the night,
With clasped hands, before an empty shrine,
Give thanks; the heaven hath opened—there is light."

The Messrs. Harper publish "The Bible and the People," by Catherine Beecher, being the protest of a strong, individual mind to the commonly received dogmas and ideas of the orthodox Church. The work strongly indicates the progress of thought and opinion, even among Trinitarians; and when it is recollected that Edward Beecher, a member of the same family, published but a few years ago that most unsatisfactory book entitled "The Conflict of Ages," in which he attempts to solve the problem of evil by casting its origin back into pre-Adamite eternities, it will be at once seen that it is time for the churches to gird themselves to the contest before them, for assuredly deep meanings underlie these experiences.

DEATH OF JOHN WILSON CROKER.—The English papers announce the death, in London, on the 11th of August, of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, the well-known reviewer, at the age of 77. Mr. Croker, though of English descent, was born in Galway, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, practiced there at the bar, and for many years represented the borough of Downpatrick, and afterward the University of Dublin, in the House of Commons. He also held several important public offices. His early literary efforts were pamphlets, essays and letters, in which there was a happy vein of sarcasm and satire. He also wrote some poems and clever tales. He is best known, however, as an editor of the works of others, and among these his edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" is worthy of notice. It shows great industry, but it has manifest faults, and of these Mr. Macaulay made the most, in one of the most scathing papers he ever wrote for the Edinburgh Review. Mr. Croker was one of the founders of the Quarterly Review, which was started in 1809, his associates in the enterprise having been Scott and Canning. He has continued to be one of its principal contributors, and has for a number of years confined his literary labors chiefly to that periodical.

EUGENE SUE, the celebrated novelist, died August 2, at Annecy, in Savoy, where he had resided since his departure from Paris, in 1852. He was never married. He leaves a sister, the wife of Mr. Caillard, formerly manager of the maneries.

Editor's Olio.

"OUR POETS" AGAIN.—In the September number of EMERSON'S MAGAZINE, we devoted two or three pages especially to "our poets," by which term we designated a group of poets of a younger growth, of both sexes, who had been attracted to our Magazine, and whose offerings were marked with genius, and gave promise of a bright future. We spoke particularly of the author of "Maggie Bell," of "Xenette," of Mary A. Rice, of "S. S. S.," of Illinois, of "Meeta Melgrove," and others. We refer to the subject, in a general way, again, because we propose here to insert two or three more of their bright effusions, and *must* take the liberty again of extracting something from their pleasant and pertinent private letters. We have quite a number of their effusions on hand, for which we cannot find space in our present number. We have also on hand several poems of considerable length, including one from the author of "Maggie Bell," and an elaborate one from "Xenette," entitled "The New World." We must ask our correspondents to have patience, if their articles do not appear as promptly as they expected. Our writers are prolific, and an editor has to labor diligently to meet the various tastes and wants of the public, but we shall earnestly endeavor to give each one his meat in due season.

In the September number of "Emerson," we published a poem of some two pages, entitled "The Arctic Voyagers," from S. S. S., of Illinois. The following poem, on the burial of the lamented Lawrence, is from the same pen. It was accompanied by the following private note to the editor:

LA PRAIRIE CENTER, Marshall Co., Ill., July 26, 1857.

DEAR SIR—I received your note some time ago, and did not answer it then, for I knew an editor's time is too precious to waste on every upstart author who clamors for notice; but I must tell you that I am grateful for the candid opinion you express of my poor poem. I like to be criticised fairly and impartially by one I believe a competent judge. I have had too little of such criticism.

I do not expect to create a sensation, or win a lofty name, while so many worthier poets are but half appreciated. If one human heart is soothed or made better, or one thought of purity or beauty awakened by my numbers, I shall have received my reward. I write because poetry is the natural and spontaneous outgushing of unspoken fancies and feelings, which have struggled for utterance ever since I gazed in rapturous, childish admiration on the burning sunset and cloud-valled sky, and wandered alone in the dim woodland haunts, full of dreamy imaginings.

My education and opportunities for improvement have been very limited, and much of my life has been passed

among people to whom poetic inspiration is foolishness; so you will perceive that what poetic talent I possess is less the result of cultivation than the gift of nature.

Pardon me for trespassing so long upon your time and patience, and believe me,

Yours truly, SARAH S. SOCWELL.

THE BURIAL OF CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

"His body was wrapped in the colors of his ship, and was buried by the British at Halifax, with the honors of war." [Historical Collection of New Jersey.

Lay him down gently to his rest—
The sleep in which death hath bound him—
With his trusty sword upon his breast,
And his country's flag around him.

Long hath that flag waved over his head,
When the balls around him were flying;
When his brave companions around him bled,
Or fell before him dying.

He hath glanced upon it in joy and pride,
In the midst of the fearful slaughter,
When the wild din of battle, fierce and loud,
Rang out o'er the blood-stained water.

It hath gleamed out brightly above his ship,
Its starry folds unfurling,
Like a herald of hope when the cloudy smoke
Of the battle was round it curling.

But cold and still is the brave warm heart,
With its lofty hopes of glory;
He is dead—but not with him hath died
Of his noble deeds the story.

Let the cannon boom o'er the hero's grave—
Give him the tribute of weeping—
Oh! 'tis holy ground where the truly brave
In their solemn rest are sleeping.

His name shall live while a true heart thrills
With the love of our nation's glory;
It shall be the watchword of fearless men,
And the theme of song and story.

Then lay him down gently to his rest—
The sleep in which death hath bound him—
With his trusty sword upon his breast,
And his country's flag around him.

La Prairie Center, Illinois, 1857.

Mary A. Rice has sent us another little gem of a poem, and the letter accompanying it would prove her a poet, even without the poem. We give them both, as follows. We regard her "Fountain Maid" equal in sweetness and poetic beauty to any thing that Shenstone ever wrote.

GRAND BLANC, Mich., Aug. 11, 1857.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Excuse this my *faïrd* intrusion into your sanctum, the very focus of wit and wisdom, with my poor handful of wild flowers. You were so good-natured as to praise them before, accept them once again.

My little poem came to me in a series of three pictures; could I wield the pencil—first, there should have been a pretty cottage on the hill side, half hid in roses, with one of the sweetest little maids in the world bounding from the rustic porch with a pitcher in hand, the whole lit up with a rising sun. I should like to understand art well

enough to have the *des glâtes*. Second illustration : a spring gushing from the hill-side—"gentle youth" lifting the pitcher, little "browns," blushing brothers, &c. Third and last : our little maid, crowned with a chaplet of flowers and long grasses, seeking a true reflection of herself in the primitive mode—looking in the spring. While bending, the low sun gleams brightly on her face, revealing naught but innocence, nature, and a true love of the beautiful.

As I am a stranger to the pencil, I use the pen. Rest assured, dear Sir, I never try to be a poet ; these mind-pictures come without wooing. Sometimes, too, I have not the time to jot them down, but they will come. The conception of a piece is with me instantaneous, and the unwritten thought far more beautiful than the embodiment of it afterward.

I will try and not write too often, for little thoughts should not interrupt great ones.

Gratefully I remain,

MARY A. RICE.

MAID OF THE FOUNTAIN.

BY MARY A. RICE.

From yon pretty cottage,
Nestling mid the bloom
Of wild rose and woodbine,
She'll come bounding soon,
For she waits the sun up
Every blessed day,
Tinting her young beauty
With its rising ray.

Look ! she is in the porch now—
Now she's on the lawn,
Pure as the pearly dewdrops,
Graceful as the fawn ;
Now she is far adown the path—
Now at the fountain's brink,
Which pours its coolest waters
For the little maid to drink.

A "thing of beauty" surely,
Yet her tiny hands are brown,
Each muscle moveth truly
As she dips the pitcher down ;
Down in the bubbling fountain,
How she laughs to see it foam,
Yet lingers not to praise it,
For a mother waits at home.

Comes the burning midday—
Comes the little maid
Once more to the fountain
And its whispering shade.
How her clear eye lingers,
Where the waters well,
To see the star-eyed grasses
Peep down at pebble and shell.

Up she peereth quickly,
Not into the sky—
'Tis her brothers from their labor,
They are "coming through the rye ;"
They are coming to the fountain,
With them a gentle youth
Who lifts for her the pitcher,
And blushes, too, forsooth.

Again before the sunset,
Light as some fairy thing,
Clad in a pretty robe of blue,
She cometh to the spring.

Without a burden or a care,
Or shadow on thy brow,
Round which doth wave the glossy hair,
How beautiful art thou !

While the golden robin
Is warbling overhead,
'Mid flowers and curious grasses
Doth the little maiden tread—
Culls the tiniest blossoms,
Little bells of blue,
Pink-streaked, mottled flower-cups,
And some of primrose hue.

On a stone, moss-covered,
Rest the shadows long ;
There she weaves her garland
With echoing bursts of song.
She mingles Nature's colors,
With Nature's innate skill,
Then binds the wreath above her brow,
A lovelier blossom still.

That young brow is not throbbing
For the world's selfish praise,
Such fresh young buds would wither
Beneath its sullyng gaze ;
But she bendeth to the mirror
Of the fountain pure and clear,
And it giveth back her beauty
Without taint or tear.

The sun hath neared his setting,
Gleaming golden and bright,
He kisseth the brow of the maiden,
Wraps her in crimson light.
Now, hie thee up the footpath,
Into thy sheltering nest ;
Moonbeams shall flood the fountain,
Angels guard thy rest.

Grand Blanc, Michigan, 1857.

Our correspondent Delta, who has given us some valuable prose articles, has also a spirit of poetry in his composition. Witness the following :

THE SPIRIT OF MYSTERY.

BY DELTA.

There's a spirit in the air,
There's a spirit upon the sea ;
There's a spirit in Nature everywhere—
'Tis the spirit of mystery.

She hovers afar, and is hid by a veil,
Thick-woven, from mortal sight ;
But often her beauty breaketh through,
As a star through a cloud at night.

I have often striven to pierce that veil,
But her form I may not see ;
Though often in agony I wail,
"Spirit, unvail to me !"

But though I may not behold her now,
There's a thought that comforteth me—
When the veil from my eyes is taken away,
Unvaild shall that spirit be.

JOHN BULL AND THE FRENCHMAN.—Although we have some faint recollection of hearing the circumstances (which are facts) upon which the following humorous story is founded, related in

days long gone by, yet as we have never seen or published them in this form, we here present these veritable though laughable incidents before our readers, for their entertainment :

Many years ago, when Rockaway was the fashionable Summer resort of many of our citizens, and likewise of foreigners, it was the frequent practice of many to leave this city late in the afternoon, to avoid the heat of the day, and to put up at what was *then* usually called a half-way house, at Jamaica, Long Island, and prosecute the remainder of their journey in the cool of the next morning. The consequence of this was that the house at Jamaica would often, at evening, be crowded with visitors desiring to sojourn there for the night—so much so that frequently all could not be comfortably accommodated, if, indeed, they could obtain a bed at all.

At a late hour one evening, a bluff and burly Englishman bounced up to the door of the house in a gig, and throwing down his lines with an air, ordered a man to hold his horse, and went to demand lodgings.

The landlord, an accommodating man as far as his means would in any way allow him to be, expressed his regret to John Bull that his house was so full, and the utter impossibility of receiving him, "unless, indeed, Sir," he added, "you would board and lodge for the night with a French gentleman here, who, I doubt not, you will find a very agreeable companion, and who will extend to you every courtesy that is due."

Bull replied, "No! he be — if he would sleep in the same room or eat with any d——d Frenchman." So saying, he *blazed* off with wrath into his gig, and started again for Rockaway.

Now, Miss Rumor—a little, idle, mischief-making, good-for-nothing—had whispered in the Frenchman's ear the speech that Bull had made about him, and the epithet he had bestowed upon him, when in conversation with the landlord. And it so happened, too, that as darkness was hastening rapidly on, and the distance to Rockaway yet many miles, Bull began partly to regret his hasty resolution, and to remedy it as hastily formed another, which was to "go about," as Neptune has it, and accede to the landlord's original proposal. The Frenchman, observing his return, and rightly conjecturing that his *civil* companion—that, in all probability, would be—had altered his mind and concluded to take quarters with him, at once resolved in his mind what course he would take. And being, unlike many of his nation, a stout-built, powerful man, he was also possessed of a suffi-

cient stock of coolness and courage to carry his purpose into effect. For this object, he paid a visit hastily to the waiter, and gave him his cue how to act during Bull's stay, which he was determined should be but a short one. It was not long before Bull himself was ushered in by the very waiter whom Monsieur had instructed. The Frenchman sprang up from his chair immediately upon his entrance, passed a variety of compliments, took several pinches of snuff, made some half a dozen bows, and concluded by politely handing a chair toward Bull.

But all his urbanity availed but little more than to elicit from his new acquaintance—who seemed determined not to be pleased—a nod. This the Gaul returned by *two* very significant nods, and an additional pinch of snuff, the box containing which he, of course, offered to Bull, who only gave his head a shake like a mastiff, which the Gaul himself found difficult to imitate. Presently, Bull seated himself, throwing up *one* leg, and planting his foot against the side of the window. The Gaul promptly elevated *both* his feet on the *other* side!

Bull now began to have a suspicion that his room-mate was *funning* him, and the thought roused his indignation and ire, and he began to mutter something, most of which was inaudible, except that Monsieur happened to catch the conclusion of one expression, which was—"some French dancing-master;" to which he suddenly retorted, by speaking as it were to himself—"un grand *couchon*!"

Whether Bull understood this epithet or not, it was evident he took umbrage at it, for, jumping up in a passion, he strode to the bell-cord and gave it a violent pull. The Frenchman, as soon as Bull had left it, sprang to it and gave it *two* pulls! Bull stared, but said nothing; the Gaul elevated his brows, and snuffed again. The waiter—who, from previous initiation, well understood the last *two* signals—now made his appearance.

Bull: "Waiter, get me a supper!"

Gaul: "Vaitaire! come back here! You bring me *two* suppaire!"

Bull wondered "what the d——l the fellow wanted with *two* suppers for *one* man, as he meant to be served alone; but suddenly exclaiming, in an under tone, "Zounds! I forgot," he stalked to the bell-cord again, and gave it a strong pull. It was no sooner out of his hands than the Gaul gave it *two* pulls again!

Back came the patient waiter.

Bull: "Waiter! I forgot, cook me a chicken!"

Gaul: "Vaitaire! come back here!—J'oublié—you cook me *two* sheeken!"

While these singular orders were "being" executed, which, however, was not long, the Gaul was not idle in inventing some little cause of irritation to his crabbed companion. It would be a waste of time and paper to recount all the teasing, Little Pickle arts to which the Gaul resorted to provoke the wrath of his room-mate. If Bull whistled to subdue his anger, Monsieur hummed "Malbrook," &c., or some other lively tune. If Bull, full of insulted dignity, marched across the room, Monsieur cut a graceful pigeon-wing.

Presently, Bull suddenly startled his tormentor with a tremendous sneeze—most probably the effect of the smell of Monsieur's rappee. The Gaul, quickly recovering from his surprise, seized his pocket-handkerchief, applied it to the "handle of his face," and blew a blast, which, though not as canorous, was not unlike in power (if in portent) to the call of Desaix's trumpeter, sounding the *pas de charge* at Marengo!

But here came the waiter, who, well understanding what he was about, set out *two* small tables, not far distant from each other, for each of the visitors. He was not long in completing the arrangements of both. We shall not, like many novelists, furnish our readers with an appetite-provoking detail of the dishes and courses, but content us with saying that while Bull was expatiating upon substantial meats, Monsieur enjoyed his coffee and light bread. But all of a sudden Bull, having devoured his first course, strode to the bell-cord and gave it a pull, and had paced about three yards from it, when the Gaul capered up and, as (now) usual, gave it *two* pulls.

In came the waiter.

Bull: "Waiter, bring me a bottle of wine."

Gaul: "Vaitaire!—come back here! You bring me *two* bottel de vin!"

Bull muttered somewhat about the probability of his neighbor getting drunk if he drank *both* bottles, of which the Gaul took no further notice than taking a pinch of snuff.

The wine was brought, uncorked, and handed *one* bottle to Bull's table, and *two* bottles to the Gaul's, who promptly filled *two* glasses, and just as his neighbor was raising his *one* glass to his lips, he lifted *both* his own, and bowing politely and passing a compliment (*a votre service*), drank from each glass, smacked his lips, and took an additional pinch. Bull, not entirely destitute of civility, gave him a nod in return, and rising, marched to the bell-cord again and gave it *one* pull. The Gaul's *two* pulls quickly followed. Bull was utterly at a loss to account for this repeated imitation of his actions, and the inva-

riable doubling of them. His room-mate, a moment before, had certainly proffered him "a health," but now he again applied the fuel of ridicule to the magazine of his temper. It was plain, however, that the Frenchman had not yet done with him.

In came the waiter again.

Bull: "Waiter! bring me a—what d'ye call it in America, devil!—a pie or tart!"

Gaul: "Vaitaire!—come back here! You bring me—vat is dis, le diable!—a *two* pie, two tart!"

Away went the waiter, and while he was gone, Bull was not long in making up his mind that the Frenchman evidently had some sinister object in all this, and was making a *dead set* at him, for his own amusement and Bull's annoyance. His vengeance began to boil—the Gaul quickly perceived it, and as quickly prepared for it.

Back came the waiter, but had not time to set down the pastry before the Englishman burst out:

Bull: "Waiter! go down stairs and bring me up a pair of slippers and a boot-jack!"

Gaul: "Vaitaire!—come back here! You go down stair—you bring me *two* slippaire—*two* boo-jack!"

Bull could stand it no longer. The waiter was not yet gone, and he roared out with the voice of a Stentor:

Bull: "Waiter! go and bring me up a candle, and shew me up a pair of stairs into a room with *one* bed in it!"

Gaul: "Vaitaire!—come back here! You shall go to bring me up *two* chandelle—shew me up *two* pair stair—give me *two* room vid *two* bed in!—eh?"

"*Le comedie est finie*," said Napoleon, at the battle of Waterloo; and Bull's further intercourse with such an imperturbable joker as this was instantly brought to a close. He sprang to his feet, overset the table, gave the waiter—to use the Frenchman's phrase—*von grand slap on de shop of his fa-ace*, thundered down stairs, ordered his horse and gig, and a third time started to grumble, growl, and grope his road in the dark to Rockaway; while the Frenchman, first cutting a splendid pirouette, prepared himself to enjoy, in the best humor possible, his *one* bed, complacently humming an air, the burden of which was—

"*De lit a la table, a la table au lit!*"

O. F. M.

RESURRECTION OF A NEWSPAPER.—A few months ago, while some laborers were engaged in the demolition of a house in Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y., they discovered beneath the lath

and plaster of its walls a copy, in good preservation, of the Ulster County Gazette, of "Saturday, January 4, 1800," containing a report of the proceedings in Congress and elsewhere consequent upon the recent death of Gen. Washington, together with other news and incidents current at that date. Some enterprising citizens, thinking that a relic so interesting deserved to be perpetuated and reproduced, have gone to the expense of causing an exact *fac simile* of the paper to be prepared for general distribution and sale. To this end types have been cast precisely similar to those employed by the Ulster Gazette, and the press generally at the date designated, and paper of the same texture and color with the original copy has been manufactured for the present reprint, that the likeness might be complete. Even the blots and blurs of the printer have been preserved in the new edition as carefully as the inverted column rules and black borders which mark the mournful nature of its most important contents.

MAJOR NOAH ON MARRIAGE.—The late veteran of the press, M. M. Noah, held a very racy pen, which threw off sparkling paragraphs with as much ease "as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane!" The following is one of them:

"We like short courtships; and in this Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting M'dlle Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts; and sometimes, in a poetical mood, have wished we were the man "what did it." But the deed is done; the chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chatting aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.

"One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us, in spite of its Scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger but not older—without experience—without a house—without a pot or a kettle—nothing but love and Eden."

INSPIRATION.—It is said that a young girl is now preaching in Ireland, to vast multitudes, with a power and beauty that reminds one of

the days when Miriam prophesied and sibyls uttered their oracles. She will receive no pay for her work, is simple in manners, and pure in life. She is but little more than twenty years of age, with a pale, calm face, and hair and eye-lashes nearly white. She has undoubted faith in herself, and says she is prompted to speak by the spirit of God in answer to her prayers. We trust the times will not be unwilling to accept this woman, who may be our modern Joan of Arc.

MR. WEBSTER'S EYE.—The following reference to Mr. Webster's eye occurs in Professor Shedd's address before the Massachusetts Colonization Society:

"The tropical eye, when found in conjunction with Caucasian features, is indicative of a very remarkable organization. It shows that tremendous sensibilities are reposing upon a base of logic. No one could fix his gaze for a moment upon that great Northern statesman, who has so recently gone down to his grave, without perceiving that this rare combination was the physical substrata of what he was and what he did. That deep, black iris, circinctured in a pearl-white sclerotic, and, more than all, that fervid, torrid glance and gleam, were the exponents and expression of a tropical nature; while the thorough-bred Saxonism of all the rest of the physical structure indicated the calm and massive strength that underlay and supported all the passion and all the fire. It was the union of two great human types in a single personality. It was the whole torrid zone upheld in the temperate.

DURING the last illness of Dr. Chirac, the celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients: "Why was I not called in before?" said the doctor. "It is too late; has the gentleman been bled?" His attendants answered in the negative. "Then he is a dead man, answered Chirac; "he will not live six hours;" and his prediction was verified.

A GLANCE ALL ROUND.—In taking our accustomed bird's-eye glance at things and incidents, far and near, in this moving world of ours, we are first attracted to the little world of our own Magazine. And why should it not loom up before us larger and more important than the affairs of States and Empires? We devote our days and nights to it, why should it not be all the world to us? We have it in our mind's eye now, as it will appear in a few days when the number is out which we are about closing up—

"Emerson" and "Putnam" united, wedded, become one—taking an airing in its rich new dress, and carrying its generous freight of good things to all the world. In fact, our little magazine-world so fills our eye for the moment, that we can see nothing beyond it. We are sailing "Up the Mississippi," and looking at sugar plantations, steamboats, negro quarters, fishermen's stations, and all the bustle and commotion on the levee at New Orleans; we are reading, with absorbing interest, the life of the Father of his Country, portrayed by the hand of genius, and embellished by the creative power of art; we are laughing over the "Tale of Lager Bier," and its grotesque illustrations; we are weeping with Major Downing over poor General Scott, "court-martialed in Mexico;" we are growing wiser and better, purer and happier, while we are spending the "Last Evening with Allston;" we are sailing with *Anthropos* through infinite space, watching the creation of planets, and suns, and systems of suns, and drinking our soul full of the grand sublimities of the universe; we are feasting at a well-replenished board of lesser and daintier dishes, which we may not stop to name. But we must not be selfish, and hold it all to ourselves—so, good reader, we send it forth to you; take, and eat your fill.

—The *Atlantic Telegraph*, like Dean Swift's eclipse, is adjourned, postponed. As our last number went to press, we were expecting every hour to hear of its successful completion. But, instead of that, as we walked by the news offices, the disheartening announcement on the bulletins told us "The Cable is Broken." It was a world-wide disappointment, but everybody believes the grand object will be achieved on another trial. The London Athenæum, believing the experiment was about to be successful, remarked: "In a few days, if all goes well, the two worlds will wed each other, and throb invisibly heart to heart. A great interest will attach to this operation—fourth of the grand events which mark the centuries in which they occur, and link, through all time, the histories and destinies of Europe and America—crowning, as it were, the departure of Columbus, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Declaration of Independence."

—The financial crisis for two or three weeks past has been more severe than has been felt before since the year 1837. Some thirty failures and suspensions occurred in one week in the city of New York, and many others in different parts of the country. But as we go to press the skies brighten, and it is generally believed the worst is over.

—The general aspect of the world at the present moment is not very exciting. England is struggling hard to regain the power she has lost by the extensive revolt in her Eastern empire, and the war in China still "drags its slow length along." The nations of Europe are generally in a tranquil state. In our own country, politics are growing a little lively in some of the State elections, but there is nothing to produce a general sensation. Even "bleeding Kansas" seems almost to have dropped to sleep, and will probably wake up some morning next Winter and find herself a sovereign State of this glorious Union. The military expedition is still on the move toward Utah, to wipe out the abomination of Mormonism.

DEATH OF DALLAS, THE ARTIST.—The illustrations of the opening article in the present number, "Up the Mississippi," are from the pencil of Jacob A. Dallas, and before the number goes to press, the hand that drew the designs is cold in the tomb, and the spirit that conceived them has returned to God who gave it. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." Mr. Dallas had acquired a high reputation as an artist in this city, where he had resided some ten years. He was a native of Philadelphia, and a cousin of George M. Dallas, Minister to England. His disease was chronic dysentery. His age was but 32 years. Thus "the traveler sinks in the midst of his journey." He leaves a wife and one child.

OUR WINDOW.

IN THE *Providence Journal*—a paper of good things—we find the following account of Landor, the purest Greek of modern days:

"We left London on the nineteenth, in the express train for Bath, traveling more than a hundred miles in two hours and a half, without inconvenience or fatigue. The road is the best and safest in England, and the cars more luxurious than a private carriage. The stately, sleepy old town lies softly cradled within an amphitheater of lofty hills; its noble crescents and beautiful villas all trellised and tapestried with flowers; its old walls and towers and terraces folded and curtained in heavy draperies of ivy, and steeped in the soft vapors of the *aque solis*, the old Roman name for its healing waters—'waters of the sun.' As we rode through some of its terraced streets last evening, we did not wonder at its reputation as the most picturesque inland city of Europe. It looked magically beautiful by the soft, rosy twilight that at this season, in England, lingers far into

the night. Bath is still the favorite resort of invalids, idlers and aristocrats—of all who would enjoy the *dolce far niente* in the midst of a perfumed and dreamy atmosphere.

"Here were passed the last years of Wm. Beckford, the eccentric author of 'Vathek,' and the luxurious proprietor of Fonthill Abbey. It was here that he sought to realize the last dreams of his marvelous fancy. It seems to have been his costly and mournful ambition to erect for himself a gorgeous 'palace of art,' in which he might live and die alone; but an eternal unrest consumed him, and one after another of his rare creations were, like his paradise at Cintra (made memorable in Byron's beautiful description), abandoned to desolation and decay. That most grand and terrible conception of retribution and despair, 'The Hall of Eblis,' might well have emanated from such a brain. Mr. Beckford was undoubtedly what would be called in our day 'a medium'—the victim, perhaps, of some haunting demoniac possession. His 'Vathek' was written in French, at a single sitting of three nights and two days, and without intervening sleep or rest. May not his rare intellectual tastes, his lavish expenditure in architectural creation, and his solitary and restless life, have suggested to Tennyson his wonderful 'Palace of Art,' and to Edgar Poe that strange and sumptuous fantasy, 'The Domain of Arnheim,' one of his most cherished and favorite conceptions?

"Yesterday, we accepted an invitation to take tea with Walter Savage Landor, at his house, in River street. Hardly less of a recluse than the author of Vathek, Mr. Landor ignores general society, professes not to know a dozen people in England, and politely expresses his enjoyment in the society of 'foreigners.' Mr. Emerson, in his 'English traits,' speaks of Landor as one of three or four persons whom he wished to see in visiting Europe. He still lives, as in Italy, among a 'cloud of pictures.' His rooms are hung, from basement to attic, with rare paintings by the best French, English, and Italian masters. Dutch pictures he does not like, and has carefully weeded them from his walls. He holds to the only orthodox creed in art, that beauty should be its sole and devout aim.

"Among his pictures was a beautiful portrait of the mother of Sheridan, by Romney. It was full of *riant*, sparkling life, and showed the clear, bright fountain from which sprang the vivacious wit of the brilliant orator and conversationist. A picture of Europa, by Correggio, pleased me more than all the rest. With one

hand she had grasped a horn of the stately animal she rode, while the other, filled with roses, was pressed tenderly against his cheek. There was a strange, ideal charm in her innocent playfulness, and in the aerial lightness with which she seemed borne along through a solemn, mysterious atmosphere, whose lurid gloom beautifully relieved her soft, pearly cheek and fluttering, milk-white robes. I can never forget this picture. I afterward found it was a great favorite with Mr. Landor, who said he would rather part with every picture in his collection than with this.

"His conversation surprises by its freshness and novelty, and stimulates by its resistance. With all his fine taste and culture, he is too arbitrary in his opinions, and too eccentric in his tastes, to be a safe guide to others; but it is pleasant to talk with a man who has faith in his own fancies. His manners are a singular compound of noble courtesy and abrupt, uncompromising protest and assertion. He said: 'You have great writers in your country,' and spoke in high praise of Emerson; recalling, with evident pleasure, their personal interviews in Italy many years ago. He objected to his style, as to that of many of the ablest English writers of the last half century; insisting on a classic directness and transparency of diction as one of the cardinal virtues. Among others, he instanced Sydney Smith and Washington Irving as examples of faultless style.

"But to assert that the colossal and shadowy dreams, the intricate and labyrinthine fancies of De Quincy could be adequately expressed in a style that is adapted to the racy humor and practical common sense of Sydney Smith, or to insist that the scope, the subtlety, the insight, the remote and starlike beauty of Emerson's thought can be told in the sweet, familiar phrase of Irving, is simply to ask that which is, in the very nature of things, impossible. As well require that the bulbul and the nightingale should sing like the robin and the lark, or that the night-blooming cereus should yield the perfume of the day-lily and the violet. He praised, with much emphasis, the writings of Miss Lynn—'Aminone,' 'Azetti, the Egyptian,' and some others. He said they combined some of the finer attributes of Rousseau's genius with the intellectual freedom of De Stael. I believe these works are just being republished in America. He professed never to have heard of the author of 'Christie Johnstone,' whose last novel has so stirred the sympathies of all American readers.

"With the exception of Howitt's last work,

which has just been sent him by the author, I saw no book in his apartments. He is said to give away his books as soon as he has read them ; a most princely and gracious habit. Beautiful flowers were on the table, and bloomed in beds of earth on the broad stone ledges of the windows—an almost universal custom in Bath. He gave us moss roses and musk plants at parting, and we left him with pleasant memories of the hours passed in his society. He invited us to return on the morrow and see his pictures by the morning light. But to-day we went with a party of friends to Clifton, and to-morrow we leave Bath, with its grand old abbey—the 'lantern of England'—its Temple of Minerva, its Roman ruins and its mediæval relics, for 'sunny France.'"

S. H. W.

THERE THREATENS to be a shoal of Spurgeons. We read in an English paper that "the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, younger brother of the famed Spurgeon, has preached two sermons in the Corn Exchange Hall. At the morning service, the immense hall was crowded to excess; and, when the preacher ascended the pulpit, a sensation of surprise at his youthful appearance seemed to pervade the audience. His age is said to be 17 years. He took the text of his sermon from the first epistle of St. John—iii ; 1, 2. His distinct utterance, fluency of speech, and earnestness of soul, together with the graceful ease and dignity of all his movements, are qualifications calculated to excite an extraordinary amount of interest in favor of a preacher of his early years. The younger Spurgeon's style of speaking possesses nothing in common with that of his brother; but in command of language, and the choice of words, he is, though but a student, at the very least equal to his brother."

AN OLD FACT, newly stated, is the following plan which was formerly adopted by physicians to prevent them from receiving infection. They used a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold, pierced with holes, like a pepper box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and, on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powders, and then apply it to his nose. Hence, all the old prints of physicians represent them with a cane at their nose.

THERE IS A NEW PLANIST of whom those who have heard him are never weary of talking. His name is Rubinstein, and he is by birth a Russian; but, as a musician, he is essentially German, and at the first glimpse of his head you are

sure to exclaim "How like Beethoven!" for it is almost a *fac simile*, on a reduced scale, of that harmonious Titan. A terrible responsibility is such a likeness, but in this instance it is not unworthily sustained. No pianist since Liszt has achieved, at so early an age (Rubinstein is not more than thirty), so exceptional a reputation. At a bound he has placed himself in the foremost rank of the musical art. As a composer, we are not able to discuss his merits; but, according to the opinion of those whose opinion is sincere and decisive, the works he has already written indicate profound study and singularly ripe accomplishment, rather than the inventive and creative faculty; a mastery of the secrets of the science, rather than the possession of those gifts which no amount of study can bestow, and for which no degree of learning is a substitute. But as an executant, we may honestly and emphatically pronounce Rubinstein the greatest living pianist. Liszt does not excel him in brilliancy, perhaps does not equal him in the perfect union of profound feeling and amazing force, of easy strength and unaffected grace, which, in all he touches, marks the hand of Rubinstein. And to all his gifts and powers is added the supreme charm of that unfeigned simplicity which unmistakably separates true genius from the counterfeit.

THE COLLECTION of one hundred finished oil pictures, and some thousand drawings and sketches in water colors, which Turner bequeathed to the English nation, are now for the first time collected under the same roof, and are open for inspection at Marlborough House. They occupy no fewer than nine rooms of that spacious edifice, and constitute in themselves a complete gallery of all styles of painting, imitative and imaginative. Many of the most beautiful were found huddled together, like worthless lumber, in the kitchens, cellars, and offices of his house in Queen Anne street West, London, where they had been stowed away, in dirt and darkness, for forty years. They were without frames; some of them were lying on the floor, with the canvas downward; others had suffered severely from mildew and rain, and all were in a shocking state of filth. Within the short period of eight months, however, they have been restored to their pristine beauty.

CONTINTINENTAL JOURNALS announce that a second Italian dramatic company is about to cross the Alps, headed by Mdlle. Sadowski, who has been already mentioned as dividing the success at Naples, during the last Winter and Spring season, with Madame Ristori.



FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The bonnet represented by our fashion plate is of rice straw, profusely trimmed with lace, roses and foliage. The jacket, *à la Chevenuse*, is a new and very attractive design, called the *Beatrice*. This design has been furnished us from the house of E. S. Mills & Co., Nos. 80 and 82 Chambers street, and selected from a large variety of recent importations. It is exceedingly beautiful and effective—the material of *moiré antique*, felt color, and trimmed throughout with velvet application, bordered by cordons of bugles and edged with a deep fringe. The burnous shawl of black silk, trimmed with broad velvet bands, with tassels of silk and bugles, is desirable for midseason, and will be made of velvet satin, or cloths of every variety as the cold advances. Many novelties will appear for out-door garments which as yet are not exhibited: elegantly embroidered velvets, very tastefully trimmed, with pendent buttons, chenille, and fringes of every imaginable style. Fall silks are mostly in plain

colors, such as gray, maroon, sea-green and currant, and many of them are elegantly woven with velvet patterns, lengthwise on each side of the front breadth, and the same for sleeves and corsage, which are still high and round, or slightly pointed, except for evening. Embroidered and printed muslins, with shawls of the same material, are very pretty for promenade. Small fichus tied behind, or under the arm, are made of lace and ribbon, and are much in vogue. Skirts are full, and the largest scope is given to the fancy in the variety and styles of trimming. Swelling skirts are now very generally adopted, and will not, probably, be relinquished for the present. We notice some modification in their size, which renders them more desirable for heavy fabrics. Bonnets are mostly gray or dark straw, trimmed with velvet ribbons, flowers and foliage. Collars are small, and partially superseded by small ruffs of French muslin. Under-sleeves are yet full, and interlaced with black velvet and other ribbons. Black lace and velvet, interspersed with roses or field flowers, are the favorite coiffeur.

The Quarterly Review discourses upon our present costumes in this wise: "The costume of women of the present day is in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for that is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is one in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, lolli gracefully, and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size, the skin to its native purity, the waist at its proper region, the heels at their real level. The dress is one every way calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and give each of them fair play."

OLIO SEASONINGS.

IRREGULAR VERBS.—A little Frenchman who had been taking English lessons, on a voyage, from a fellow passenger, complained much of the difficulties of our grammar. "For instance," says he, "as verb to go. Did one ever see such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper:

"I go."

"Thou departest."

"He cleared out."

"We cut stick."

"Ye or you made tracks."

"They absquatulate."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!—what disregular verbs you have in your language."

VALCHAIRE PRODUCE.—Vermont produces four staples, viz.: mss, wmsn, maple-sugar and horses. Saxe says:

"The first are strong, the last are fleet,
The second and third are exceedingly sweet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat."

"How shall I cut this mutton—saddlewise or not?" said a gentleman at whose house Mr. Hook was dining.

"I think you had better cut it *bridlewise*," replied Hook, "because there might be a chance of our having a *bit* between our teeth."

A POOR.—A young Jonathan took it into his head one day to get a wife. He accordingly looked about him, and very soon made such a selection as suited him, and was not long in striking a bargain and settling his preliminaries. He then applied to a clergyman to perform the ceremony.

"But are you prepared for such an important change in life?" said the reverend gentleman.

"I guess I be," says Jonathan, "for I have got my last just paid for, and own a good yoke of steers and a cow."

"Very well," said the holy man, with a long breath and sober face, "all these worldly things may be very proper in their place, to be sure; but have you ever thought of salvation?"

This was a poer. "Saf Vation?" says Jonathan, "who in thunder is she?"

"Now, Patrick," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge—are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Faith, but that's difficult for your honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

A SORRY MAN.—They tell a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man replied—

"I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that I can't pay it."

"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be very sorry—but if you are sorer than I am, I'll quit."

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.—The following is too good to be lost. It is often made a subject of complaint that ministers of the gospel participate in political matters. An anecdote of a Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply:

As the reverend gentleman went, at a time, to deposit his vote, the officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked—

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Field.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ said his kingdom was not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote," said Mr. Field, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

This at once let in a ray of light to the darkened chambers of the officer's cranium which he had never thought of before.

A SMART WAY OF DOING IT.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months.

A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him.

"I should like to know, friend," said he, "your secret of ready husband-making with such success."

"Pooh!" said the other, "no secret at all. I make it a rule, after a young man has paid attention to one of my girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and civilly ask him 'to choose between death and matrimony!' You may imagine," continued he, "which of the two they preferred!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT once gave an Irishman a shilling in payment for something which amounted only to sixpence. Paddy fumbled considerably, but couldn't make the change.

"Be jabers, yer honor, an' it's mosilf can't change ye."

"Remember," said the baronet, "you owe me sixpence."

"Agh, long life to yer honor, an' may ye live till I pay ye," quoth Paddy.

AN INSANE AUTHOR, once placed in confinement, employed most of his time in writing. One night, being thus engaged, by aid of a bright moon; a slight cloud passed over the luminary, when, in an imperious manner, he called out:

"Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon."

The cloud, however, became thicker, when he again exclaimed:

"The blockhead I see, he has snuffed it entirely out!"

SIMONIDES being asked by Hiero what he thought of God, he asked a week's time to consider of it. At the week's end he asked a fortnight's time, at the fortnight's end, a month. At which Hiero marveling, Simonides answered, "that the longer he thought upon the matter the more difficult he found it."

A MAIDEN LADY, not remarkable for either youth, beauty, or good temper, came for advice to Mr. Arnold as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor.

"Oh, marry—marry him," he advised.

"Nay, I would see him hanged first."

"No, Madam, marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will not be long before he hangs himself."

Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly.

Vol. V.].....NOVEMBER, 1857.....[No. 5.



THE United States steam frigate *Mississippi*, bound homeward from the Japan seas, arrived on the evening of the 19th February, 1855, off the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan. On account of thick weather, we were obliged to lay to for the night. The next morning at daylight, we made Cape Victory; soon after which, the Evangelist, a group of four rocky islands, came in sight. At 6 A. M., Cape Pillar bore due south, and we entered the straits under storm sails, running before the wind at a rate of twelve knots an hour.

No scene could be more dark and tartarean than that which now presented itself. Heavy black clouds, chased by a violent gale, swept in mad haste over the huge billows of the still darker sea. Rain, snow and hail at times drove

through the air, pelting the hardy faces of the men on the lookout. Now and then, when the storm subsided, land was seen; barren, black rocks lifted their heads, covered with ice and snow, into the gloomy clouds, while the dark waters foamed at their feet. Sometimes we saw cataracts—now suddenly bursting from the rocks and foaming on in a white line, then disappearing, and again rushing from their rocky recesses with renewed force. Such must have been the first landscapes of the earth, when God divided the sea from the dry land. The violent gales that rage here, during several months, have made the straits fatal to many vessels; and one shudders to think of the horrors these shores have witnessed. Here sea and land seem to be alike pitiless.

The gale that raged violently outside, subsided somewhat in the shelter of the mountains,

and the sea became smother. We passed Narborough Island, Cape Pillar, Cape Providence, and entered Long Reach.

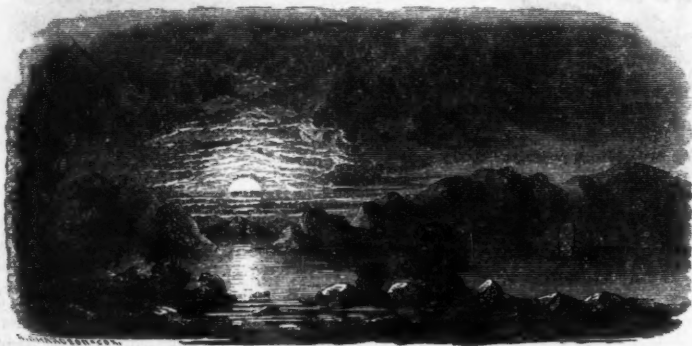
The straits, near their western entrance, are about twenty miles wide, but they gradually narrow till they are but a mile in breadth. Bold rocks ascend almost perpendicularly from the water, so that it is difficult to find anchorage. The lead scarcely found a bottom, even when we were so near the shore that a plank would reach from the ship's deck to the rocks. The listless calm in this narrow channel, contrasted singularly with the tempest that might be heard at intervals roaring in the distance. But when its mighty voice subsided, the wheels of our steamer alone interrupted the silence that reigned over this gloomy region. Even the black waves that washed the dreary shores were noiseless. At times, an officer's clear command awoke echoes that seemed to have slept since creation, for as yet no traces of living beings could be discovered.

Toward noon the sky cleared a little and the tops of the mountains appeared. As February, in this southern latitude, corresponds to October in the north, there was, comparatively, but little snow visible, which, from April until September, covers the mountains to the water's edge. With the exception of a little moss, no

vegetation was seen for the first hundred miles.

After following Long Reach for about twenty miles, the first traces of glaciers appear. We saw immense blocks of granite, of majestic and picturesque forms, their fissures bordered with brownish yellow moss; and small fields of perpetual snow appeared occasionally, until the bright blue ice of the first glaciers burst upon our view. These glaciers, descending to the sea, form a scene of rare sublimity.

Near Praya Parda (a commodious anchorage on the north side), we first saw trees. Shelter Island, behind which our ship anchored, is covered with a small wood. From a distance, the trees appeared like dwarf-pines or dwarf-hemlocks, but when we neared the island they were found to be either myrtle, with very coarse leaves, or boxwood, some of them more than thirty feet high. The anchorage at Praya Parda offers a magnificent panorama. The strait at this point resembles a lake in the high Alps. Enormous granite rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the waves; in some places, the water has cut little channels; and ice, which, no doubt, covered them at some remote period, has left its traces, rocks having been crushed by enormous masses of ice which have fallen upon them from higher ground. Heavy clouds still lingered



PRAYA PARDA.

about the mountains, their form and colors indicating the fields of ice and snow they hid, and which send down their waters in cataracts, that descend in heavy white sheets.

At this season of the year, night is short in latitudes so far south. Twilight lasted till nearly 10 o'clock P. M., and at 2 o'clock a faintly luminous streak in the east announced the coming day. The boatswain then called all hands to up anchor, and soon the ship was under way. A freezing wind made us long for the appearance

of the rising sun, which soon brought us not only warmth and light, but also a magnificent view of Glacier Bay (north side), where vast fields of bright blue ice descend to the very edge of the water. It is difficult to describe the strange charm of this wild scenery. The shores are so silent and mysterious, that one's imagination easily peoples them with the fabulous characters of the early voyagers and adventurers. The blue color of the ice in these regions is peculiar. An old quarter-master, who was inspect-



GLACIER BAY.

ing the surrounding country through his spy-glass, called out to me :

"Ha! it's so cold in this country, that even the ice turns blue!"

Passing Cape Notch, a rocky promontory on the north side, which serves as a landmark, and derives its name from a deep notch in its top, the scenery changes a third time. The straits widen again, from three to five miles, and large bays, surrounded by majestic mountains, appear on either hand. The enormous fields of ice and snow give a luminous transparency to the atmosphere and the clouds, while the dark, deep waters reflect surrounding objects like a mirror.

Whale's Sound, Smith's Harbor, Bell Bay, Pedro Sound, Gabriel and Snowy Sound offer the grandest views. It is scarcely possible to describe their grand scenery, or even to represent it with the pencil.

I had heard that whales sometimes made wonderful leaps into the air, and had supposed that the accounts were exaggerated. But I was convinced of their truth by seeing, at some distance from the ship, a very large whale leap above the water about four times its own length.

Seals were now frequently seen—sometimes feeding upon sea-weed and kelp, sometimes jumping through and over the water. They move very much like dogs when coursing over uneven ground.

At Elizabeth Bay, verdant vegetation offers a welcome relief to the eye after gazing so long on barren, rocky shores. Here we observed a little column of smoke ascending from a promontory near by, and on the same spot a white flag was waved from a tree. As these might possibly be signals of distress, the ship hove to; and the second cutter was being lowered, when two canoes left the shore, each of them containing four persons. They were Patagonians; and, when they came alongside, they made us understand, by signs, that they wanted clothing and provisions in exchange for skins and shell-fish.



CAPE NOTCH.



PATAGONIANS.

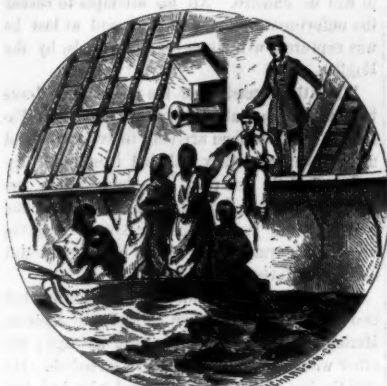
In the first canoe were four squaws and a little child, wrapped in furs; in the second, were three women and a man. All these were very tall, especially a young girl, apparently fifteen or sixteen years old, who was more than six feet high. They were copper-colored; their faces broad, with flat noses, but pretty; gentle black eyes and straight black hair, not unlike the Kanakas of the Sandwich Islands. They gave us several baskets, rudely wrought of weeds, and some shell-fish; and, in return, we threw into their boats some hard bread and some clothes. An old sailor, who had once passed two years on the straits, acted as interpreter. He made a good bargain with one of the squaws, who gave him several fine otter-skins for an old pea-jacket. He wished the young girl, also, to sell her clothing; but she refused—signifying, by pantomime, that she was ashamed to take it off before us.

The mother of the child made signs that she wanted some of the brass buttons of my coat, and as she held up her little one toward me, I supposed she wished to sell it. However, when after giving her the buttons, I feigned to take the babe, she was much frightened and hid it.

She wanted the trinkets as an ornament for the child, and they were instantly fastened to the little string of glass beads that was tied around its neck.

The canoes were made of the skins of the guanacho—an animal between a deer and a goat. These skins were sewed together with the sinews of the same animal, and stretched over a rude frame of wood. In the middle of the canoe, on some flat stones, was a little fire. It seems that the Patagonians always carry fire in their boats, for we never saw one without it. If they want to trade, they make a peculiar signal with smoke. The Patagonian squaws appeared to be well satisfied with their barter; for, holding up the clothes and pieces of bread exultingly, they laughed aloud, in deep, guttural tones; they then turned their boats' heads to rejoin their companions on shore.

The most dangerous part of the straits was now passed, and good and safe anchorages were now frequently seen. The want of these renders the western channel very dangerous; for these furious gales (nilli-waws) often surprise ships and dash them against the rocks.



VISIT OF NATIVES.

Cape Froward (lat. $53^{\circ} 53' 43''$, long. $71^{\circ} 41' 31''$, Observatory of Greenwich), the southern point of South America, is still in bad odor among sailors of the old school. It is, no doubt, a difficult task for square-rigged vessels to double it, against the strong head winds which prevail here during the greater part of the year. The channel is not more than half a mile wide, and sometimes twenty-five or even thirty tacks are necessary. However, the water is deep close to the shore, and free from rocks and other hidden dangers.

The prevailing westerly winds have caused all the trees to lean to the east. The branches

and even the foliage are twisted to one side, producing in calm weather very much the effect of a painted landscape in a gale.

Mount Buckland, a remarkable glacier, 1,000 feet high, its top enveloped in clouds, appeared now, on the north side; and on the south rose Mount Sarmento (6,800 feet), which has the form of a volcano, as seen from the north. Sarmento called it Volcano Nevado (Snowy Mountain), because of this appearance. But Captain King, who surveyed the straits in 1838, commanding H. B. M. ships Adventure and Beagle, concludes, from an examination of the surrounding mountains (slate), the volcanic formation is merely accidental. During the four years that these ships passed in the straits, there was no appearance of volcanic action. As I saw it at some distance, I do not venture to offer an

opinion. Should a party venture the ascent, which seems not difficult, this disputed point could easily be settled.

Having passed Mount Sarmento, Mount Buckland, and some low, swampy-looking land, with wooded hills in the distance, we discerned a long, narrow promontory, extending about half a mile into the sea, and ending abruptly in a bluff. Some objects on it, which we could scarcely make out through the spy-glass, attracted our attention. They looked like dead trees or broken down palisades, surmounted by a flagstaff. Nearing the shore, we discovered the most promiaent of these objects to be a



PORT FAMINE, FROM THE SEA

large cross. It stood in the midst of an inclosure, the rude fence of which was half broken down; near by were the ruins of a dozen huts. These were the remains of San Felipe, now called Port Famine. They recall a sad history. As the ship had anchored in a commodious bight, some of us determined to go ashore and explore this mournful place.

Its history is interesting. Sir Francis Drake's cruise through the Straits of Magellan, and on the Pacific shore of South America, in 1583; his bombardment of towns, and captures of rich galleons, naturally excited the wrath of the Spanish Viceroy at Lima, who ordered Pedro Sarmiento di Gamboa to proceed to the Straits of Magellan with a strong force and endeavor to capture Drake. Sarmiento obeyed. But, while in the Gulf of Fonseca, Drake had heard of the Viceroy's intentions; and Sarmiento arrived in the straits without having met with his formidable enemy. The Spanish fleet entered the straits in the Spring time, when hill and lowland were clad in luxurious vegetation—the sight of which made the Spaniards forget the hardships of their voyage; and suggested to Sarmiento the idea of founding a colony on these shores. On his return to Spain, he communicated his plan to Philip II. The Duke of Alva opposed it, saying that if a ship were to take out all the cables and anchors it would need in those boisterous seas, it could carry nothing else. Sarmiento, however, set out with his colony; and Alva's words became proverbial. The expedition, consisting of twenty-three ships, left Spain in 1584. Of these, but five, with three hundred persons, arrived at the place of destination. The colonists landed at a spot between the first and second narrows, where they founded a city, calling it by the singular name of *La Santísima Ciudad de nuestro Maestro Jesus de la Valle*, which was afterward abbreviated into "*Jesus de la Valle*," or simply *Jesus*. The exact situation of this settlement cannot now be ascertained.

Sarmiento, at the head of one hundred of these colonists, left *Jesus* and set out for Punta Santa Anna; where he finally arrived, after a most fatiguing march through dense forests and swamps, the horrors of which were augmented by scanty provisions and continual attacks from the savages. Here they founded the Colony of San Felipe—so named in honor of Philip II. The first Winter reduced the poor, half-starved settlers to the last extremity; and to crown their misfortunes, Sarmiento, who had kept up a communication between the two settlements, by means of his ships, was driven out of the straits by violent gales, and was obliged to take refuge

in Rio de Janeiro. All his attempts to succor the unfortunate colonists failed; and at last he was captured, with three of his vessels, by the English.

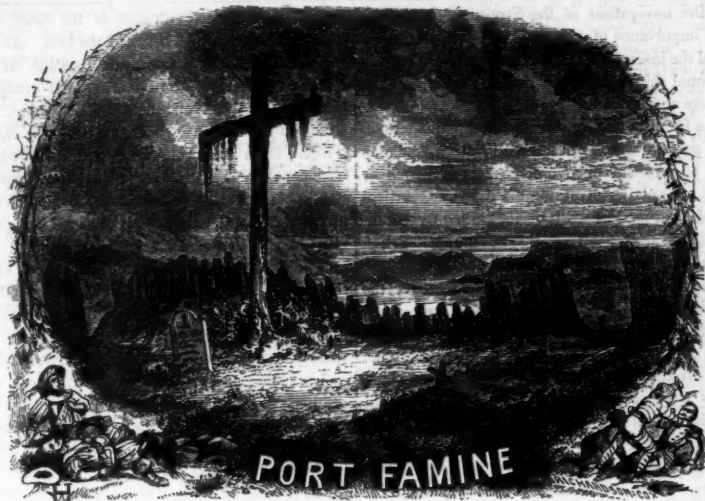
When the necessities of the colonists in *Jesus* became insupportable, they started for San Felipe by land; but, on arriving there, they found more misery than they had fled from, and they endeavored to return. But those whom the savages spared died of starvation; and not one found his way back to *Jesus*. Sarmiento gives us, in his journal, a most heart-rending account of these unfortunate colonies.

Of the settlers remaining in San Felipe, but two survived, one of whom set sail with Andreas Mericke, in 1589, but died on the passage; the other was taken to England by Cavendish. He was the last of the three hundred who had left Spain with the brightest hopes. The name of San Felipe expired with the settlement, and Cavendish, in commemoration of its sad history, called the place Port Famine. A picturesque, wooded mountain, at the bottom of the harbor, marks the site of the settlement.

After Chili became independent, the Government, having need of a penal settlement, selected Port Famine for the purpose. Some fortifications were erected there; and a governor, with a small garrison, took charge of the convicts. But the criminals revolted, and made themselves masters of the place. At the same time, they captured an English ship, then anchored off Port Famine, killing the officers, crew and passengers. H. B. M. ship *Virago*, some time afterward, captured the malefactors, and carried them to Valparaiso.

The place was then abandoned for the second time. This is the history of Port Famine, whose massive cross had attracted us to the shore.

Our party consisted of the captain and several officers. We landed on some rocks, near a spot which probably served as a coal depot. In the dilapidated batteries near, lay some dismantled guns and some shot. The houses had all been built of wood, with the exception of one, the stone walls of which were still in a tolerable state of preservation. It had been either a guard-house or a powder magazine. I lost no time in hastening up the hill, on the summit of which stood the cross. It was in the midst of an inclosure, about seventy or eighty yards square, surrounded by a rude, dilapidated fence. In it were a number of mounds, on some of which were little tablets. In the midst rose the large cross of rough timber, about twenty feet high. This was the graveyard of Port Famine. In company with another young officer, who had



GRAVEYARD AT PORT FAMINE.

been guided by a similar impulse to my own, I entered the inclosure. A small board, in the corner, contains the following inscription :

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPT. PRINGLE STOKES, R. N.,

Who died at Port Famine, while in command of

H. R. M. SHIP BEAGLE,
1st August, 1828.

His body was found on the opposite side of the Bay.

THIS BOARD WAS PUT UP BY
H. B. M. S. HAVANA,
21st Sept., 1851.

On another board, scarcely legible, is written in Spanish :

"Agui Decasan las linges et an Victor di Fallicio, et 29th Set., 1842. Los Amigos boens, ag an esta en su memoria."

Some fragments of either boards or crosses are scattered over the place ; and in a corner was an open grave, in which was a coffin, or rather a log hollowed out, containing fragments of a skeleton. The savages had, no doubt, disinterred the body for the sake of the clothing. It seemed as if all, every living thing, had forsaken the spot, except a few sparrows which had built among the ruined huts, and an owl which hovered over the graves. In a sheltered corner, the palisades were charred by fire, suggesting the idea that some human beings had been so wretched as to have been driven for shelter to this dreadful spot. The sadness that breathed from the place was irresistible. After we had been there some time, others of our party ar-

rived, but scarcely a word was spoken. A person left alone in such a spot would surely lose his reason.

The huge cross, that memento of a tragic past, may be seen from a great distance, stretching its arms toward heaven, like a guide-post on the road which we all have to travel.

On the anniversary of Washington's birthday, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the ship got under way again ; and, a little after daylight, we passed a Chilian penal settlement that had been founded after that at Port Famine had been deserted. It consists of about fifty houses and a church. A man-of-war and a schooner were at anchor. The straits now widen from three to sometimes ten miles ; and, as the land is generally low, at times only one shore is visible. Generally a bluff of red or white clay, about forty or fifty feet high, rises above the white sandy beach, on which numbers of seals and sea-lions basked in the sun. Otherwise, the scenery offers nothing remarkable.

At 12 o'clock, the ship was dressed in honor of the day, and a salute was fired. Perhaps this was the first time that a national ship had celebrated that day in the Straits of Magellan.

In the afternoon, the first narrows and Point Anegada were passed ; the setting sun shone on Cape Virgin, at the eastern entrance of the straits, where the yacht Northern Light lies high and dry ; and, at nightfall, the old Mississippi danced again on the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

In conclusion, I venture to offer a few remarks

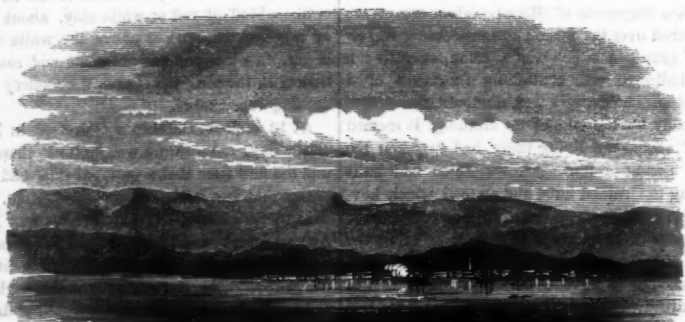
on the navigation of the Straits of Magellan. The importance of this subject has recently excited the interest of our Government, and several national ships have been ordered to explore its waters and shores.

As far as I can see, there are no dangers in this passage which are not well known, and may not be avoided or overcome by precaution or care. Captains King and Fitzroy's Nautical Guide is a perfect work of its kind. By its directions, and excellent charts, the *Mississippi* found her way from the Pacific to the Atlantic without the slightest accident; and, under the same guidance, even sailing vessels have made the much more difficult westward passage in perfect safety. For steamers this is the direct route, and no difficulty exists for them. If a few steam-tugs were stationed at both entrances of the strait, sailing vessels, also, might undertake the passage at all seasons of the year, thereby avoiding the tedious and perilous doubling of Cape Horn. Even now, sailing vessels may make the passage in safety, from the westward to the eastward, during the ten months of the year when westerly winds prevail.

The most difficult points for a westward bound vessel are probably English, Crooked and Long Reach, where there is little room to tack ship, and safe anchorage for the night is not easily found. Head winds and tides are, therefore, at these points, troublesome and dangerous. For schooner-rigged vessels, there is less risk than for large, square-rigged ships. I had no occasion to make observations of the tides and currents, but Captains King and Fitzroy's work contains all desired information in these regards.

Should a company be formed for providing steam-tugs to tow sailing vessels through the strait, it would be necessary to establish three

depôts: one at each entrance of the strait, and the other at some spot between the two. At the western extremity, a favorable location might be found on one of the islands which compose the group of the Evangelists, or thereabout. A situation for the eastern depot could be easily selected from numerous bays and inlets which offer convenient situations for such a purpose. But in each of these places there is a deficiency of wood and water; therefore, a third and principal depot should be established toward the middle of the strait, either at Port Famine or in its vicinity. Port Famine offers an excellent anchorage; several large and small rivers supply fresh water in abundance, the shores are thickly wooded, and coal of excellent quality and in sufficient quantity has recently been discovered there. According to good authority, game abounds at a short distance from the coast, and traces of precious metals have been found in the neighborhood. The soil of this place, as far as it came under my observation, consists of rich alluvial ground. Vegetation is luxuriant, and would at least afford excellent and abundant pasture should the rough climate render agriculture too difficult. But I believe that this also might be undertaken with advantage. The Summers are indeed very short, but as in that season the sun remains from sixteen to twenty hours above the horizon, crops ripen very quickly—especially on the north side of the hills, where the sun's rays produce the effect of a hot-house. The Strait of Magellan is situated between 50° and 53° south latitude. Gothland, "the granary of Sweden," is near 60° north latitude; and even still further north, rich crops are obtained. In consideration of the comparative poverty of South America in grain, and the disinclination of its lazy inhabitants for agriculture, settlers, especially if they were energetic



CHILIAN SETTLEMENT.

and industrious men from the north, might find a ready market for their surplus produce; and the ominous name of Port Famine might be changed to one of more auspicious import.

The natives, who have proved so troublesome to former settlers, are probably neither as ferocious nor as dangerous as they have been described. It is true, they are powerfully-framed savages, little better than animals, and have hitherto proved inaccessible to civilization. But they live in small tribes, seldom numbering as high as a thousand; and they have few or no firearms, which, in the hands of the whites, still frighten them. In spite of their physical strength, they are cowards, whose greatest exploits consist in stealing horses, or in murdering those whom chance or necessity have left unprotected.

If a settlement were attempted, it should be well-fitted out with the necessary stores and means of defense, and should be frequently looked after until it become strong and vigorous enough to sustain itself.

The natives should be treated with firmness, but kindness; in other words, let us carry in one hand the sword, and in the other the olive branch, and give them which they choose. In all probability, an attempt to form a settlement in this place would prove successful. Some have thought that Patagonians cannot be civilized, but this is by no means certain. Some time since, I read a little book by Mr. Bourne, of New Bedford, containing an account of his captivity, during ninety-seven days, among the giants of Patagonia. In spite of, perhaps, a few exaggerations, this book is of great importance, as it contains the best and fullest information about those people. The author also comes to the conclusion that all attempts to civilize these savages would be in vain, but still the facts in his book contradict him. That Mr. B., after all the sufferings inflicted on him by the Patagonians, has not a very favorable opinion of them, is not astonishing; but I cannot agree with him. Still, I must admit that his experience entitles him to be considered a much better authority than myself, for I have seen but about eight and a quarter Patagonians—namely, one man, seven women, and a child. But it will be remembered that the same opinion was entertained of the New Zealanders not long since, and already the results of a discreet and humane civilization among them are astonishing.

OLD BUT GOOD.

"What's fashionable I'll maintain.
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane.
"Ah! would to Heaven," cries graver Sue,
What's right were fashionable too."

DAGUERREOTYPES BY LIGHTNING.

ARE we hereafter to paint likenesses and pictures by means of lightning or electricity, as we now do by the light of the sun? Franklin, in 1786, frequently stated that, about twenty years previous, a man who was standing opposite a tree that had just been struck by a thunderbolt, had on his breast an exact representation of that tree. A similar case is mentioned by the Journal of Commerce, New York, on the 26th of August, 1853: "A little girl was standing at a window, before which was a young maple-tree; after a brilliant flash of lightning, a complete image of the tree was found imprinted on her body." This is not the first instance of the kind. M. Raspail, in 1855, has also mentioned another instance. He says that a boy climbed a tree for the purpose of robbing a bird's nest; the tree was struck, and the boy thrown upon the ground; on his breast, the image of the tree, with the bird and nest on one of its branches, appeared very plainly. Sig. Orioli, a learned Italian, brought before the Scientific Congress, at Naples, the four following cases of impressions by lightning: In September, 1825, lightning struck the foremast of the brigantine St. Buon Servo, in the Bay of Arriero; a sailor sitting under the mast was struck dead, and on his back was found an impression of a horse-shoe, similar, even in size, to one fixed at the mast-head. On another occasion, a sailor, standing in a similar position, had on the left of his breast the impression of a number 44, with a dot between the two figures—being, in all respects, the same as a number 44 that was at the extremity of one of the masts. On the 9th of October, 1836, a young man was found struck by lightning; he had on a girdle, with some gold coins in it—these were imprinted on his skin in the same manner they were placed in the girdle, thus a series of circles with one point of contact were plainly visible. The fourth case happened in 1847. An Italian lady, of Lugano, was sitting near a window during a thunder-storm, and perceived the commotion, but felt no injury; but a flower, which happened to be in the path of the electric current, was perfectly reproduced on her leg, and there it remained permanently. In Cuba, on the 24th of July, 1852, a poplar tree, in a coffee plantation, being struck by lightning, on one of the large, dry leaves was found an exact representation of some pine trees that lay at the distance of 339 metres (367 yards 9 inches). The fact that impressions are made through garments is probably owing to their comparatively open and rough texture.



CATTARO.

A VISIT TO MONTENEGRO.

THE first view you get of the town of Cattaro, as you approach it from the south, is exquisitely beautiful. Standing in a narrow gorge of the mountain, you look down upon the Bocca de Cattaro as if it were a lake. At its head lies the town, surrounded by groves of trees, and overhung by towers and ramparts, which crown the cliffs immediately above, they, in their turn, being overhung by the black mountains of Tzernogora, which rise almost perpendicularly, while along the shores of this seeming lake lies a narrow strip of cultivated land, the soft green of which, with here and there a white dwelling-house, form a strong though pleasing contrast with the dark and rocky hills which rise behind.

So soon as we had fixed ourselves in the not uncomfortable "Locanda della Corona," our minds turned toward our projected visit to Montenegro. We did not need to be reminded of our proximity, for wherever we went its black hills frowned down upon us, throwing their shadow over the town and far out into the bay, while we were continually meeting in our walks wild-looking fellows, whose peculiar dress, bold look, and air of independence convinced us that they must belong to that now far-famed principality.

The vladika—the prince-bishop—was, we found, residing for the present a few miles down the bay. Not being well, he had left, for a time, his mountain home, and come down to a more genial climate. We, therefore, determined at once to go and pay our respects, and see what would be necessary for our intended visit.

A boat was soon obtained, and a half-hour's pleasant sail brought us to the little village where the vladika had taken up his residence. He was sleeping when we first called, but after having taken a walk along the shores of the bay, and thus whiled away some time, we called again, and were admitted. There was but little ceremony; after a short delay, we were ushered into his presence, and found him reclining on a low couch.

He rose to receive us, and it struck me that I had seldom, if ever, seen a finer figure; six feet eight inches in height and proportioned accordingly, he seemed well fitted to be the prince of a warlike race of mountaineers. In his dress he showed more of the warrior than the ecclesiastic—full, short trowsers of blue cloth; white hose or gaiters, turned with red; a waistcoat of light stuff, worked with gold; over that a sort of coat of white cloth; and, again, thrown over one shoulder, a blue pelisse worked with gold and bordered with fur, while round his waist was a red sash, with a belt for pistols and yataghan. Such was the dress of this princely bishop, and it seemed strange to see, in this nineteenth century, so good a type of the warrior-prelates of the crusades. But we must not condemn him, for he was but filling that station which Providence had assigned to him, and filling it, too, as far as I could learn, in a Christian manner; for, although often compelled to lead his people in battle, the greater portion of his time was spent in endeavoring to improve their condition, in teaching them to be more humane toward their enemies, and more just and equitable among themselves.

From 1390 to 1516 Montenegro was governed

by secular rulers; but the last, George Tzernorovich, having married a Venetian lady, was at last persuaded by his wife to give up the cares of government, and go with her to her native city. In the year 1516, therefore, with the consent of the people, he transferred the government into the hands of their bishop, and the union of the temporal and spiritual authority has continued ever since. The office is hereditary in the family of Petrovich—but, as it is a rule of the Greek church that bishops may not marry, it generally descends to a nephew. The present prince, however, who has lately succeeded the vladika, whose person I have just described, refuses to take the episcopal office, and desires again to separate the temporal and spiritual rule. What the result will be, we do not yet know.

The vladika received us very graciously, and did not, because of his rank, neglect the usual civility of pipes and coffee. He spoke French and Italian well, and evidently knew a little of English, and was in every way an intelligent, well-informed man. The following notice of him is from one to whom I am indebted for most of my historical facts: "Besides his talents as a Governor, the vladika has the merit of being a distinguished Servian or Slavonian poet; and he unites all the qualities of a good soldier and an able diplomatist. He is, also, a member of several learned societies of Europe; and, having been educated partly at Castel Nuovo, in Dalmatia, and partly in Russia, and having visited the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, he has enjoyed the advantage of European society, and his mode of living sufficiently shows that he appreciates the comforts and elegances of refinement."

The vladika did not seem exactly pleased—for what reason I know not—with our intended visit to his country, and tried in many ways to dissuade us, first telling us of the amount of snow we would find on the passes, and how impossible it would be for us to cross; but finding that we were not much afraid of snow, he then offered, if we would but wait some ten days, to go with us himself. But, however great the honor, that we could not do. So, finding that we were incorrigible, he paid



THE VLADIKA.

us rather a doubtful compliment with respect to our stubbornness, though, at the same time, he kindly offered to make all necessary arrangements. After some general and pleasant conversation, in the course of which he spoke much of both the Turks and Austrians—of the latter not very kindly, because they would not sell him powder—we took our leave and returned to Cattaro, with, on the whole, a very pleasing impression of the prince-bishop of Montenegro.

The next morning we were awakened bright and early by a couple of Montenegrins, whom the bishop had sent to be our guides—of the royal family, too, nephews of his majesty. This, at the time, we thought very fine, but found, by degrees, that there were many inconveniences in being waited upon by such grand personages. About nine we began the ascent—four of us mounted, and some three or four on foot. The road is steep, though good, and consists of a series of zigzags, right up the face of the mountain. It was an hour and a half before we reached the top.

Fortunately, it was a bazaar-day in Cattaro, so that we were continually meeting parties of Montenegrin men and women on their way down, "the men loaded with arms and independence, and their women and mules with the richest products of their country"—mutton, hams, salt fish, and potatoes, hides, poultry, and pigs. The men were generally tall and fine-looking, their dress very much like that of the vladika before described, with the exception of the pelisse, and with the addition of a small red and black cap, and the *strucchi*—a long, narrow mantle, fringed at each end—which does duty either around the shoulders or over the head, or in any other way

* Sir Gardner Wilkinson's "Dalmatia and Montenegro."

that is most convenient; their arms, consisting of a yataghan, two or more pistols, and a knife, are bundled together round the waist, amid the folds of an ample sash, which gives them all the appearance of a happy degree of corpulence, while their long gun, often over six feet in length, is either carried in the hand or slung upon the back. Add to this the cartridge-box, the tobacco-pouch and pipe, and you will then have some idea of the necessary accouterments of every Montenegrin man.

The Montenegrin women, whom we met coming down in great numbers, struck me as small, and there was little beauty to be seen, except among the young girls; here, however, it was often striking, but hard work does not let it last long. Their dress is both pretty and picturesque—a white petticoat, an embroidered shirt, with loose, embroidered sleeves, and over this a cloth garment, very much like the coat worn by the men, without sleeves, and open in front; before and behind hangs a rich-fringed apron, fastened round the waist by a singular girdle, or rather zone, of metal, either brass or silver, and set with several rows of cornelians, though there is often used a red stone of inferior value. On the head, the married women wear a blue scarf; the girls, the small red and black cap of the men, and a white scarf; the *strucchi* is always hanging about them somewhere, not unfrequently being made into a sack and slung over the shoulder.

The common mode of salutation in Montenegro is a kiss; the men kiss you on the face, the women kiss your hand. We were of decided opinion that it ought to be the other way; but, unfortunately, our individual opinion was not sufficient to change the time-honored custom. To have the ladies kiss our hands, especially the young ones, was nothing objectionable, so we submitted to it with becoming grace; but the salutation of the gentlemen was quite another thing, and that we generally managed to avoid. The amount of kissing which our guide, the *vladika's* nephew—Pedro, I believe, his name was—had to undergo on his way up the mountain, was somewhat fearful; however, there was something pleasant in the look of it; and, though the kiss may become as formal as any other mode of salutation, still, in the present case, I could not separate it from the idea of simple-hearted affection.

For about two-thirds of the way up, the road was excellent, and exhibited no little engineering skill; but when we had

passed a stone, which bore upon its two faces the kindred eagles of Austria and Russia—the latter, with the addition of a crown, being the adopted arms of Montenegro—it degenerated into little more than a mule path. And now we were in Montenegro, and here we rested awhile to enjoy the prospect. It was unlike that which we had had the day before, on our approach from the south, inasmuch as there was no longer any deceptive appearance of a lake, for the Bocca de Cattaro now lay below us, in its true character, a deep-winding inlet; here and there it was lost because of some projecting headland, but again you caught it, tracing it along until it opened out into the Adriatic, the bright, calm waters of which contrasted strongly with the dark foreground of mountains and mountain-tops.

At last we reached the summit, and were enabled to look inland over a large portion of the Montenegrin territory; and certainly it would have been hard to find a more rugged, uninviting-looking country—nothing but one vast bed of hill-tops, interspersed, here and there, with basins and small pieces of table-land, hardly fitted for the habitation of aught besides eagles and goats.



MEETINGS ON THE ROAD.

And yet these Montenegrins love their country as much, or more, than the inhabitants of sunny France or merry England, showing how true is the old saying, "Home is home, be it ever so homely." At the highest point of the pass, we came to snow; but, contrary to the expectation of the bishop, found little difficulty in crossing, and soon came down into the first of the cultivated basins. Wherever there is soil it is cultivated, every inch being made productive, so that even the houses are perched upon the rocks around, to avoid the waste of any land.

The first village we came to was called Negusi; and here the royal family of Petrovich have their paternal mansion, a long, low stone building, unincumbered with the luxury of windows; and, in all respects, looking decidedly primitive. Two other villages, or rather hamlets, Baitse and Donikrai, were passed before we came to the Valley of Tzetinie, in which is situated the capital and the episcopal residence—in all probability the smallest capital in Christendom—consisting of from twenty to twenty-five houses, an episcopal palace, a convent, and a tower—the latter being inhabited entirely by Turks' heads.

Although snow still lay here and there among the rocks, Spring had come with all its beauty; the stunted growth of wood, consisting of oak, beech, wild pear, alder, and ash, were just out in leaf, while our rocky path was often lined with beautiful and varied flowers, the most common being a light yellow cowslip, beside which there was a small purple aster and a white and red flower, the leaves of which turned back over the stalk, not unlike to the cyclamen. No sooner did my Montenegrin friends find out that I was fond of flowers than I was quite overwhelmed with bunches, and actually had to strew the path with them that I might keep my hands free to receive their floral offerings—which, when they had once begun, it was no easy matter to stop.

Four hours from Cattaro brought us to our stopping place, the village, or town I suppose I ought to call it, of Tzetinie—the episcopal residence and capital of Montenegro. We found a comfortable room in the principal house of the place, being that of the storekeeper, a pleasant sort of fellow, who could speak Italian, and who was evidently quite pleased at our visit. Here we located ourselves; and, having ordered our host to prepare for us something in the way of a dinner, we set off to view the place.

Our first visit was to the monastery, a building, or rather pile of buildings, surrounded by a lofty wall, and evidently intended to be used as a place of defense; in fact, I believe it has

already stood two or three sieges. The monks are few, not above three or four; and not being able to find even one of those, we could not, at the time, get within the buildings—so we wandered up the hill to visit a round tower, the most decided curiosity of the place.

It is not very lofty, and the top is quite dilapidated. There is no door of any kind, and the few rude windows are high up the wall. Along the top is a row of stakes which ought to have been garnished with human heads—for that is what they are used for—but, unfortunately, they had all fallen down, although we were assured one had been stuck up not a fortnight before. This habit of cutting off the heads of their enemies seems as natural to the Montenegrins as scalping is to our Indians, though there is reason to hope that it will soon be done away with; at least, the vladika expressed himself as very anxious that such should be the case. The Turks, however, do the same to them; therefore, except by mutual consent, it will not be so easy to bring it about. Skulls and fragments of skulls lay round about, telling us too well for what those stakes were used, and imparting to that dreary old tower an amount of human interest almost too fearful to contemplate. I was glad to get away and free myself from its influence.

A second visit to the monastery proved more successful. In answer to our repeated knocks, a monk at last made his appearance, and, having admitted us within the walls, proceeded to show us all that he considered worth seeing. In answer to some inquiry with respect to the use of the lower story of the building, to which we were not admitted, we found, to our surprise, that it was employed as the stables for the vladika's stud, showing, as we afterward learned, rather a lack of means and stable accommodation than any willful desire to throw disrespect upon the poor monks.

The monastic buildings we found rather lacking in interest; strong and fortress-like, they showed that more attention had been paid to the securing of a defensible home than to the luxury of architectural beauty. Still, to their credit be it said, the church, in this respect, was in striking contrast with the rest of the buildings, showing that they felt that there was some difference between their own house and the house of God.

A bishop, who was to lead his people to battle, and whose country is nearly surrounded by infidel neighbors with whom there is always war, must have a more than ordinary palace, one which, if need be, could stand a siege, and uphold, with dignity, the national as well as the



THE MONASTERY.

episcopal honor; and such, in truth, was the palace of the vladika—a long and rather low parallelogram, with a court-yard before and behind, of ample extent, and inclosed by a strong and lofty wall, with corner turrets pierced for cannon and musketry. All windows opened on the court-yard, which was entered by a single arched gateway, closed by massive doors. Within the yard lay several cannon, taken from the Turks.

The principal inmate of the palace, at the time of our visit, was the bishop's brother, who held the title of president, and had charge of the civil affairs of the country: we found him very polite and attentive. The principal apartment was, strange to say, a billiard-room—or, rather, a large room in which stood a billiard-table; for I believe it also did duty as a presence-chamber and a dining-room. Adjoining was a room which might be called the library, though guns and yataghans almost outnumbered the books. Among the latter, which were principally Russian, were some French works, and one copy of Lord Byron. On a small table, at one side, stood a rather superior electrical machine, putting all which together—books, billiards, yataghans, and electricity—we see at once that this Montenegrin prince and bishop was not a man of a single idea. But the next room was still more interesting, being completely hung round with silver-mounted pistols and costly-hilted sabers, many of them most rich and beautiful, all taken from the Turks in

battle, most of them having graced the saddle, or rather the girdle of a pasha.

The bishop had been consecrated and crowned at St. Petersburg, and we were favored by the president with a sight of his letter of consecration and coronation, sealed with the seal of Russia, and written on rolls of silk, richly worked in gold and colors. Before leaving the palace, we were strongly urged by the president to play with him a game of billiards; it was a great temptation this, to have a game with a brother of royalty—but not being adepts, we thought it best to excuse ourselves and decline the honor.

The next morning saw us start at an early hour in the direction of the Lake of Scutari; inasmuch as we had first seen Montenegro from that lake when looking from the pasha's balcony, we now wished to see the lake from Montenegro. For two hours and a half we walked up hill and down dale, over as rough and rocky paths as it has ever been my bad fortune to

travel. Still, it was by no means uninteresting; every now and then, we would come upon little fertile basins where not an inch of ground was wasted, the houses all perched snugly among the rocks, and the little paths winding up and down between them; and then, as we attained some rocky summit, beautiful views would open upon us, especially as we began to catch glimpses of the lake with the double summit of the island of Vranina and the hills of Albania stretching out in the distance. And, as we approached Rieka, the place of our destination, we could look down upon the valley in which it is situated, and which bears the same name, and trace, in all its numerous windings, the noble stream of the Tzernovichi, which flows into and constitutes the chief feeder of the Lake of Scutari.

The village of Rieka, one of the most flourishing in Montenegro, lies directly on the bank of the stream, from whose waters the inhabitants derive their support and even wealth. A fish called *scorawra*, not unlike the sardine, is caught in great abundance in the river and lake; the annual value of the fishery is not less than 16,000 florins, or about \$8,000—the fish being sent through Dalmatia, and even to Trieste and Venice. A good breakfast, in which the aforesaid fish figured largely, being dispatched, we were ready for a water excursion, to which we had looked forward with much pleasure, down the river to the lake.

There could not but be a little of the feeling of military romance in our preparation for this



THE RIDE TO SCUTARI.

expedition, inasmuch as we were about to venture upon the enemy's waters, where there was always a chance of meeting a Turk or so, in which case there remained the practical question to be settled, which should take the other's head as a present to his master. With high ideas, therefore, of the warlike character of our proposed expedition, we assembled upon the river's bank ready to embark in one of their long, canoe-like boats. A very serious difficulty, however, presented itself; the whole village wished to go with us, and yet the boat could hold but a dozen, and we were thus in great danger of being swamped in the very outset. It was, however, at last settled that none but those who could boast of royal blood should be allowed to go. This highly aristocratic regulation soon reduced our number to nine, which, with ourselves and servant, made up the required number.

Our armament, then, consisted of a canoe, containing twelve men, ten guns—none of them under six feet in length—about as many yataghans and knives, and twice that number of pistols. As wild and savage a looking set as one would wish to meet anywhere. And thus we started. My next neighbor was a tall, strapping fellow, rather over six feet, having a tremendous mustache, and quite bristling with arms. Our intercourse had been confined to a sort of mutual admiration, until, by an unlucky jerk, I happened to displace from my pocket, my watch, and a solid gold cross which was attached to the guard, but generally concealed.

This cross immediately attracted my neigh-

bor's eye, and, in a moment, before I could replace it, it was in his hand and undergoing the process of being weighed, which I thought it best not immediately to interfere with. At last, after gazing at it and me rather more intently than I liked, he seemed satisfied, and returned it into my hand with something that sounded very much like a sigh, and, turning to my servant, said:

"If he had been in any other country but Montenegro, he would have been murdered for that."

Of course, after hearing this remark, which proved that some unpleasant thoughts had been wandering through my neighbor's brain, I did not feel much inclined to move any closer or improve the acquaintance.

However, we had no falling out, and, on the whole, our sail down the river was one of considerable interest, though, the banks being generally low, the scenery was in no way particularly striking. As we proceeded, the river began to widen, till, at last, the whole expanse of the Lake of Scutari opened before us, fringed with hills, dotted with islands, and guarded at the mouth of the river by the striking island of Vranina, with its two hills looking like the flanking towers of some mighty castle.

This island is no pleasant sight to a Montenegrin; for it once belonged to him, and, considering its position, and the power which it gives either to guard or annoy their fisheries, must have been a possession of the utmost importance. It was lost through treachery, being seized upon by the Albanians during a truce.



THE LAKE OF SCUTARI.

An attempt was made to retake it, but failed, the strength of the position being so great. The Montenegrins, however, have by no means given up the idea of its recapture, and only wait for a favorable moment. It is too important and too necessary to be tamely given over.

As we rounded a promontory into the lake, we saw at a distance a boat containing two or three men, who were at once set down for Turks, and immediately chase was given; but, luckily for the individuals in question, and especially for their heads, which might otherwise have graced the tower at Tzetinie, they proved to be no Turks, but good, honest Montenegrins; so that all the stroking of mustaches, handling of yataghans, and priming of guns, proved to be entirely thrown away.

We went to within about a mile of the two Turkish forts which guard the entrance to the lake, and would have liked to have gone near enough to have provoked a cannon ball, it would have been so interesting; but we had not the time; so, after firing one or two shots in defiance, to let them know who we were, our boat's head was turned homeward, and we soon found ourselves going up the stream of the Tzernovichi. The current being rapid, our crew stopped about half the distance up to rest themselves.

As an amusement, some shooting at a mark was proposed, which was at once entered upon with much zest, and which was rendered more exciting by the appearance of a flock of storks, the sacred bird of the Turks, which were consequently shot at with about as much good will as if they had been veritable Turks and infidels.

The only essay made by me in this line was a rather unfortunate one. After balancing and sighting, with no little difficulty, one of their six-foot guns, I pulled the trigger, and was much surprised to hear no report, when, after waiting patiently full ten seconds, I took the gun from my shoulder and was about to ask for another, when, much to my own discomfiture and the danger of my neighbors, off it went; and I was at once put down as a very stupid fellow, not fit to handle a gun. I quite longed for an American rifle, to show them what a gun should be, and how it ought to shoot.

In due time, without any further adventures, we arrived safe at Rieka, and a little after dark at our old quarters at Tzetinie. Here we spent the night, having made our preparations for an early start in the morning on our way back to Cattaro. The next evening found us there, pleased, and, I hope, instructed by our short, though interesting visit to Montenegro.

A LAWYER'S FEE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, who was in his native State a shoemaker, practiced law, on his removal to Cincinnati, from 1804 to 1820. He once received, as a legal fee for defending a horse-thief, two second-hand copper stills. The gentleman who had them in possession refused to give them up, but proposed to Mr. Longworth to give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row, so called, in lieu of them—a proposition which the latter gladly accepted. This transaction formed the basis of an immense fortune—the naked ground being now worth over two millions of dollars.



THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

ONCE more George Washington, our former State Surveyor, our young masonic brother (his honors and his sphere of influence, it will be seen, continuing to be enhanced), is mounted and on his way to the frontiers. The errand he is upon seems simple enough, this side the water, but contingently it will shake two great nations to their center; and, by intimating the power of the Colonies, and suggesting that in union is strength, will eventually bring the people to see that they need a Government nearer at home; that they need one which they can confront, face to face, and not through a long retinue of ministers and officials who think of nothing better than to fill their own pockets and provide situations for younger sons and dependents, unworthy scions, and made to be so by the English law of primogeniture, which compels the aristocrat to provide for one child at the expense of the rest of the family.

England will decline till she tosses overboard her Bench of Bishops in Parliament, and learns to make merit, not birth, the law of promotion in army and navy; for while the nobleman in-

stalls one boy in his old feudatory possessions, he sends his next, weakly in constitution, to be fitted for church—and perhaps, if he is safely dull, and a stickler for prerogative, he will, in the course of time, become a bishop; another, perhaps, is an incorrigible vagrant, or an overgrown, moose-like animal, with a small brain and a large pair of fists, and he is fitted for army or navy, one or the other, according to the influence made to bear upon his case. The land fares ill, fallen into such a straight-jacket system, which can exist only till the people are intelligent enough to see its destructiveness to a nation.

On the 30th of October, 1753, George Washington received his credentials from the hands of the Governor, and the same day started on his mission. A prompt youth, it will be seen, who never delays when it is possible to act. He is but little more than twenty-one years old, he it remembered, has hardly worn the nap off from his "freedom suit," and is not past the time when ordinary young men are ambitious to win the smiles of fair girls, and give them a kiss as they escort them home from prayer-meetings of a moonlight night, and attach great importance to the fit of a boot or the tie of a cravat. George kept a journal, in which he jotted down every



WASHINGTON RECEIVING HIS CREDENTIALS.

thing that impressed him; and yet there is not a paragraph to be found in the whole record which indicates even a shadow of the besetting sins of young men in general, conceit and vanity.

George Washington will need travel something more than five hundred miles, nearer six hundred, before he will meet the French commander. There are rivers to be forded, valleys threaded, and ranges of mountains overcome. Leaving Williamsburgh and the Governor this 30th day of October, he collects his little party, one of whom is Von Broom, a Dutchman, who takes pride in having formerly taught the young man the manly art of fencing, and is not a little vain of his accomplishments in general, including a somewhat doubtful quality of French—a rare advantage in a new country, where there are few schools and no colleges. John Davidson speaks one or more Indian dialects, and is thus a noted man in his way, also; but each goes with the young Major as a speciality, for neither of them are men of much pith or largeness in any way.

While they are threading their path through the forest, Washington slightly in advance—for he is the leader, and though a cordial, social young man, is not without proper dignity—we will read the papers given him by authority:

INSTRUCTIONS FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Whereas I have received information of a body of French forces being assembled in a hostile manner on the River Ohio, intending, by force of arms, to erect certain forts on the said river, within this territory, and contrary to the dignity and peace of our sovereign, the King of Great Britain;

"These are, therefore, to require and direct you, the said George Washington, forthwith to repair to Logstown [*an Indian town, near where*

Pittsburgh now stands], on the Ohio River; and having there informed yourself where the said French forces have posted themselves, thereupon to proceed to such place; and, being there arrived, to present your credentials, together with my letter, to the chief commanding officer, and, in the name of his Britannic Majesty, to demand an answer thereto.

"On your arrival at Logstown, you are to address yourself to the Half-King,* to Monacatocha, and other sachems of the Six Nations, acquainting them with your orders to visit and deliver my letter to the French commanding officer, and desiring the said chiefs to appoint you a sufficient number of their warriors to be your safeguard as near the French as you desire, and to wait your further direction.

"You are diligently to inquire into the numbers and force of the French on the Ohio, and the adjacent country; how they are likely to be assisted from Canada, and what are the difficulties and conveniences of their communication, and the time required for it.

"You are to take care to be truly informed what forts the French have erected, and where; how they are garrisoned and appointed, and what is their distance from each other, and from Logstown; and from the best intelligence you can procure, you are to learn what gave occasion to this expedition of the French, how they are likely to be supported, and what their pretensions are.

"When the French commandant has given you the required and necessary dispatches, you are to desire of him a proper guard to protect you as far on your return as you may judge for your safety, *against any straggling Indians or*

* Chiefs who were tributary to the Six Nations were thus denominated.

hunters that may be ignorant of your character and molest you.

"Wishing you good success in your negotiation, and a speedy and safe return, I am, &c.,

"ROBERT DINWIDDIE.

"Williamsburgh, Oct. 30, 1753."

Somewhat onerous duties to be performed by a young man of twenty-one. The passage which I have marked in italics is rather grim in aspect, indicating that there is a possibility that the lately appointed major and envoy may leave his bones in the woods, and his handsome brown scalp be found dangling at the belt of some young brave at the next year's feast of the new corn.

Another dispatch is more personal, and I shall transcribe it because it fixes the date of several points in the mind, and dates are the guideboards of history, without which we wander up and down the finest country, overwritten with hieroglyphics beseming the ages, and it is all one mass of Babelism.

"To George Washington, *Esquire*, one of the Adjutants-General of the troops and forces in the Colony of Virginia :

"I, reposing especial trust and confidence in the ability, conduct and fidelity of you, George Washington, have appointed you my express messenger ; and you are hereby authorized and empowered to proceed hence, with all convenient and possible dispatch, to that post or place, on the Ohio River, where the French have lately erected a fort or forts, or where the commandant of the French forces resides, in order to deliver my letter and message to him ; and after waiting not exceeding one week for an answer, you are to leave and return immediately back.

"To this commission I have set my hand, and caused the great seal of this dominion to be affixed, at the city of Williamsburgh, the seat of my Government, this 30th day of October, in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of his Majesty George the III, King of Great Britain, &c., &c., 1753.

"ROBERT DINWIDDIE."

The third dispatch calls upon all persons loyal and friendly to his Majesty, to aid, assist and protect the said George Washington in his onerous mission ; but as the young man will need to trust more to God and his own resources than to any aid from others, it is not needful to give it here, being little more than a diplomatic form of speech.

Washington proceeded to Alexandria for supplies, and then set forward to Winchester, quite a frontier town, where horses and tents were in readiness. They next pushed onward to Will's

Creek, which is now known as Cumberland River, where Mr. Gist, our observant and hardy pioneer, has taken up his residence. It will be remembered that he lived formerly on the Yadkin, North Carolina, but while he was absent on the business of the Ohio Company before related, a band of French and Indian marauders had attacked and destroyed his dwelling. The stout man who had traveled day and night—like the homeward-bound mariner who courts every wind and tide with a home-sick pulse, and whose imagination conjures a thousand fears—at length reaches the little hill which overlooks his dwelling to find only a smoldering heap of ruins.

He sinks down—the man who has no fear for himself—in utter prostration at the loss of all that had made a pleasure of his toil. A neighbor finds him thus, and shows how wife and children had fled across the country forty miles, and found security and safety nearer to the settlements. And so it happened that Christopher Gist is at hand, and he is the first one sought out by young Washington to be his guide, and, what is better, his friend and companion through the wilderness.

The distance is little more than seventy miles to Will's Creek, yet such is the state of the roads that it takes a fortnight to reach there. The November rains have set in, a heavy mist lies over the rivers, and the clouds settle densely upon the mountain heads. The meadows are sodden with rain, and the streams, overflowing their prescribed limits, spread themselves over the low lands, and pour their turbid waters into the boiling rivers. November is a month of storms and gloom, and the fortnight of travel is not a Summer-like excursion.

It may be well to state in this place, that copies of these documents, carried in the pocket of George Washington, were sent to the Board of Trade, London, where they will be stored among the archives for the sake of remembrance. Thus, when in time to come, the name of the man is thrust into the eyes and ears of those dull, pleasure-loving officials in Great Britain who imagine that men and women are for everlastingly to stand in awe of parchments and proclamations, they will be at no loss to understand the style of man they have to deal with.

Washington with his party, accompanied by Christopher Gist, leave the frontier settlements behind them at Will's Creek, and at once enter the forest. The road is not unknown to Mr. Gist, who has before looked across the Alleghenies into the beautiful Kentucky, and seen the Great Kanawha burst its mountain barrier

and emerge into a broad plain, the future site of towns and a growing population. Our pioneers are not of the small-footed, soft-handed stamp; they can dig a trench, fell a tree, or drive a nail home in a raft, and not make much ado in the matter; they have to cross a rough country, swimming rivers sometimes, holding their packs above the water, and sometimes the swollen rivers are only to be crossed by a raft, the construction of which demands time, labor and ingenuity. Washington was always a ready worker in every way, and, we doubt not, yielded his full share of brain and muscle in these emergencies.

On the 22d of November, they reached the cabin of Mr. Frazier, an Indian trader, at the mouth of Turtle Creek, on the Monongahela River. This John Frazier would not be driven from his post, notwithstanding the perils which beset him, for some of his retainers had been taken captive and sent off to Canada, while he himself had been ejected from Venango, where he had a small smithy for repairing guns, and making rude, but deadly instruments, for border warfare.

The rivers had now become "quite impassable," Washington writes in his journal, "without swimming our horses, which obliged us to get the loan of a canoe from Frazier;" and in this they sent the baggage down the river to the forks—that is, the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela, while he and a portion of the party crossed the country to the same point of destination.

Washington reached the forks before the canoe, which must follow the sinuosities of the river, and was heavy with baggage. But he was not idle; on the contrary, there is not a foot of ground comprised in the present city of Pittsburgh, and where the beautiful Ohio, clasping in her arms the Alleghany and Monongahela, bears them onward to the far West, an offering to the Father of Waters, which has not received the footprints of Washington.

His critical eye, sharpened by early attention to topography, instantly detected the importance of the spot in connection with a frontier warfare. He saw that, in effect, it was the key to the disputed territory, and he notes in his journal the result of his observation, simply and clearly, like a man competent to the work in hand.

"The land in the fork I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has the absolute command of both rivers. The land at the point is twenty or twenty-five feet above the common surface of the water; and a considerable bot-

tom of flat, well-timbered land all around it, very convenient for building. The rivers are each a quarter of a mile or more across, and run very nearly at right angles—Alleghany bearing north-east, and Monongahela south-east. The former of these is a very rapid and swift running water, the other deep and still, without any perceptible fall."

The Ohio Company had inclined to erect a fort about two miles from this spot, where lived Shingiss, King of the Delawares, whom Washington visited, and invited to meet him in council at Logstown. He observes the capabilities of the two places, and gives his opinion that the fork is the only desirable point for a fortification.

Arrived at Logstown (in what is at present Beaver County, and nearly twenty miles from the fork), they found the Half-King to be absent on a hunting expedition at Little Beaver Creek, about fifteen miles distant. Monacatocha, a chief, received the little party in friendly wise, and having received from Washington "a string of wampum and a twist of tobacco," promised to send a runner to recall the Half-King, and invite other sachems to a consultation. The same evening the principal men of the village came in state to pay their respects to the young envoy.

The next morning four French deserters sauntered into the village, from whom Washington learned some particulars of importance to his mission. A hundred men had been sent from New Orleans, in canoes loaded with provisions, to meet a body deputed for that purpose from the forts upon Lake Erie. He learned the number of men at New Orleans, and other French stations, and that the latter had built a palisaded fort at the mouth of the Obish



TANACHARISON, THE HALF-KING.

(Wabash). It was thus evident that the French were as enterprising as they were far-seeing in regard to the Western Valley. As the Wabash takes its rise near the west shore of Lake Erie, and empties into the Ohio, which in turn flows into the Mississippi, this nation had secured an easy and uninterrupted communication from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

At noon the same day, the 25th of November, the Half-King returned; and, in a private conversation with Washington, he described a visit

he himself had made the French commandant. It appears plainly that the Indian statesmen were in great perplexity in regard to their lands; what with the arrogance of the French, who do not so much as make a pretense of paying the red men for their lands, and the steady encroachments of the English, who profess to have purchased the whole Ohio Valley from the Six Nations some years ago, there is little for the poor Indian to do but strike hands with the one of his foes who will longest defer the *coup de grace*.



INTERVIEW WITH THE HALF KING.

CHAPTER XIV. COMPARING CLAIMS.

Washington invited the Half-King to his tent, and desired him to relate the particulars of his interview with the French commandant. Accordingly, having seated himself and the mountain warrior for the purpose of easy intercourse—Davidson, the Indian interpreter, being on hand to make the colloquy understandable—the Indian, in a stately manner, related his experience.

He had been received coldly and even sternly by the French commandant. Tanacharison learns but slowly the vices of the *civilizee*; the barbarian hurls his open defiance, plainly to be understood as the warning rattle of the snake which gives the note of attack before he inflicts the blow. He sends the black wampum, and turns his back upon the embassy of a people whom he designs to injure; and he finds it difficult to understand that smooth-mouthed double-dealing, as old as the days of the Jewish soldier, when he salutes his rival with the "Art thou in health, my brother?" and then stabs him under the fifth rib.

French and English have cajoled the Indian so long as any thing is to be gained by the process, and now they are each hurling defiance

at the other about possessions which are theirs only by the grim law that "might makes right." The English keep up a show of friendliness, at least, to their red brothers; but the French have ceased to consider further hypocrisy in the least needful. Thus, when the Half-King, with a grave sense of wrong, addressed the commandant in the beautiful imagery native to the child-man, who impersonates all his impressions, he replied to him as a schoolmaster would reply to an offending boy. Tanacharison recalled his speech as he sat with Washington, laying aside the calumet with dignified courtesy as he repeated the words then uttered, as follows:

"Fathers, I am come to tell you your own speeches—what your own words have declared. Fathers, you, in former days, set a silver basin before us, wherein there was the leg of a beaver (symbol of thrift and confederation), and desired all the nations to come and eat of it, to eat in peace and plenty, and not to be churlish to one another; and if any such person should be found to be a *disturber*, I here lay down by the edge of the basin a rod, which you must scourge them with; and if your father should get foolish in his old days, I desire you to use it upon me as well as the others."

This is a plain statement of the case. Nathan,

the prophet, scarcely would have done better than this untutored seer, prompted of the great Spirit. Now mark the home thrust, the "Thou art the man!" of Tanacharison.

"Now, fathers, it is *you who are the disturbers* in this land; you come and build your towns, and take away the land unknown to us by force.

"Fathers, we kindled a fire, a long time ago, at a place called Montreal, where we desired you to stay, and not come and intrude upon our land. I now desire you to go back to that place; for, be it known to you, fathers, this land is our land, and not yours.

"Fathers, I desire you may hear me in civility; if not, *we must handle that rod* which was laid down by the basin for the use of the obstreperous."

An honorable and timely warning. Tanacharison goes on to tell that he is willing that both French and English should trade peaceably with the Indians, but cannot permit them to build towns and erect fortifications. He explained fully that the tribes designed to keep their white brothers at arm's length, and were not to be trifled with. The old chief is not without a manly force and eloquence on this occasion. After having given his own speech, he proceeds, with increasing warmth, to relate the reply of the French commandant. It was scornful and threatening, and its effect such that it alienated the Half-King at once from all alliance with the French. He had called him "child" in scorn, and told the old warrior that "his talk was foolish," and denied that the land belonged either to the Delawares, Shawnees, Six Nations, or any other of the tribes. The French were the first to discover it, and they would keep it.

Tanacharison bridled his wrath in the best way he could, and then inquired what had become of two Englishmen, peaceable trading men, whom they had taken prisoners; he was informed that they had been taken to Canada, but the manner of the Frenchman was so obnoxious, that further conciliation was not to be thought of.

It thus became evident that France was acting in defiance of all the laws of national honor, and all those obligations supposed to be sacred and inviolate where treaties exist between nations. She was the aggressor in taking prisoners, as was seen at Venango, and in urging the Indian tribes to hostilities upon the frontier. As to the Valley of the Mississippi, neither English nor French had in reality any right to it, if we except the one principle that the people who are best able to subdue earn thence a right to possession; or the more benevolent one, that he

who is able to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a benefactor to the race. Certain it is, the savage hunter requires a vast domain to supply his few wants; while the same area, under the benign rule of science and cultivation, affords a supply for millions.

The English claimed the land on the right of purchase from the Indians in 1744, and by the grant of the Ohio Company, which had explored and even sent families west of the Alleghanies; the French, as has been shown, by the right of discovery. On the 26th, a council was convened at Logstown, in a building of ample size, in which was assembled the congregated wisdom of the woods. Washington stood in the midst of the assembly, his fair young face contrasting with the bronzed features of ancient and powerful warriors, and explained the object of his journey, which was to visit and deliver a letter to the French commandant. He told them, in a few manly words, that the Governor of Virginia wished the sachems to give him *their advice and assistance*, and to point out the best road and the nearest for him to take. Furthermore, his Honor desired that some of their young warriors should accompany the embassy, with provisions for the way, and "as a safeguard against those French-Indians who have taken up the hatchet against us."

He then presented a belt of wampum. After due consideration between themselves, a favorable reply was given—favorable to the designs of the Governor. They promised "to give up the French speech belt," and break all alliance with them. To the chagrin of Washington, a delay of three days was required in order to consult with the Shannoabs and Delawares, and induce them to join fully upon the side of the English.

The next day runners were sent to the Shannoah chiefs, in the hope of bringing them into alliance with the English. This primitive mode of communication is but lately extinct in the Highlands of Scotland. A swift-footed runner bears intelligence to a given point, when another of similar celerity starts to another goal. We are all of us familiar with the "speed, Malis, speed," of Walter Scott, and hardly remember that the same mode, equally as effective and primitively beautiful, existed in the American woods. A goodly sight it was to see the light and graceful youth, with his robe of skins girt about his loins, his eagle plume dancing to the wind, bounding from cliff to cliff, adown the green vallies, over surging brooks and roaring falls, across mighty rapids, through densely wooded glens, staying not for mountain-pass; onward, onward, startling the eagle from his



THE INDIAN RUNNER.

eyrie, and sending the timid deer to deeper coverts; pausing not though the deadly moccasin flattened his venomous head across his path, and the noble rattlesnake sprung his alarm notes upon the very knoll over which his foot is leaping; the bear and the panther win not a look as he bounds onward, true to his mission, despite of peril. No runner of the Olympian games ever presented a finer shape, a nostril better curved, or foot of lighter tread.

Thus, by this means, tribe was linked to tribe. More than this, these runners were not only swift of foot and brave of heart, but fluent in tongue, also, to convey word by word the speeches of the council-fire.

Already the French had driven the English traders from the Indian village of Picqua, a positively hostile and unprovoked movement on their part, which renders all talk of theirs, implying that the Colonies of England were the first breakers of the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, but the language of pretense.

After many delays, both painful and annoying to the young envoy, a suitable escort was provided, and they sought the little settlement of Venango, where a French half-breed, known as Captain Joncaire, held some state and influence. He was accompanied, also, by an Indian official, whose duty was one of great moment to a new people—the “bearer of the belts of wampum.” He was a sachem of the Shannoahs, and in allusion to the great speeches made upon the delivery of a belt of wampum, was called White Thunder.

The distance from the forks to Venango was no more than seventy miles, yet such was the state of the weather at this season of the year

augmenting the difficulties of travel, that they did not reach their destination until the 9th of December. Here every thing wore the aspect of a French settlement; French flags were flying, and they were at once informed that the “French commanded the Ohio.”

In other words, Captain Joncaire, was for the time being, king of the passes. This wily and eloquent adventurer, whose power over the Western tribes was only equaled by that of the Schuylers over the Mohawks, had been taken prisoner while a mere boy, by a band of Iroquois, who adopted him into their tribe, and instructed him in all the graces and accomplishments of a life in the wilderness, till it was said of him, that “he had the wit of a Frenchman combined with the eloquence of an Iroquois.” Such was his address that he was often sent to adjust difficulties between contending tribes, which he never failed to effect. He mingled in their great councils, where he swayed by his wisdom, and won them to his opinions by the force of his appeal. Rich in resources, with the proclivities of civilized life, he readily penetrated the motives of the savage. He was the companion of the young men in the chase, and a match for the warrior upon the battle-field. He excelled in those athletic games, and games of chance and skill, so prevalent among the Indians, and in all endeavors won the admiration of the young by his prowess, and the old by his wisdom. The French had been at great pains to secure the coöperation of this wily tactician of the woods, and relied upon his good offices to secure to them the friendship of the Western tribes.

It was no easy task for Joncaire to secure the aid of people whose sympathies were more readily enlisted in behalf of the English than the French. He but partially succeeded, but he obtained what was a point of great importance to his French allies—namely, a grant of land, where he might build himself a wigwam and live among his brethren, the Indians. He selected a spot near Niagara, which, a simple dwelling in its inception, at length grew into a trading station, and ere long was Fort Niagara, thus affording the French a key to the Lakes.

Notwithstanding the boldness with which Joncaire declared himself commandant of the Ohio, he received them with hospitality, and even made a grand supper on the occasion, in which the wine circulated freely, and much indiscreet talking was to be heard. Washington, the kingly youth, so far from being magnetized into a participation with this excess, retained his composure, while their noisy host and his



WASHINGTON'S INTERVIEW WITH JONCAIRE.

friends talked as men will when the wine lets wit out. In his journal, Washington says:

"They told me that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and by G— they would do it; for that although they were sensible that the English could raise two men for their one, *yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking.*"

He noted all their revelations, and found that the Spring was to witness their movements upon an enlarged scale. At present, they considered the season too far advanced for effective measures. He learned the situations of their forts, the number of their forces, and their intended mode of supplies. Cool and self-restrained, the young Ulysses listened and noted all; and thus did the sobriety of Washington defeat the intentions of the veteran Machiavel of the wilderness, who, there is no doubt, expected to see a young, robust man, full of animal life, fall at once into the excesses of the wine-cup. But he was mistaken, and we are proud to record it in this day, when the value of such testimony is known and felt.

The party was detained several days at Venango, by rain, and still more by the intrigues of Joncaire, who plied the poor monarch of the woods with liquor till the "Bearer of the Belts" quite forgot his office, and the great speech-maker, White Thunder, rolled ingloriously upon the floor, overcome with the potency of that which humbles the strong man and subdues the fair woman to destruction.

At length, when ready to start for Lake Erie, they found an addition of four persons had been made to their party, which increased the difficulties of Washington very greatly. He soon felt that the new comers were using every art to detach their Indian friends from their duty to

him, and thus leave him to the uncertain mercies of traveling a hostile country, in the dead of Winter, with scarcely a hope of escape.

Having reached French Creek, they found it commanded by St. Pierre, an accomplished man, a handsome and courteous, who was a member of the military order of St. Louis. A soldierly man likewise, and conscious that delays were advantageous to his sovereign, he punctiliously refused to receive the credentials of Washington, asserting that Reperti was of right the commander of the fort. The latter soon after made his appearance, when the letter of Gov. Dinwiddie was suitably received.

Very irksome were the forms and ceremonies with which the mission of Washington was now encumbered. But he was not idle. He took an accurate survey of the fort, noted its means of defense, and bade his people count the canoes and batteaux which he saw were laid up for the service of the Western army upon the opening of Spring. Nothing that a wise forethought could do to aid his Government was left undone by their able envoy. At length, perceiving the horses to be suffering much for want of proper supplies, and the weather remaining stormy, with rain and snow, he ordered the party to return to Venango, and there await his appearance.

Here, as at Joncaire's, the most pertinacious efforts were made to detach the Belt-carrier from his interests, and he urged him strenuously to return; but the old man had injured himself by travel and drink, and was obliged to be left behind at Venango, under a solemn pledge of fidelity, which was as faithfully kept.

At length, the punctilious Frenchmen delivered their letters to Washington, and he retakes to his homeward journey. French Creek was swollen by the rains, and turbid with floating



WASHINGTON FORMALLY PRESENTING GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE'S LETTER TO THE FRENCH COMMANDER REPERTI.

ice, which dashed the frail canoe from side to side in momentary danger of destruction. They were often obliged to stand midleg in the water, while they wrenched it from entangling ice, or carried it across the rapids—or, Indian-like, shouldered it across portages.

Can we, who look back from our present stand-point of time, and behold the brave youth, through the short Winter days, struggling with cold and and hardship—sleepless at night, propelling the little craft amid storms and darkness, breasting the elements with a strong will and a manly purpose; can we doubt that an all-knowing, all-protective Father beheld the struggle, and held over the youth an all-loving and protecting hand?

It was now Christmas day—the cold unabated, the difficulties of the route rather increased than diminished. Washington looked around upon his impoverished and suffering little party; the men fatigued, the horses worn and weary. He dismounted from his saddle, and gave the animal to the baggage master. He laid aside the ordinary dress of the citizen and officer, and, having assumed an Indian hunting dress, with cap and leggins, proceeded on foot. This mode of traveling was slow and wearisome to one who had accomplished the object of his journey, and whose desires perpetually outran his ability to proceed.

He at length placed the cavalcade under the command of the faithful Von Broam, and re-



HOMEWARD BOUND.

solved, by the aid of his compass, to make his way through the woods directly to the forks of the Ohio. Soon the hardy young man has buckled a watch-coat around him, strapped a pack to his back, containing the precious letter from the French commandant, some provisions and other necessities, and with gun in hand, and the faithful, cheery pioneer, Gist, by his side, starts, in the dead of Winter, across the wilderness on foot.

As they wended onward they became aware that their movements were watched, and had reason to apprehend the worst, for the Indians of that region were well known to be in the interest of the French. The utmost circumspection became requisite, the extreme cold, and the presence of numerous wild beasts, rendered a life needful at night, and yet to light one was to expose themselves to the deadly tomahawk or the murderous aim of a subtle and hidden foe.

Arriving at a town bearing the startling appellation of Murdering Town, they found a party of Indians who called Mr. Gist by name, and made so many inquiries, that it became obvious that they were out for the purpose of waylaying them. Mr. Gist, who kept a journal of this journey, was confident he had seen one of the savages at Venango, and believed him to be an emissary of the crafty Joncaire. It was, however, deemed advisable to keep one of these suspicious Indians to serve in the capacity of guide, and the alacrity with which he consented and entered upon his duties, served still more to deepen their distrust.

[To be continued.]

OUR COLLEGES....No. II.*

The life of the scholar, thoughtful and re-cluse, presents a striking contrast to the feverish excitements which fill the minds of men in the more turbulent pursuits of life. Inoffensive and gentle, to the man of action he seems childishly weak, if not hopelessly useless in the world; but to him, more than to the soldier or the ruler, is the world indebted for its absolute progress. Aristotle and Plato were, to the idle coxcombs of Athens, no more than pedagogues, whose notions were queer, and whose contempt for the little ambitions in which most of the Athenians were absorbed was a subject of pity, if not of disgust. The ages roll onward, and the youth who had flaunted their gay robes at the races, and won the smiles of women by

their hyacinthine locks, looped back by golden grasshoppers—the rollicking youngster who scribbled with the delicate stylus, upon slips of papyrus, the last witty couplet or crystal-fine epigram, have long since mingled their delicate carcasses with indistinguishable dust, while those grave old thinkers sit, Zeus-like, upon their ancient thrones, never to be forgotten.

The man of ideas helps on the ages, and the work of the statesman is but the carrying out of ideas; the soldier, also, in a bold, bad way, helps them on in like manner, for out of the reeking garments of the slain arise snow-white witnesses for the truth, born of God's pity, and God's power, also, or the earth were a charnel-house.

We have no sympathy for the selfish student, the artist in words, the pedantic revamper of musty, worn-out ideas; but the thorough searcher into knowledge, the man who penetrates to the secrets of nature, and can "tell all herbs, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon," who will, like Cuvier, take the vertebrae of an animal and reconstruct the creature in the integrity of his old bone, muscle and integument, so that we look, as it were, into the arcana of the universe, and read the divine thought from the inception of the molusca to the God-imaged man, is entitled to our reverence and our gratitude. All that reveals to us the meaning of these beautiful hieroglyphics with which the skies above and the earth beneath are over-written with the finger of God, is good and worshipful work in our eyes.

Thus the true great poets must always be Shakespeare and Milton—for neither in prose or poetry will any one, till we have a new revelation, go beyond the interpretation of human nature by the one, or the interpretation of human ideas by the other. Sentiment and the realm of the beautiful are a common empire, never to be monopolized by the children of song, and they who give us the highest expression of these are our benefactors.

But, be it remembered, there is still another class in the world to whom come none of the awards of fame—whose memory lives only in the minds of a group who go out into the world stamped, indelibly stamped, with the impress of their minds. We mean the teacher. In common country parlance, the schoolmaster. When the world is wiser, better, more civilized, the teacher will stand in the foremost ranks of those to whom honor is awarded. Men and women will look carefully to the qualifications of those to whom is entrusted the forming of the plastic mind of the child. It will not then be sufficient

* We are indebted for the engravings of our colleges to Mr. Charles Scribner, publisher of the "Cyclopedia of American Literature."

that the teacher implant science and literature ; the more profound and delicate task is his of directing the understanding to great principles, and the heart to that truth and beauty from whence emanate the life of the good citizen, and the Christ-like child of the great Father.

Next to the mother's is the teacher's task, the one great and significant office in the body politic—the one out of which is evolved the nationality of a people. We care little, comparatively, for the laws of a country, for be they good or bad, the careful mother and the responsible teacher will eventually bring about beneficent changes.

At the time that George Washington was drilling his young associates into military companies, and learning practically the graces of obedience at home, to prepare him for the dignities of command abroad—a growing stripling, and full of promise—while Virginia was sending her youth to England for that instruction denied them by the features of her institutions at home ; about the time when George Whitefield was calling all men to repent, like another John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, a quiet Connecticut clergyman, by the name of Wheelock, was laboriously and piously striving to win souls to Christ, in his Sunday ministrations of the pulpit, while all the week he directed the studies of a group of young men, who were zealous students without any doubt, for the good pastor taught them, because of his love for knowledge, and because these youth needed his assistance. We can well imagine that there were no rollicking night frolics under the simple dispensation of Parson Wheelock. Little time was lost then in the ordinary vanities of young men ; there were no Sunday walks and visits to be taken—no tobacco to be chewed—no cigar to muddle the brain to dreams, when hard thinking should be done ; no unseemly ogling of young girls, while the dear, good parson, in this State of blue laws and steady habits, held forth in a sermon two hours in length, followed by a wrestling in prayer, during which the whole congregation stood reverently upon their feet for a full long hour or more.

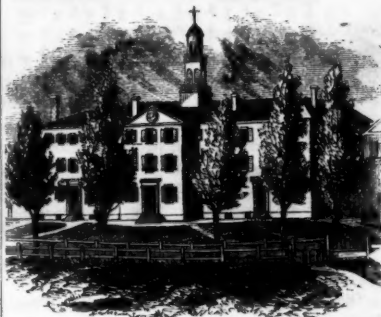
Those were the days to try the mettle of a man, and the patience of a woman ; and, truth to say, the battles of '76 prove that that was a training not to be despised.

Among the pupils of Parson Wheelock was a handsome Mohegan youth, who seems to have well rewarded the pains of the teacher at a period when the educating of the Indian was a work of primary importance in the eyes of pious

men ; and many a wild hunter of the woods laid aside the bow and arrow, the deer-skin robe and eagle plume, to sit wearily at the desk, conning lore which had no link of memories, by the blood of inheritance, in his primitive mind. Mr. Wheelock was more than rewarded for his efforts in behalf of the Indian boy, who was called Samson Occum, and he conceived the idea of establishing a missionary school, from which teachers should emanate, who eventually should evangelize the roving children of the woods, from Maine to Georgia ; for as yet the Mississippi Valley was a *terra incognita* to all but a few pious missionaries and adventurers—De Soto, Marquette, and La Salle, with their compatriots.

Indian pupils gathered around the good man lovingly, as they had done about the pious Ralle, in Maine ; and even the children of the Delaware tribe found their way east, and sat side by side with the Pequot and Narragansett. A thrifty farmer by the name of Joshua Moore, inspired by the love of doing good works, in the course of the next ten years added so much to the funds of Parson Wheelock that the benefaction became greatly effective. Samson Occum went to England, where the novelty of a handsome, educated Indian begging funds for the establishment of a hall of science and learning upon his ancient hunting grounds and battlefields, at once attracted attention and secured ample funds.

After some discussion as to the best location, it was at length determined to found a college in the western part of New Hampshire, and a charter was accordingly obtained in 1769. This is the foundation of what is now known as Dartmouth College.



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Dr. Wheelock, a hale man of sixty, left Lebanon the next year, and removed to the place designated. He and his coadjutors were not deterred by trifles. The spot was in the midst

of a dense forest, from which ferocious beasts were as yet hardly expelled. They lived in log houses, and conned the classics within sound of the prowling wolf and barking fox. The country was disturbed by the struggle for our independence; many of the young men laid aside the academic robe to do brave battle for human liberty; still, the good president remained at his post, feeling that to be his vocation, although he sent out his own son to do manful service in the American army.

The soldierly scholar, John Wheelock, became the second President of Dartmouth. Indeed, the college should be rechristened to Wheelock College instead of Dartmouth; for the long services of the first Wheelock were worth more to the country than any thing to be purchased by dollars and cents. The present name was given in honor of Lord Dartmouth, who contributed to the funds of the original school, and became one of its Board of Trustees.

In 1815, a collision arose between the Legislature of New Hampshire and the corporation of Dartmouth. It is well known that, in the subsequent contest, the great Daniel Webster first became known extensively to the public for the possession of those vast logical powers which have since made him renowned the world over.

He took the same side advocated by John Marshall, in favor of constitutional principles, contending that a charter could not be annulled by legislative interference; but only by the consent of those to whom it was given or their representatives, or be forfeited by abuse. The plea was made by Webster, and men to this day speak of it as a master effort of the human mind. His associates were Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, Jeremiah Smith, and Jeremiah Mason—the Christian names of the whole four attesting their good Puritanic blood, by which means boys were apt to bear the names of John, Solomon, David, or Bezaleel; and the girls those of Patience, Hannah, and Elizabeth.

On the other side, the council was no less renowned at the time—the acute, profound and witty John Holmes, of Maine; William Pinckney and William Wirt, of Maryland. It must have been an occasion when even Homer's gods might be pardoned for looking over the battlements of Olympus to watch the contest. Webster's argument prevailed, and the College carried the day.

Thus, out of what was once Parson Wheelock's little parsonage, and subsequently Joshua Moore's Charity School, grew up the present flourishing and well-endowed Dartmouth.



DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Dickinson College, situated in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, was not founded till about the close of our war of Independence, at a time when the country was exhausted by that long struggle, which had reduced even opulent families to indigence. But as property is

of value only as it can be employed in the midst of a community where human virtues are protected by just and liberal institutions, the man or woman who will not sacrifice it when these principles are at stake, is little worthy of respect or consideration of any kind. At this crisis,

wise observers saw the need of prompt and efficient action to encourage schools and institutions of learning, lest the benefits we had just secured by our political freedom, should be endangered by the ignorance and incapacity of the people.

The Hon. John Dickinson (for whom the college was subsequently named), and the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, by their influence and writings, succeeded in forming an association with this object in view, and from thence originated Dickinson College. Dr. Rush, a hard-working man himself, and regarding a solid use of a man's faculties the most desirable thing for him, looked upon this plan of a college, in the depths of the wilderness, to be filled with shaggy, toilsome youth, fresh from the plow or the workshop, as one of the most beautiful and promising features of the infant Republic.

Accordingly, he wrote in glowing colors to the Rev. Charles Nisbet, a well-to-do Scottish divine, living comfortably at Montrose, urging him to accept the presidency. Surrounded by an agreeable and appreciative assemblage of learned and intelligent personages, who relished well his learning and his logic, seasoned, as they were, by a ready wit, at once pungent and unctuous—at the height of his reputation at this time, and not having reached the meridian of his powers—the learned doctor might well hesitate upon such a step. However, such was the winning eloquence of Dr. Rush, that Dr. Nisbet, despite the remonstrances of all his friends and hangers-on, left his cannie Scottish home and people to sow the seeds of learning in a new land, combined with the more difficult task of subduing to order a troop of young boys, who had broken loose from the lax government of superannuated grandfathers and heart-sick mothers, whose husbands had perished in battle, or who had returned home to die of sickness or old wounds.

Dr. Nisbet reached Carlisle on the fourth day of July, 1785, while the people were boisterous in celebration of our Independence. Little imagination is requisite to picture the scene as it appeared to the sleek divine, fresh from halls of learning, social refinements, and a people so orderly and undemonstrative as the Scotch. We doubt not the whole seemed motley enough to his eye; but to us, who know the cost of that war and its results, every tattered hat, and ragged garment, and dilapidated shoe, wears a tender and sacred aspect; and if the mirth be uncouth, braggart and noisy, we can see that men from the thralldom of oppression

and the rage of the battle-field, are not likely to study manner or dramatic effects; and he who can turn aught of the kind into a subject for mirth has a streak of ghastliness in his make, crossed by a thread of the traitorous, which we by no means love to contemplate.

The result to Dr. Nisbet was as might have been anticipated. He belonged to the old order of things, and could not well adapt himself to the new. He and his family suffered greatly from the climate—a sickness doubtlessly aggravated by mental discontent. He expected all this disorder of youth and a new country to assume at once under his eye order and harmony. He was mistaken, of course; the people were jealous of restriction of every kind—were not, and are not to this day, a docile people. The good doctor appealed, remonstrated, and wore out his patience by apparently ineffectual effort, and soon resigned his position, designing to return to Scotland. This awoke the attention of the trustees, who saw that such a man must not be lost to the institution, and he was accordingly reinstated president, and more effectually sustained. He at once redeemed himself by a series of efforts truly remarkable, giving lectures himself upon all subjects, which would ordinarily demand the labor of half a dozen professors in our day of high pay and small work. Dr. Nisbet was evidently a conscientious, hard-working man, and a vigorous, untiring scholar, who should have been better rewarded; and would have been so but for the unsettled transition state of the country, where so much was to be done, and the aids of wisdom and experience so much needed. It would have been better could the good man have identified his interests and sympathies fully with the country; but this was not in his nature, and so he, faithful, good man that he was, continued with a grim sort of pleasantry at his task—and most certainly with a soldier-like valor—for full eighteen years, when he laid down his well-used weapons and died before his time, worn out in a sort of constrained duty.

He was no ordinary man. He was versed in many languages and in much science, even dipping into that fascinating arcana of the mystics, astrology.

Dickinson College has fluctuated in its career with various successes. At one time it was closed for six years, which must have been an ill thing in a population like ours, in which book-learning cannot be dispensed with, although we solemnly believe it is much of it dispensed in a very poor, ineffective manner. At length, the college passed into the hands of the Methodist

denomination, since which time its career has been onward—its catalogue displaying a goodly show of professorships and pupils.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

Scarcely had the echo of the Revolutionary guns died upon the air, ere we find Washington, always ready to promote the interests of his beloved country, contributing liberally to a fund which should endow a college in the State of Maryland. He visited the site personally, so early as 1784. The next year, by an Act of As-

sembly, another college, upon a similar plan, was started; and, subsequently, the two were combined, and composed the present St. John's College, Annapolis. It soon became liberally endowed, by subscriptions and other ways, and Dr. John McDowell was elected president.

Owing to conflicting religious opinions, the college became obnoxious to the State Legislature—which, in 1805, withdrew the fund which had been granted by previous Assemblies; and the institution, in consequence, became for several years very seriously embarrassed. Subsequently, a sum of money was voted it, but insufficient to meet its demands; and, finally, a lottery was granted for the purpose of raising the supply. This is an objectionable mode, at the best; for while the cause of learning may be advanced upon one hand by the means, the loss in good morals, which alone can make learning either desirable or respectable, must have been very great on the other.

At present, St. John's College is in a highly flourishing condition—well endowed and well attended. The present head of the institution has held his office for more than a quarter of a century.



UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

If the history of all the institutions of learning in the country could be faithfully and honestly written, it would most probably appear that women have everywhere toiled untiringly to promote their interests. In their small but laborious way, it is astonishing how much they will achieve in any purpose they may have at heart. Excellent spinsters will sit for whole months manufacturing astonishing doll-babies, black and white, girls and boys, costumed after every nation under the sun, the sale of which is

to found a professorship in some impoverished college, or prepare some "indigent young man for the ministry." Dear souls! their reward will assuredly follow their good intents—for the goodness of the work may be questioned. A young man who cannot from his own energies make his way to any and every position his ambition covets, will never be raised thereto by outside help. Where there is a will there is a way, and he is a poor representative of a man who crones over his own mandlin wishes, and

suffers women to do the work required to advance them.

We have known more than one "*pious young man*," as these good women called him, who was not ashamed to pocket the money so raised, and then turn about and ridicule his benefactors; and more than one has not only proved himself unworthy of such benefaction, but totally unworthy the sacred office he assumed. If women would help themselves more, and leave young men to make their own way, it would be better for them in every sense, for a youth who cannot help himself, cannot well be helped.

Again, young girls and gentle married dames busy themselves in making "*tidies*," pincushions, and every kind of knickknackery, till finally an expensive fair is the result; and a sum of money thus raised has helped on many a seat of learning, while they, the donors, become the subjects of infinite jests, and much of a humiliating kind of patronage from the wire-pullers, who have converted their delicate fingers into "*cat's paws*," to rake their own chestnuts out of the fire. In the process of time, women will work with more dignity, but let us not withhold from them the candid meed of praise for work whose object was noble, and involved generous and beautiful emotions. The shame belongs to those who undervalue the bridge which has carried them well over.

In North Carolina, when the women of Newburn and Raleigh learned the necessities of their infant college, they met together and raised a handsome sum for its relief, pledging themselves to further aid as occasion should require. We are not told how the sum was raised, but can easily imagine the process. The women of the South are by no means indifferent to the cause of education, or the cultivation of the arts among themselves. Our present illustration of the University of North Carolina was furnished by Miss Phillips, whose father is the mathematical professor of the institution. Peter Cooper, of New York, in the noble building he is erecting in our city, to be devoted "*to science and art*," has made arrangements for a school of design for women. When will some wealthy and large-minded man do as much for the South.

Dr. Joseph Caldwell became early associated with the college, and to his untiring energy, his devotion and capacity, it is greatly indebted for its success. Its prospects have steadily brightened since "*the day of small things*," when the young *alma mater*, at her first anniversary in 1798, looked tenderly upon her little group of nine graduating youth, up to the present time, when three or four hundred are yearly dismissed

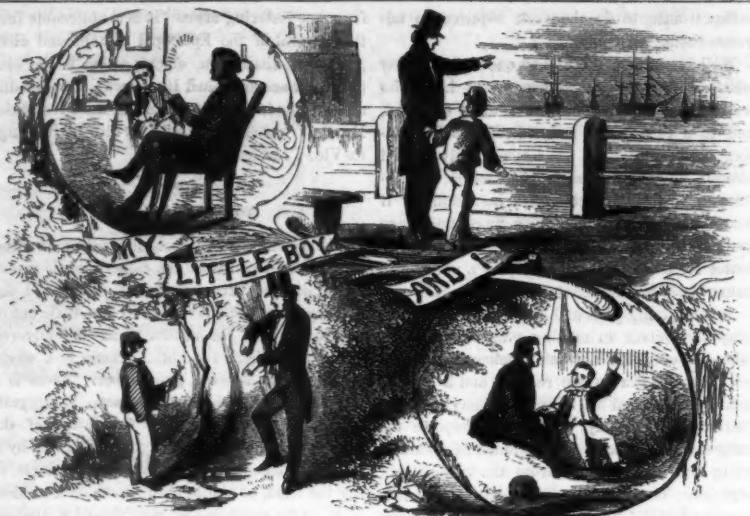
from her fostering arms. It is a noticeable fact that several of the Episcopal bishops and clergymen of distinction, among whom is the elegant and accomplished Dr. Hawks, were graduates of this institution. Among the Presidents, Mr. Polk was educated here, as also W. R. King, ex-Vice President.

WHAT IS LIGHT?

I QUESTION whether there is one in a hundred of those that sit before the camera for their portraits, who ever dreams of the mystery and the majesty there are enveloped in the little act of imprinting his lineaments upon the silvered plate. But there are both. There is a world of suggestion for the philosopher. There is a heaven of inspiration for the poet. It suggests to the mind of the former a solution of the problem of the nature of light. He is led by it to see the inconsistency, or the awkwardness, to say the least, of the hypothesis which considers light to be composed of particles of a *substance* emanating from burning or luminous bodies; which hypothesis, in accounting for his image impressed upon the plate, would force him to the most ludicrous idea that these substantial particles from the luminous sun, in falling upon him, undergo some miraculous change; that they then bounce from him, as from a gymnast's spring-board, through the solid lens of the camera; and that finally they light, like a cloud of dust gathered into a likeness of himself, upon the plate. It shows him, instead, the reasonableness of the theory which supposes the phenomena of light to arise from the vibrations of an exceedingly attenuated medium, thrown into waves by luminous bodies of every kind, which, filling all space, and being diffused through the substance of the most solid bodies, and occupying the spaces between their more substantial molecules, transmits and modifies these vibrations and confers upon substances transparency or opacity, color, and all other properties of acting upon light which they may possess, which theory explains to him that the vibrating ether or medium impinging upon himself, is thus modified, is thus impressed with his own similitude, and reflected into the camera, where it communicates its motion to the particles forming the extremely sensitive surface of the plate, thereby arranging those particles and fixing the picture.

It brings thrilling into the soul of the poet the vision of his own image, borne on the endlessly extending ether, onward, and onward, to be traced finally upon tablets in the stars.

G. W.



MY LITTLE BOY AND I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE HELL."

OVER the desk all day,
 With weary and aching brain,
 Wearing my life away
 Counting another's gain ;
 Over "ledger," and "journal," and "cash,"
 Over "invoice," and "blotter," and "bills ;"
 Impelled by poverty's lash,
 Pursued by poverty's ills !
 This is the life I lead,
 And yet I never repine
 That life has no higher meed
 For a soul and a heart like mine.
 I only sigh when I think
 How many in life there be
 Who have no tender link
 To lighten their chain, like me.

When fadeeth the light of day,
 And its weary work is o'er,
 I place the ledger away,
 And close the iron door ;
 And then, with hurrying feet,
 Away from the busy mart,
 I thread the darkening street,
 With sunlight in my heart.

There's a little face at the window,
 It looketh out on the night,
 It watcheth the crowds go by,
 By the gleam of the new-lit light.
 Like a beacon from the casement,
 I view it from afar,
 But dearer to me its gleam
 Than beacon-light or star ;
 For I know for whom it watcheth,
 And that no human joy
 Is like the love which a father
 Bears for his only boy.

We are very dear to each other,
 My little boy and I ;
 For I am his only friend,
 And he is my only tie.
 Before the parlor fire,
 We sit by the study light,
 And I read to him the stories
 Of paladin and knight ;
 And of the deeds heroic
 Of men of the olden time,
 When life was full of earnestness,
 And manhood was sublime.
 And tales of homely struggles
 For principle and right—
 Of men who wore no armor,
 Nor ranked as lord or knight ;
 Of fair and gentle maidens—
 Of purity and truth,
 Of holy wives and mothers,
 Of brave, devoted youths ;
 And many a simple story
 Of quiet homestead life,
 Away from the field of glory,
 And worldliness, and strife.

We often walk together,
 In the calm of a Sabbath day,
 And watch the ships at anchor
 Upon the sleeping bay ;
 And I tell him of the voyages
 Which in my youth I made,
 Away unto the tropics,
 And in the India trade ;
 And of those navigators,
 So worthy of the name,
 Immortal grown in story,
 And in his oric fame ;
 Americus and Diaz,
 Columbus, proud and great !
 The Cabots—and fair Raleigh,
 With his untimely fate ;

Of Hudson, who first anchored
 Within this silent bay
 His gallant ship, the only one,
 Where thousands float to-day ;
 And of those lesser voyagers
 Who have circled the world since then,
 And discovered lands and rivers
 Before unknown to men :
 Of La Perouse, Magellan,
 Of Franklin, and of Drake,
 Of Morgan, with his buccaneers,
 Of Gorges, Cook, and Blake ;
 And of the isles and continents
 Which to the world they gave,
 And how they fought, and lived, and died,
 Devotedly and brave.

And sometimes to the country
 We steal from the world away,
 To pass with trees and flowers,
 In quiet, the Sabbath day.
 It is then that we lessons learn
 From the simple things of earth,
 And the teachings holier seem
 Than those of greater worth.
 We hunt for the hidden flower,
 Where stealth the honey-bee—
 We watch for the birdling chirping
 Above us, in the tree ;
 We mark the acorn lying
 Half hidden in the ground,
 And see the old tree dying
 Where a new-born tree is found.
 We trace the little spring
 Till it to a brook has grown,
 And then to a mighty river,
 Flowing to the unknown ;
 We watch the little seed
 Which the husbandman has sown,
 Till it from a germinating leaf
 To the waving wheat has grown ;
 Thence, to the farmer's flail,
 Upon the old barn floor—
 Then to the clattering mill,
 Then to the merchant's store ;
 Thence, to the freighted ship,
 Bound to a distant land,
 To pamper a dainty lip,
 Or succor a starving band !
 Thus does each simple thing
 To us grave teachings give,
 Thus do we learn life's purposes,
 Thus do we learn to live ;
 Thus do we study nature,
 Beneath the wood and sky,
 And learn life's hidden mysteries,
 My little boy and I.

Sometimes we go to "Greenwood,"
 Where the ashes of loved ones lie,
 Whom we so tenderly cherish,
 My little boy and I ;
 And we sit us down beside them,
 And 'tis very sweet to hear
 My little boy communing
 With those in another sphere.
 He speaketh to his mother,
 And, though no voice replies,
 I can see that his soul is answered,
 By the light within his eyes.

And he often bids me tell him
 Of my mother, who sleepeth near,
 And says "he knows *they* are waiting
 For us in that higher sphere."
 And I tell him of my father,
 So great, and good, and brave,
 And how he used to bring me
 To visit my mother's grave.

And I think upon the changes
 Which time will surely bring,
 And how my dreams have faded
 Since life was in its spring ;
 And of the worth and beauty,
 The greatness and the truth,
 Of those who gave me being,
 And taught me in my youth.
 And I think of my little boy,
 The type of my early life,
 And shudder to see him struggle
 Alone in the worldly strife.
 And I think of the time when he,
 With a boy as good and brave,
 May come to this same old spot,
 To visit his father's grave.
 We are very dear to each other,
 My little boy and I ;
 For I am his only friend,
 And he is my only tie.
 And I feel the sacred duty
 To guide his untried feet,
 That his life may be full of beauty,
 And great, and good, and sweet.

As over the ledger I bend,
 His face looks up to me,
 And I ask not for dearer friend
 Than such a child can be.
 He bringeth me patience and will
 To bear with my toilsome fate—
 He taketh the grief from ill,
 The rancor of heart from hate ;
 He bringeth me hope by day,
 And comfort and joy by night ;
 He teacheth my heart to pray,
 And bringeth my spirit light.
 And I pray that his ledger of life
 Unspotted may ever remain,
 With every thing beautiful rife,
 And never a blot or stain.
 We are very dear to each other,
 My little boy and I ;
 For I am his only friend,
 And he is my only tie.
 And I only sigh when I think
 How many in life there be
 Who have no tender link
 To lighten its chain, like me.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

I SAW on the top of a mountain high,
 A gem that shone like fire by night ;
 It seem'd a star that had left the sky,
 And drop't to sleep on the mountain's height.
 I clomb the peak, and I found soon
 A lump of ice in the clear, cold moon—
 Canst thou its hidden sense impart ?
 'Tis a cheerful look and a broken heart. [Percival.

THE STORY OF DEATH.

READER, have you ever been dead? I have been. I will tell you the story of death. Dr. Benaiah W. Somes, of Essex County, New Jersey, was my physician. I shall not curse him now. Time has taught me that it is better to bless than to curse. And I feel, bitter as my malison might be, that a more miserable condition were not possible to him than the consciousness of his murderous wantonness must bring upon himself, hardened as I fear his nature is. But let that pass.

I will tell you the story of my death.

I died at the age of twenty-three. A stalwart man, who on my father's farm mowed my swath or hoed my row with the best, in an unfortunate hour I became the victim of the practice of medicine which then prevailed, but which now, happily, is nearly disused. I had some sort of fever. No doubt I was ill enough. From my right arm one day the physician took ounces of blood—how many I knew not; certainly, in liquid measure, a gallon of the red fluid flowed. I did not mend that day; at least, I suppose I did not, for on the next day he cut my left arm and took thence a like measure—the crimson measure of half a life. I was a dead man then. But a shudder or two always must come before the conscious soul lets go its hold upon the frame. With me the shudders were in the shape of cold sweats. There were three of them. By the clock—so some at my bedside whispered—the chill and sweat lasted six hours. Six dim, dark centuries they were to me. The third—its commencement, its fierce chill, its dead cold, compared with which ice were a pleasing warmth—its dread slow march, I remember, but nothing more. In the midst of it, I lost all sense of life and its pains. The great gates of the valley of death rolled on their ponderous hinges and shut me in.

I do not recollect the circumstances of funeral and interment. In fact, I do not deem that I was buried. The weight I felt above me I knew was no mere ten feet of earth, in a quiet nook, with daisies springing from it. The mountains were resting on me. I realized their weight. Straight up to the light—if light existed—as under the center of the central mountain I lay, it was many miles through solid rock. I was not imbedded in the rock, like a cold toad, caught in during the formative era of the geologists. It lay upon me. I felt all its weight. Sense had gone, but consciousness was with me. Forty millions of millions of tons weight was upon me. Oh, how I suffocated and smothered!

But, dead as I was, consciousness cruelly clung to me. I had died—why could I not cease to be! Time had passed away: there was no day, no night. But if mortal measure could indicate the period I lay alone, and dark, and suffocate, beneath that weight, centuries might have flown above my head.

The silence was as dread as the suffocation was terrible. There was no sound. All was still, still, dark and hopeless. Had the mountain roared as it crushed, it would have been an alleviation. But it did its work without sound, without remorse, like Fate, grim and silent.

I have said there was no measure of time to tell how long this measureless weight pressed me down. There came a relief. A sense of hearing came to me, or, the internal fires of earth had rolled nearer to me. I heard their voice, distant as yet, like the wind in the leaves of ten thousand forests—like the surge of a thousand unseen oceans. I felt its heat. But it was far, far away. A new sense of suffocation came upon me. This suffocating force now surrounded me, came within me, and pressed me out. The suffocation within was like some vast expanding force, but it did not lift the weight of the mountain that was upon me. That still held its awful pressure. But I heard the Titans breathing as they fed the fires. This state lasted—who shall say how long?

Then came—was it true!—could I believe it!—a dim sense of sight. I saw, dimly and afar, the forms of those giants who fed the central fires of the planets. They moved silent and grim, watching their work; and when a rill of molten rock glided apart from the mass, they staid it with their ponderous feet, and scooped it back to its place with vast hands.

Then the mountain began to lift and swell. It seemed slowly to rise—the hundredth part of an inch. Then, part of the way back it sank. It might have been a year in rising that little space. But at times I could feel that it was rising. Into the chinks that it made as it rose, pressed, hot and fierce, vapors of sulphur from the fires. These enveloped me more closely than even the mountain's weight. I prayed that the mountain would again shut down, and press them out. Its blank, dead suffocation, with all its eternal weight, was better.

But the vapors thinned as the mountain slightly, almost imperceptibly, lifted. Great God! I felt the touch of a human finger—a live finger. It lay beneath my arm, in the arm-pit. I felt it plainly—the artery throbbed against it. Was there life!—was it life! No, no. The touch died away. I had no arteries—no human sensa-

tion. It was a dream of the sleep of death. I awoke from it—awoke to eternal death, the mountain's weight, and hot, fiery vapors. Unyielding, they pressed me still within and without.

Again—was it again a dread dream!—I had a sense of light, veiled and clouded light, as through a sleeper's unopened lids. The light, dim as it was, was steady and continued. I watched it long—long!—ages was the only measure, if measure beyond the grave there could be. But so dim it was that hope grew sick, and died, and rotted within me; and I fell back into the old desolate suffocation—the eternal, unvarying pressure of the mountain's weight. More ages went by.

Then all at once was light, and a voice, and a human hand. Light, sound, touch, flashed at once upon me. How they mingled and throbbed with the dead suffocation! It was too much. Now, on the eve of relief, I had my former prayer answered. Sensation passed away. I was not. Annihilation had come.

From annihilation—or from an utter blank of consciousness—I awoke, with pain, and fatigue, and still the sense of weight unutterable, to find that there was indeed light, and touch, and hearing. The touch—it was a live hand—a human hand. God, the merciful and kind! it was my own father's hand! It was his finger beneath my armpit. Now I felt it meet the artery; I myself felt, in sympathy with him, the throb. I had come back to life. Death was over.

Though it was no dream, this awakening—though I knew it to be real, yet for hours I held but a state of semi-consciousness. But I knew that death was over—I knew I lived. I recognized the various members of my family in my room. I heard my father's voice, subdued but joyful, proclaiming his unwavering faith, during all, that I was alive.

Then, the doctor came and entered the room.

"The boy is alive, doctor!" exclaimed my father.

"Nonsense!" was the heartless knave's reply—this devil of a doctor. At times I feel I must hate him, this doctor who had college warrant on parchment to murder and bury beneath mountains.

"He does live, doctor!" persisted my father. "Feel beneath his arm!"

The doctor put his hand—his faithless, cold, skillless hand, beneath my arm.

The little life there was in me recoiled from the contact, fled back to its sources, and gave no response to his murderous touch.

"There is no beat there," said he, contemptu-

ously, turning to my father. "It was all your fancy."

My father put his hand beneath my arm again. Trembling, faith-shaken, wavering—his touch told all that, as he pressed the artery long and no throb responded. The little rill of life was too faint and weak to flow.

Long he held his finger there, and through it I could feel his hope die away. He withdrew it at last, and he gazed on the face of his dead son. He looked long. He was a kind, good father. I know where the grass grows above his grave. Often I go lovingly there. He gazed long, and turned away as one who bade farewell.

An hour passed. He came back resolute, hope dauntless in his eye, as if some inspired frenzy made him hope against hope, and bear his faith into the presence of despair.

He touched again the artery beneath my arm. He felt the throb. It was fuller and faster, as hope seized and animated me and him together. The pulse was clear—small, weak, as it might be, it was still marked and clear. He felt it, and knew it was no fancy.

He brought wine, and put a teaspoon filled with it to my lips. The palate and nostrils felt the sensation. They slightly moved. The shadow of a color came in my face. He knew I lived.

My recovery was slow. For three days my sustenance was half a teaspoonful of wine passed to my lips every two hours. After that they gave me a whole spoonful at the same intervals. I gained strength slowly. At length I was able to get up.

But I was crippled forever. From the hour when life came back to me to this hour I have not been able to lift my right arm from my side. Below the elbow the limb is powerless. My left hand I cannot raise above my head. I was bled in either arm.

Sometimes, without thought, I make an effort to raise one arm or the other beyond the line which the paralysis of either has fixed. Then, on a sudden, all grows dark before me; my head swims, and, for an instant, I feel the awful mountain's weight upon me. The spasm passes away, and I live again.

I commenced no action for damages against the doctor. Aside from the fact that he did not then possess means to respond to the possible verdict, my friends, with the prejudices of the time, would have dissuaded me from suing him at the law. Courts and the "faculty," in those days, believed in blood, and the latter took it when they would.

Do not deem, reader, that the foregoing is any tale of the imagination. It is a story of the baldest fact. I live in New Jersey, between Plainfield and Westfield, in Union (formerly Essex) County. My name I am free to impart—it is John R. Miller. Thirty-four years have passed, but the memory of every hue and circumstance of those dread ages of death is distinct and vivid still. For often, even now, a thoughtless movement of either crippled limb brings their terrors bodily back, and once again—thank God, it is but for a moment—I lie suffocated and pressed beneath the mountain's remorseless breast.

RIVER POPULATION OF CANTON.

PROBABLY in no part of the habitable world is there presented so striking a picture of busy life and strange scenery as that witnessed on the Pearl River, flowing through a portion of the Province of Kwangtung. The city of Kwangtung, or, as it is more generally called, Canton, is situated on the Pearl, or Canton River, about eight miles from the sea. It is built upon a plain, unbroken with a single hill or hollow, save at the northern suburb, where the White Cloud Mountains raise their summits above the tall pagodas that mark the limits of the city wall.

For miles along the river frontage, the floating habitations of the Chinese attract the gaze. Three hundred thousand human beings, according to an estimate compiled from native statistics by Sir John Bowring, make their home upon the water before the city; and this immense population, greater by 184,564 than that of Cincinnati, are carrying on their ordinary business and pleasures with all the bustle and activity of a great city. From so large a river population, some slight idea may be formed of the crowded condition of Canton, which, doubtless, contains more people in the same area than any spot in Europe, or in the world.

From the foreign anchorage, the whole panorama opens upon the view. Winding through the level plain, the river widens, at the western suburb, into the Macao reach, and toward the east loses itself in the smoky vapors that float over Whampoa. On its northern bank it presents one unbroken line of boats, while in the center they are seen continually moving to and fro, crossing and recrossing in every direction. Picture dealers, fruit mongers, fishermen, itinerant barbers, clanging their shears; lepers, driven to a home on the river; passenger and freight boats, flower boats; boats of every shape

and size, with tradesmen of nearly every kind, join in the throng that swells the crowded stream. The shouts of contending watermen, the screams of excited women, the crying of children, the clashing of gongs, the creaking of ponderous oars, and the din and clamor of a great multitude, with a hundred indescribable noises, add to the confusion of this mighty Babel.

But these moving boats that cover the stream furnish but a small portion of the river population with shelter. Far as the eye can reach, boats are ranged against the banks, or wedged around the points of land that jut out into the yellow water; and all these floating habitations, from the least to the greatest, are swarming with human beings. Huge junks, with gaudily painted sterns and high decks, are moored together, or stand out from the fleet like gigantic sentinels.

Hovering about the foreign vessels, we see the fast boats employed to carry passengers from the ship to the shore; the bum-boats, with their long-tailed owners vending provisions and various wares to the sailors; or, sweeping down with the current, we see the well-armed police boats, pulling from thirty to sixty oars, with silken banners and pennants floating from the masts; and under the awning which shelters the quarter-deck, we can see the officer in command, overlooking with watchful eye the noisy crowd, to whom "his frown is as awful thunder, and his smile as the pleasant sunshine."

Next comes the manure boat, a striking feature in the prospect, emitting an ammoniacal odor so unpleasantly penetrating that the poor foreigner, who has unwarily inhaled the noisome smell, is driven below to seek refuge in his sultry cabin, where, in the warm Summer months, he is induced, analogically, to reason of hell and its pains, relatively with Heaven, which he invariably locates in some cold region where the thermometer never reaches 120° Fahrenheit.

The numerous flower boats moored near the foreign shipping, are not the least interesting among the various objects that attract our attention. They are well supplied with musicians, whose different instruments are apparently constructed with a view to the production of every harmonious and discordant sound. The flower boats are long, narrow vessels, plentifully ornamented with carved and gilded furniture. In the interior they are divided into several apartments, furnished with soft beds and cushions, and are lighted in the nighttime with chandeliers suspended from the deck.

Great numbers of the men and women who live upon the river are employed, in various po-

"itions, by the foreign vessels during their stay in port. Many of these servants have achieved reputations that are widely spread, even among the "outside barbarians." Our compradore, A-chow, an excellent caterer, was known, far and wide, as the funniest fellow that ever talked "pigeon English." It was his business to supply our vessel with fresh meats and vegetables, and such other necessities as were required for ourselves, or for the ship's company. Like all his countrymen, he was rather disposed to be tricky; but his long intercourse with foreigners had rendered him watchful, so that his well-concealed villainies were seldom brought to light.

If, however, he was detected in any swindling transaction, his air of injured innocence, and repeated protestations of everlasting fidelity and good will, followed by solemn and earnest appeals for mercy when denial was no longer possible, were sure to reinstate him in our favor, until he was again detected in a similar, or worse misdemeanor; but, by this time, he had become so necessary to our comfort that we could not dispense with his services, and so he was retained with all his faults. He knew any thing and every thing which it was his interest to know. If we wanted an article from the shore, A-chow could get it; or if we wished to see any thing, A-chow could tell us where it was to be found.

His sober face and long cue became one of the fixtures of the ship, and his interminable talk served to while away many a weary hour. His broken English was a fund of never-ending amusement, and to hear him tell a story was better than a play. In his speech he eschewed every thing but nouns, pronouns, verbs, and adjectives; and even in the use of these he was careless as to their proper position. The connecting words in his sentences were almost entirely dropped, and his stories consisted of a confused mixture of disjointed words, used principally with a view to emphasis, which he gave with great vim. His hatred of the English, and his antipathy to my monkey, were the most striking peculiarities of his character. The English he cursed on every occasion, and the monkey he usually gave a wide berth.

These two (the Chinaman and the monkey) were sworn enemies. A-chow had in some way managed to offend Jocko, and Jocko, who was in general very amiable, vented his spite in sly nips at A-chow's legs, whenever he ventured within reach of his chain. On occasions of this kind, the unintelligible chattering of the man and animal (for both swore in an unknown

tongue), was a source of infinite pleasure to the sailors who had gathered around.

Our boatwoman, Assi, was another strange character, and a perfect type of the class she represented. She had been bred a boatwoman from her birth; and since her earliest childhood had served the numerous foreign vessels at Whampoa and Canton. She was now rearing a family of children to the profession of which she was a bright light and shining ornament. She and her boat, with a family of six persons, were hired to attend upon our ship for the small pittance of eight dollars per month. Her children had been born, and would probably die, in a boat; their changing locality was made to suit their interests, and wherever this led them they followed.

Assi was a shrewd, money-making woman, and hesitated at no means that opened a way to the acquisition of her darling desideratum. We had a fine proof of this in the fact that she prostituted her daughters to the arms of the officers and men; bartering her family honor—an empty name with her class—for her love of gold. Her conversation was even more peculiar than A-chow's. All her ideas were of a singular kind—for she was an oddity in her way—but when they came forth clothed in her strange language, they were eminently so. A ludicrous instance which occurred one day on our vessel will serve as an illustration of her style. Her youngest son, A-cow, while playing on the lower platform of the accommodation ladder, was, by an unfortunate step, precipitated into the water. A large gourd, fastened to his waist, kept him afloat until his cries brought one of the quarter-masters to his assistance. No sooner had the accident happened than his mother rushed upon deck, screaming out at the extent of her sharp voice,

"Missah Fuss Luftinint! my bull chile have spillum ova board;" which singular sentence, translated into the vernacular, reads thus: Mr. First Lieutenant! my male child has fallen overboard. The bull chile—for bull chile read A-cow, and vice versa—was caught with a boat-hook, and transferred to the arms of the anxious Assi, who went on her way rejoicing, and calling down upon the head of the gallant quarter-master all the blessings of all the gods. A-chow and Assi may be taken as fair specimens of their class; they were no worse, and, indeed, in many respects, were much better than nine-tenths of the river population of Canton.

On the shores of the river, the scenery, though less exciting, is yet far from tame. Opposite the anchorage, the foreign factories rear

their white fronts, and between the water and the factories a beautiful garden, planted with tropical trees and flowers, furnishes a pleasant retreat from the hot sunshine. A few hundred yards further up the stream is situated the execution ground, where during the months of August and September, and a part of November, 1854, the average number of executions each day amounted to about fifty. Here the vengeful Imperialists slew their rebel captives. The poor rebels, bound hand and feet, were forced upon their knees, while the executioner, with a long, two-handed, cleaver-shaped sword, decapitated them with a wonderful facility—giving a horrible illustration of the maxim, practice makes perfect. When the unfortunate victims were too numerous to be disposed of in this manner, they were pushed into bags, or securely fastened together, and thrown from the deck of a boat into the rapid river; and then, when the gases generated by decomposition forced them to the surface, they came stinking by our vessel, catching in our cables, or against the wheels of the steamers. Dead bodies, in the different stages of putrefaction, were frequently in sight to the number of six or eight, floating with the tide, and occasionally lodging upon the banks, where they were allowed to remain unburied, their whitening bones presenting a startling picture of the horrors of civil war.

Below the factories, and near the north bank of the river, we see the Dutch Folly, or Sea Pearl, as it is called by the Chinese—a small fort located upon a rocky islet. The buildings inclosed within the wall which surrounds the islet are constructed in the same style with which the old-fashioned blue porcelain plates have made us all so familiar. The swagging, tent-like roof, and ornamented eaves, with bells pendant from the corners, and feathery bamboos branching gracefully over the turreted walls, make this fort a delightful spot, upon which the eye rests with pleasure after an examination of the houses and boats that line the city front.

An arched gateway gives admission to a paved court, shaded with tall trees that tower far above the house-tops. In the ports, which open through the walls on every side, are some twenty or thirty guns of heavy caliber; but so badly mounted that the recoil occasioned by their discharge would throw them from the carriages. The lower rooms of the fort are fitted up somewhat after the European style, for the accommodation of the military commandant. In one of the upper apartments is found a row of "ancestral tablets," and a range of gods; so that the

building seems to be of a mixed character—partly military, and partly religious.

In the village of Honan, on the south side of the river, numerous temples are scattered about, in which the idolatrous people offer prayers and sacrifices to their heathen divinities. In the direction of Whampoa, strangely-shaped pagodas are seen towering above the intermediate trees and shipping, looming grandly against the misty horizon of the Chinese sky—giving an air of picturesque beauty to the singular landscape that dwells in the memory through long after years. The object proposed in the erection of these pagodas has induced more varying accounts and fruitless conjecture than the memorable stone discovered by the immortal Pickwick, and some Chinese "Blotton" may yet be born into the world to solve this problem, as easy of explanation as Bill Stump's name and mark.

TOBACCO.

"THE more you call me the more I won't come," once answered a child to the frequent summons of his nurse. The votaries of the pipe and cigar exhibit a like amiable determination. From the first introduction of the weed they have enjoyed all the blessings of persecution. Kings have punished for it, priests have anathematized, satirists satirized, and women scolded; but still the weed, with its divers shapes and different names, reigns supreme among narcotics in every region of the globe.

The introduction of tobacco into the Eastern hemisphere is exceedingly doubtful as to date and origin. In 1492, Christopher Columbus discovered the population of Cuba inhaling the vapors of the plant for which that island is still celebrated. In 1559, it was imported into Spain and Portugal, by Hernandez de Toledo. In 1560, Jean Nicot, the French ambassador in Portugal of Francis the First, introduced the herb into his native country. Presenting it to the Grand Prior and to Catherine de' Medici, it received the name of the donor, which is still associated with its medicinal qualities. From France, tobacco was carried into Italy, by the Cardinal de Sainte-Croix, and by Nicholas Tornabone, the Pope's legate. The honor of first introducing tobacco into France is, however, contested on behalf of Thivet.

The first record of the practice of smoking in England bears the date of 1586. Two names are, as in France, put forward as founders of the system—Drake and Raleigh. The latter, however, is the most associated with it, and, doubtless, with superior claims.

One anecdote connected with the practice is too well known for repetition here—the horror of Raleigh's servant surprising him while secretly indulging in a pipe. His wager with Queen Elizabeth, "that he could tell her even what weight the smoke would be," is also traditional. He weighed the ashes in the balance, proving that "what was wanting in the prime weight of the tobacco must have evaporated in smoke." The incident furnished the Virgin Queen with the opportunity of a repartee: "Many laborers in the fire she had heard of, who turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh was the first who had turned smoke into gold."

But although Raleigh may have indeed been the first to encourage and propagate in England the use of tobacco, we question whether he can have been the first Englishman who smoked in England. It is impossible that a practice, introduced into France and Spain twenty-six years previously, should, during that period, have been unknown in this country. Raleigh had probably derived the habit from his early intercourse with France, and, having learned the fascination, was anxious to diffuse the custom as a means of introducing from his new American speculations a profitable article of merchandise. If such had been his intention, it was eminently successful.

Mr. Bancroft informs us that in 1615, the fields, the gardens, the public squares, and even the streets of Jamestown were planted with tobacco; and that it became not only the staple but the currency of Virginia. Nor do we wonder at the value of what Stow calls the "stinking weed." It was commonly used; he says, by most men and many women. The audience at theaters smoked tobacco, and, according to King James, "a man could not heartily welcome his friend but straight they must be in hand with tobacco."—"He that will refuse to take a pipe of tobacco amongst his fellows (though by his own election he would rather feel the savour of a sinke) is accounted peevish and no good company."—"Yea, the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of tobacco."

Such has been generally considered the early history of the practice or art of smoking. But some have been found to dispute the theory. Liebaud wrote that tobacco was a native of Europe, and that before the discovery of the New World it was found in the Ardennes. King James also inclines to this belief, declaring tobacco to be "a common herb, which (though under divers names) grows almost everywhere."

Magnenus, on the other hand, disputes the dictum of Liebaud, and restores the plant to America; but, not liking to dispute his opponent's facts, states his belief that winds had borne the seed to Europe.

We cannot believe that it is to America that the Eastern hemisphere is entirely indebted for the practice of smoking. On the contrary, although the supposition may be mortifying to our vanity, we believe the practice to have been known, with many other institutions of civilization, at a much earlier period, to the Chinese, to the Persians, and to the Turks.

As regards the first, Meyen informs us that the consumption of tobacco in China is enormous, and the custom of great antiquity. On very old sculptures, he has observed tobacco-pipes of the form still in use. The plant which furnishes the Chinese with tobacco is said to grow wild in the East Indies, and the tobacco-plant of Eastern Asia is quite different from the American species. Moreover, in the tombs opened during the last expedition to China, a pipe was always found placed near the dead.

Sandys, writing in 1610, mentions smoking tobacco as a custom recently introduced at Constantinople by the English. But Lieut. Walpole speaks of an old Arabic manuscript at Mosul, in the first chapters of which the author declares that Nimrod was a smoker; and there exists at the British Museum an Assyrian cylinder, whereon may be seen a king smoking, through a long reed, from a round vessel.

The same author narrates a Persian legend, to the effect that Shiraz tobacco was given by a holy man to a virtuous youth, disconsolate at the loss of a loving wife. "Go to thy wife's tomb," said the anchorite, "and there thou wilt find a weed. Pluck it, place it in a reed; and inhale the smoke as you put fire on it. This will be to you wife, mother, father and brother," continued the holy man, in Homeric strain, "and, above all, will be a wise counselor, and teach thy soul wisdom and thy spirit joy."

The Mohammedan legend on the subject is too long for repetition under its Eastern garb. Suffice it, that a viper was restored to health by the warmth of the Prophet's body. Immediately on convalescence, the ungrateful reptile announced the intention of biting his preserver. The Prophet expostulated. An argument ensued, which ended in the viper's carrying out his original project. The Prophet sucked the venom from his wounded wrist, and spat it forth. "From these drops sprang that wondrous weed, which has the bitterness of the serpent's tooth, quelled by the sweet saliva of the Prophet."

But whatever the origin of tobacco, no plant has exercised so much political influence. The Pope Urban VIII excommunicated all those who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth was less severe. She decreed that the snuff-boxes of those who made use of them in church should be confiscated to the use of the beadle. At Berne, the use of tobacco was classified with adultery. In Transylvania, the penalty was far greater; in 1639, entire confiscation of property was the sentence of those who should plant tobacco, while consumers were condemned to fines varying from three to two hundred florins. Amurath IV hung persons, found guilty of smoking, with their pipes through their noses, and a tobacco-pouch hanging from their necks. The Grand Duke of Muscovy forbade smoking and snuff-taking under the penalty of the nose being cut off; while Mohammed IV, son of the Sultan Ibrahim, in 1655, punished the practice with decapitation.

It is related of Amurath, that a smoking Saphi once struck the monarch himself for smoking with him incognito on board a caique. Amurath informed the Saphi that the royal decree referred equally to himself. "No," answered the Saphi, "I fight for and would die for him. It does not apply to me." A few days subsequently Amurath sent for him, and, making himself known, gave his fellow-offender a good appointment. But such penal regulations appear always to have been evaded.

In England, those modern Amuraths, railway directors, arrogate to themselves the right of inflicting a fine of forty shillings and expulsion from their line, on any one guilty of the sublime act. But it is sweet to smoke under difficulties. Were the prohibition removed, smoking on railways would, probably, cease. We know of one young man who feigned madness to secure a carriage to himself. Another, on seeing a bishop alight at an intermediate station, immediately made for the compartment, and, calling for a guard, complained that the carriage was reeking of tobacco-smoke. "To be sure, those clerical gentlemen do smoke terribly," answered the official. "Then don't accuse me of it hereafter," rejoined the youth, with an arch smile.

On one occasion, in England, a railway guard thrust his head into a carriage filled by devotees, in the act of their devotions, and, placing his hand on a cushion, observed, "There are two very good rules on this line, gentlemen: Smoking is strictly prohibited, and the company's servants are forbidden to accept gratuities."

But, with the exception of railways, in coun-

tries blessed with milder legislation, tobacco has been exposed only to the lash of the press, or submitted to fiscal regulation. Louis XIV, in 1674, sold a monopoly of importation, and the same system has, with certain modifications, been continued to the present day, in most continental countries. The result has been, that the smoker abroad labors under disabilities. Only in republics, such as Switzerland and the Hans Towns, can he hope to enjoy the luxury of a good cigar at a moderate expense. In England, the high duty places the latter article beyond the reach of a man not in affluent circumstances.

The literature of smoking is voluminous. In 1616, James the First published his "Misocapnus, or Counterblaste," from which we have already quoted. A copy of this work now lies before us, published in 1672, together with some other productions of a similar nature, directed likewise against excess in drink, "a broadside against coffee, or the marriage of the Turk," and another "a witty and famous poem, by Joshua Sylvester, gent., entitled, 'Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered' (about their ears, that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed; or, at least-wise, overlove so loathsome vanity)."

We really have no space to give any lengthened extract of Josh. Sylvester's wit. For this we must refer our readers to the publication itself. But we cannot refrain from culling one short specimen of his powers:

"For a tobaccoist (I dare aver)
Is, first of all, a rank idolater
As any of the Ignatian hierarchy;

For there is, first of all, the smoke of ignorance,
The smoke of error, smoke of arrogance,
The smoke of merit, super-er-gatory,
The smoke of pardons, smoke of purgatory,
The smoke of censoring, smoke of thurifying
Of images, of Satan's fury flying.

Then smoke of powder-treason, pistol-knives,
To blow up kingdoms and blow out kings' lives;
And lastly, too, tobacco's smoky mists,
Which (coming from Iberian Baelists)
No small addition of adustion fit,
Bring to the smoke of the unbottom pit,
First opened, first (as openeth St. John)
By their Abaddon and Apollyon."

Tobacco has been able to survive such attacks as these—nay, has raised up a host of defenders as well as opponents. The Polish Jesuits published a work entitled "Anti-Misocapnus," in answer to King James. Neander, in 1622, published his famous "Tobacologia." In 1628, Raphael Thorius wrote a poem, "Hymnus Tabaci." A host of names appear in the field: Lessus, Braum and Simon Pauli, Portal, Pia, Vauque-lin, Gardaune, Poeselt, Reimann, and De Mor-

veau. But few have gone so vigorously into the question as the *Sieur Baillard*, who, in 1668, published a learned, eulogistic medico-historical work on the subject, "*Avec Privilège du Roy.*" In this book, he not only asserts for tobacco every physical and moral virtue, but defends it with vehemence from those who have ventured to impugn the great qualities of his idol.

Against none is he more vehement than against those who have declared that the smoke of tobacco, entering the brain, forms a sooty incrustation on the interior of the cranium. *Raphelengius* had stated that *Parrius* had made this discovery in dissecting a Dutchman who had all his life smoked to excess. *Ofmanus*, on authority not his own, had propagated the same error. *Le Sieur Baillard* demolishes his opponents with four good reasons, too long for dilation, and concludes with a severe remark—that the experience of *Parrius* is, necessarily, open to suspicion, and that *Ofmanus*, with much learning, possessed too much credulity. The panegyrist concludes with a magnificent peroration. "May his book," he says, "imbu every one with the esteem entertained by true *savans* for tobacco, as the richest treasure from the country of gold and pearls—a simple, uniting in itself all the virtues possessed separately by other simples."

Whatever, therefore, may be the theoretical arguments adduced against smoking, practice has, in a great measure, disregarded them. It has been alleged that smoking induces the habit of drunkenness. Our own experience leads to a very different conclusion. In this we are supported not only by *Mr. Steinmetz*, but by other great authorities. *Mr. Lane*, the translator of the "*Arabian Nights*," describes smoking as a sufficient luxury to many, who without it would have recourse to intoxicating beverages. *Mr. Layard* is of the same opinion; while *Mr. Crawford*, from his long experience, thinks it beyond a doubt "that tobacco must, to a certain extent, have contributed to the sobriety both of Asiatic and European nations."

And let it be observed by those who ascribe moral degeneracy to smokers, that some of the greatest names in literature and science have been advocates and votaries of the art. *Lord Bacon* says of tobacco, that "no doubt it hath power to lighten the body and to shake off uneasiness." "*Warburton*," *Mr. Steinmetz* informs us, "was a most inveterate smoker. So was *Sir Isaac Newton*."

Of the latter, an anecdote is related, that he daily went to smoke his pipe in the society of a lady, who thence considered herself the object of his attentions. Daily did she expect some decla-

ration; but in vain. He sat, contemplating her in silence, through the delicious mists of his own compelling. One day, however, after sitting some time, apparently in deep thought, he moved his chair toward her. The moment was at length arrived. Her soft heart palpitated at his approach, as he drew his chair nearer and nearer. Now he is by her side. He takes her lily hand, which lies unresisting in his. He selects the fairy index, and with it firmly presses the tobacco in his pipe-bowl, then—resumes his original position.

In modern days, the use of tobacco is consecrated by the greatest minds of the age. Great judges smoke, archbishops smoke, statesmen smoke, engineers smoke. *Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton* has apostrophized smoking. *Tennyson* is said to have symbolized the practice in his "*Lotus Eaters*." *Barthélemy*, a French poet, has devoted a whole poem to celebrate this pursuit. On the other hand, many great names have declared against it, including *Napoleon the Great*, who, having been unable to undergo the ordeal of a first pipe, stigmatized it as a habit only fit to amuse sluggards. What he renounced in smoking, however, he compensated in snuff.

But the question now presents itself, what is that wonderful quality which has enabled a simple weed to outstrip civilization? As a simple prophylactic, it could not have achieved this world-wide success. However beneficial, mankind would not have adopted it without some other and more sensual charm. Nay, many continue to smoke while believing the practice to be deleterious. What magic spell, then, endows tobacco-smoking with such peculiar and unique fascination? A Frenchman describes it as the solace of leisure, as exciting the sense of taste, and as imparting the pleasantest thoughts to the soul, and magical impressions to the *sensorium*. *Professor Johnston* observes that its first and greater effect is to assuage, and allay, and soothe the system in general; that its lesser and second, or after effect, is to excite and invigorate, and, at the same time, give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought. None, however, are able precisely to define the physiological and psychological effects of smoking.

Let us take *Mr. Steinmetz's* view of the question: "I must premise that it is the very essence of all the pleasures which we enjoy, that we cannot adequately describe them after enjoyment. How pleasant it was—how delightful, etc.—are the only terms we can use to express the physical or mental condition. The moment we proceed to describe the cause, the effect becomes totally unintelligible, or certainly inade-

quate to the cause. For my own part, the utmost that I can say is, that I find a pleasure in smoking—a sort of contentment, and its consequent submissiveness in the raging battle of life. All the wonderful mental exaltations, magical reveries, and crowd of ideas of the Frenchman just quoted are, and have been, to me utterly unknown. * * * * *

This direct action of the fumes of tobacco on the olfactory nerve, and thereby on the cerebrum, is, I submit, the whole *rationale* of the various effects experienced by different smokers. These must necessarily differ, according to the conformation of brain in each individual. Where the imaginative faculties predominate, their activity will be exalted; where the reasoning powers are predominant, they will attain greater concentration; and so of all the functional activity of the brain—including, of course, those manifestations which we designate as moral or social, since the entire mass of the brain must become involved in the nervous action, as I have endeavored to show in my hypothesis."

It appears, however, that tobacco occasionally confers *post-mortem* privileges on its votaries. A savage of the Feejee Islands informed Commodore Wilkes that his fellow islanders had refrained from eating one sailor of a crew they had killed, "because he tasted too much like tobacco."

While we have thus given the opinions of different smokers, we decline any attempt at analyzing the popularity of tobacco. Much of it is probably derived from the well-known force of an acquired taste. But this theory can scarcely hold good in Burmah, where children from the age of three years insensibly adopt the habit. We must, therefore, take tobacco as it is, and refer to Mr. Steinmetz as our advocate. Mr. Disraeli, in one of his early works, makes an epicure declare that he could die eating ortolans, to the sound of soft music. Substituting a pipe for the birds, many a sensualist of modern days might make the same aspiration. A Seneca of the present age would probably add a cigar to the warm bath and opened veins which ended the existence of the philosopher.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.
SECOND SERIES—1857.

PHYSICS AND METEOROLOGY.

Is more than one of the planets of our system surrounded by a *ring*? Is it the peculiar fortune of our own planet to be the possessor of that gaudy appendage? Does Terra, like her brother Saturn, walk through the dark fields of space,

wearing a tiara of light? Last year, the facts presented before the "American Association" favored an affirmative reply to these questions. This year, observations strongly confirmatory of this view are brought forward; but along with them come certain recusant facts, which throw the subject into doubt again, and demand a further and more careful investigation of the phenomenon. We have, for a double reason, therefore, chosen to speak of this subject under the present head. To decide that the *zodiacal light* is a ring around the earth, is to place the whole subject within the pale of astronomy. To decide that it has a mundane origin, or occasion, is to bring it under terrestrial physics. But it is not yet *known* that this light forms a ring, circling the earth; hence, we prefer not to beg the question in classing it. Again, since physics, in its widest sense, includes astronomy, in that sense our present classification is sure to be right, whichever way the decision may turn.

What is the *zodiacal light*? To the eye it is a somewhat narrow, tapering band of very pale light, less than half as luminous as the "milky way," projecting upward along the heavens from about the position occupied by the sun, more commonly seen after the evening twilight, but also visible in the east—to eyes not at that hour in *eclipse*—before the twilight of morning. This light seems not to have been observed until within the last two hundred years; and even the keen-eyed Humboldt, in the pure upper air of Quito, where stars become visible in such numbers as fairly to crowd the heavens, and in the equatorial region, where the phenomenon is lightest, did not see it at all! Yet it is seen: when, in the year 1843, "Father Miller" was preaching "the wrath to come" on a heedless world, superstitious men and women found "confirmation strong" of his vaticinations in the threatening aspect of this glittering "*sword*" that stretched up toward the zenith from the western sky. Captain Wilkes tells us that this meteor is from 6° to 10° broad at its base, tapers upward, and *appears* to form an arc of a circle about the earth, visible usually to the height of 60° , sometimes to 110° , or beyond the zenith; and that its apex is always in the plane of the ecliptic—i. e., of the sun's apparent path. The Rev. George Jones, who has seen the phenomenon in various parts of the world, Japan and the mountains of Ecuador included, agrees in many of the above particulars; but believes he has seen this light at all hours of night, and extending, as a semicircle, across the whole sky from east to west. Of course, if this be true, there is little room for further question. But

those who have used their eyes much in examining delicate shades of color and faint degrees of light know well that *no other sense approaches, in power of self-deception, to that of sight*; and that, especially when the eye is strained by an eager observer, and the imagination, perhaps, plays under the pressure of a theory, it is quite possible after a little to see almost any thing that is expected, and wholly impossible to see any thing precisely as it is. Experiment, under such circumstances, will convince any one of this.

Now, we do not say that Mr. Jones is deceiving the public, nor as yet that he is self-deceived; but we must ask that certain facts presented by Captain Wilkes be accounted for or disproved before we admit the ring theory of the former. Thus, the latter observer states that this band of light appears to crop out from the horizon in different places at different seasons, if the observer remains at one point, or at the same season if he changes his latitude; that the morning and evening lights differ in phase, color, altitude, and inclination; that within the tropics it rises nearly vertically, while, if one travels to the south of them, its apex inclines rapidly to the north of the zenith, and if he travels to the north, it inclines to the south of the zenith—in either case coming down gradually to a sharp angle with the horizon, and apparently showing that the light is not so remote as a terrestrial ring should be. The Captain's theory, then, proceeds upon the following known principles of optics: *First*, a stronger light always blinds us to a very faint one; as, for instance, we can see little or nothing by looking into a window—the feeble reflected light from within being overpowered by the brighter *glare* of day thrown back by the window itself. Hence, as long as twilight is present, the fainter zodiacal light can not be seen. *Secondly*, light falling in a direction approaching the vertical on the atmosphere will pass almost straight forward; while that which falls a little more obliquely, at either side, will be turned quite out of its course by refraction or reflection, and will not reach the eye. Hence, it is as if a single perpendicular column only of air, directly above the sun, were illuminated—the illumination of other parts being lost to the eye—and, consequently, this part is distinctly visible, as are the lines of sunlight which strike in columns through a vapory atmosphere from openings in clouds, when we incorrectly say the sun “draws water,” or as a beam of light admitted to pass through air in which particles of dust are floating.

According to this view, the light is a nearly straight column; and the apparent circular form

is an ocular deception. Captain Wilkes claims that the light gradually sinks after the sun, and disappears, as according to his view it should do. Professor Pierce inclines to the ring theory, but suggests a difficulty: Why does not the gaseous ring show tides caused by the moon's attraction? We, hesitatingly, name another: A part of Saturn's rings shows the shadow of the body of the planet; why should not this terrestrial ring, if it be one, have its shadow directly about the zenith at midnight? and, if it does, how *could* Mr. Jones see a *complete ring* at all hours of the night? or, if that be possible, how could he fail to observe the difference in luminosity of the shadow? It is evident that we must wait patiently for a time, before we do our earth the honor of decking her with a ring; and, if we do so, this will rather be a choice ornament, kept for rare occasions or for eyes philosophic, than a common pleasure, or a spectacle which all may conveniently see and cogitate upon. As a physical fact or a moral reminder, this ring, if it be such, must rank in significance far beneath the *galaxy*, which all may behold on every fair night, and the conclusions established concerning which give to thought and imagination a very free rein.

Toward the development of the laws of electricity, a subject to which, in its infancy, Benjamin Franklin gave so signal an impulse, and which is now zealously prosecuted, across the water, by Faraday, W. Snow Harris, Thomson, Riess, Becquerel, and others, very little is just now contributed by American physicists. At the late meeting, however, two points of interest were presented. Mrs. Eunice Foote claimed to have produced electrical excitation by condensation, and also by rarefaction of air—feats never before accomplished. The air was experimented on by being condensed into, or partially exhausted from, a glass tube. A pointed wire within the latter drew off the electricity generated, and by means of a *condenser*, which multiplied its effect, occasioned a sensible action on the *electrometer*.

The intimate relations which hold between electricity and magnetism are familiar to all who have watched the progress of science or invention. We have “electro-magnetic” telegraphs, in which an electrical current is employed to generate magnetism; and “magneto-electric” engines—which have not yet superseded steam—in which a magnet is made to generate electrical currents, in wires, surrounding its poles. Still further, one electric current is found to generate another in a second wire pursuing its course in proximity with that

which conveys the former current; and what is remarkable is, that while the first, or *inducing current*, in this case is purely galvanic, and has not mechanical energy enough to enable it to leap across a break of 1-500th of an inch in a conductor, the second, or induced current, if great resistance be opposed to its passage, as by making the wire in which it is generated very small and long, may be made to possess sufficient intensity to send a long and brilliant spark through non-conducting media—the air, for example—like that of a common electric machine of large size. Ruhmkorff, in France, not many years since, devised the first successful instrument on the principle just stated; but in the best specimens of this—in which, as we should have remarked above, the intensity is still further increased by the use of a “core” of iron wires within the “helix,” and by the addition of a “condenser”—the spark produced does not pass beyond three-quarters of an inch. The construction of this instrument was a secret; but from a statement of the principle, Mr. Hearder, and after him Mr. Bentley, both of England, guessed out its essential features, and both surpassed Ruhmkorff, obtaining sparks of about three inches in length. While these gentlemen are vigorously discussing the question of priority, Mr. E. S. Ritchie, of Boston, aided in part, perhaps, by their published statements, has far outstripped all competitors in this line. In his “induction apparatus” he has introduced an improvement in the arrangement of the two wires upon the *bobbin* or *reel*—that of a succession of coils in planes perpendicular to the length of the reel, instead of, as before, lying parallel with the latter. With a second wire of 60,000 feet, or nearly 12 miles in length, and a battery of only four “cups” in communication with the first wire, he has succeeded in producing sparks 10½ inches in length in the air, and which stream across between the two poles of the machine in a ribbon of light too brilliant to be tolerated by the eye. This instrument will be a great step gained in electrical research, and a monument to the skill of its inventor.

Professor Olmstead, of Yale, repeated, with new arguments, his theory of the Aurora Borealis, as a phenomenon due to the approach of the earth, in a certain portion of her annual revolution, to some nebulous body also revolving about the sun, and within the interplanetary spaces. According to his view, we have, on some occasions, lately come into close proximity with this body, in about the month of November, and hence the brilliant auroral displays seen to the north or overhead at that season,

which are owing to some kind of emanation from, or envelope of, that “Wandering Jew” of our solar system. Hence, also, the November showers of “falling stars,” and, perhaps, the meteoric stones of other seasons. Professor Olmstead also believes that this nebulous planet has a connection with the zodiacal light. Professor Coffin very appositely cited in response to this theory the disturbing influence of the aurora upon the transmission of the telegraphic currents, which is sometimes so great as, like thunder-storms, to prevent the working of the telegraph altogether. The reply that this “only shows electric powers, and not necessarily an electrical origin, in the aurora,” we must regard as rather acute than satisfactory. For what reason have we to suppose such nebulous body or its envelope to be in an electrically excited condition? Other material masses, as the moon and planets, in their *perigee*, are not found to manifest any “electric powers.” And if these displays are, as by this theory they must be, very far above our atmosphere, by what *medium* is the electrical disturbance communicated between such nebulous body and the earth? We confess that, like that of an earth-ring, this theory of a wandering nebulous planet has its attractions; but we confess, at the same time, to a certain suspiciousness of all very attractive new hypotheses, and we believe that such should pass the severest ordeal. Besides, we cannot forget that, in this case, the electricity of the air, its various disturbing causes, and consequently varying degrees, its conduction by an *ice-mist* in the upper atmosphere, or its luminous escape along tracts of dry and rarefied air, seem to furnish all the conditions necessary for the production of the aurora, and its known variations.

An opinion has long and extensively prevailed to the effect that the solar rays retard the process of combustion, or that in sunlight bodies burn more slowly than in the dark. We all know that a fire *appears* more dull in a strong light. So the flame of alcohol is barely visible in the sunlight, but distinctly so in the dark; and a coal that glows in the latter circumstances seems extinguished in the former. Now these results are partly owing to a simple and fundamental law of vision, namely, that the brighter light always dispossesses the impression of those more faint upon the retina, partially or wholly, according to the relative brilliancies. It is for this reason that the stars *seem* to fade as the day grows bright; although their light must still make its proper impression on the eye. But is this the whole explanation of the dullness of

fire in the light? or is there some other cause operative at the same time? Dr. McKeever, of England, in 1825, experimented with tapers burning in sunlight in the open air and in the dark, and he found the rate of combustion more rapid in the latter case by an average of eight per cent. He supposes that the *chemical rays* associated in the solar beam with the luminous rays exercise a *deacidizing power*—an influence opposed to that combination of elements in which combustion consists. Professor Le Conte, of the South Carolina College, has reexamined this subject. Finding that tapers burning in the open air put the latter into an agitation which interfered with the process, and that the warmer temperature in the sunlight also interfered by rarefying the air, he conducted his experiments in a large closed and darkened room, using wax tapers upheld by one scale-pan of a tall balance, the removal of small weights from the other of which indicated exactly the amount consumed during any time the experiment might be continued. He then burned the taper, in some cases, with no other light admitted; and in others brought to bear upon the flame the light afforded by the focus of a large solar microscope, or nearly tenfold the intensity of the solar rays, anticipating that, by this means, if light really exercised an influence over combustion, that influence and its effect would thus be greatly increased. The result of his experiments thus far has been that, during equal lengths of time, sensibly equal amounts of the material of the taper are consumed, whether in this increased light or in darkness; and he therefore feels warranted in concluding "that solar light does not seem to exercise any sensible influence on the process of combustion." He found, however, that rarefaction of the air surrounding the flame, by whatever cause produced, retarded the rate of burning. This must be true, of course, because rarefaction of the air reduces the amount of oxygen that in a given time will come in contact with the burning matter. An example is seen in the curious fact that the fuses of bombs burn more slowly at great elevations, as upon mountains, than in the plain below. And an illustration of the opposite fact, that combustion is hurried in air of increased density, is found in the rapidity with which lights burn away in the compressed air of diving-bells, so that in submarine operations it has in some instances been found necessary to replace the ordinary cotton wicks by others composed of threads of flax. Professor Le Conte also found that the presence of increased amounts of aqueous vapors acted to retard combustion. From

the facts thus obtained, he infers that Doctor McKeever's result—the less rapid combustion in the sun's light—was correct; but that it was probably due to rarefaction of the air by the solar heat, and to the irregular agitation of the air about the burning taper.

The question is an important and practical one. It will take a deal of philosophy to convince those who attend on lime-kilns, and the like, or even "log-heaps," that the fire does not burn much more intensely during the night than in the day. If it be said the air at night is more dense, it must be recollected that even this is not always the case; and that when it is so, the descent of vapors to the lower strata of the air, increasing the humidity of the parts just above the surface of the earth, must, according to the results above detailed, seriously interfere with any gain due to increased density.

But let us look at the subject from another point of view. The solar beam is now known to contain three distinct classes of rays, namely: *first*, the chemical, or those which influence chemical changes, and often in the way of decomposing compound bodies, as when light decomposes and blackens the compound of silver spread upon a daguerreotype plate; *secondly*, the luminous, which simply light up or render visible the bodies on which they fall, and are not known to possess any chemical or heating power; *thirdly*, the calorific, which possess the same powers as the radiations from a common fire—that is, are heating in their effect. Now, we shall rid this subject of some obscurity if we premise, what is the truth, that no one has ever supposed or aimed to establish that the merely *luminous* rays have any influence whatever over the process of burning. Their office is to *light* only; and we can hardly conceive how they can interfere with a chemical change such as burning is. Nor can the calorific rays have any effect, save an incidental and indirect one. No body will burn at all until it is first warmed to its proper temperature of ignition; and, at any time, it must cease to burn if it can be in the meanwhile cooled below such point. Hence, the calorific rays may aid in maintaining the burning temperature; but they will hinder as much by aiding the heat set free by the combustion in its work of rarefying the air that feeds the flame. The calorific rays, also, may, therefore, be left out of the account. It is only the chemical rays, then, that can in any way sensibly modify the process. And, in regard to these, what are the known facts?

A mixture of chlorine and hydrogen gases, kept in the dark, will not combine; but expose

them suddenly to sunlight, and, as when an electric spark is passed through them, they combine at once, and with explosion. But this effect is wholly different from that of the ordinary influence of light when acting slowly and unperceived. We have seen that the chemical rays *decompose* compounds of silver on the daguerreotype plate; and this is the capital fact on which rests the whole process of photography. The action is directly the *reverse* of combustion—the latter being one of composition, or union. In a strong light, plants refuse to germinate; because germination, like burning, requires the union of oxygen of the air with solid matters in the seed; it is, in fact, a case of combustion, and gives out heat, as is seen in the malting of heaps of barley. If, then, there is a power present in light which resists that union of oxygen with vegetable matter necessary to germination, why should not the same power resist that union of oxygen with vegetable matter necessary to ordinary combustion? But Professor Le Conte says experiment proves that no such influence is exerted. This, then, brings us to the suggestion of a possible modifying cause in his experiments, which the Professor seems to have overlooked. Professor Stokes, of England, in experimenting on the peculiar light which can be originated in solutions of quinine, etc., even by the incidence of the non-luminous chemical rays, found that *glass* prisms, lenses, etc., cut off or extinguished by far the greater part of the latter rays. Thus, by separating the solar beam by a prism of *quartz crystal*, he obtained a chemical *spectrum* full twice the length of the luminous spectrum lying above the violet extremity of the latter; and, with the electric light, the dark or chemical spectrum was eight times the length of the luminous. But, with a glass prism, this dark spectrum was cut off, down to near the edge of the luminous spectrum itself. A glass lens, then, colored or uncolored, arrests and extinguishes by far the larger proportion of the chemical rays; and yet such a lens Professor Le Conte employed, although the whole object and intent of his experiment was to ascertain what was the effect of those very rays on the burning process—i. e., on the chemical union of oxygen with the carbon and the other combustible elements in wood, tallow, wax, etc. In Dr. McKeever's experiments, in the open air, the chemical rays were not so cut off. We respectfully ask the Professor's attention to this point, should these thoughts ever be brought to his notice; and suggest whether his carefully conducted experiments would not be more conclusive if, instead of glass, he employed a quartz lens, or, better still, an ordinary

beam of sunlight passed through no lens, or the pencil obtained by reflection from a concave metallic mirror. Whoever should experiment on solar heat by the use of lenses of *alum*, would arrive at results altogether negative and nugatory, because alum wholly arrests, or is *opaque* to, the heat rays; and so is *green* or *yellow* glass almost perfectly opaque to the chemical rays. And while uncolored glass is not thus wholly opaque, is it not sufficiently so to interfere materially with the reliableness of the results?

Some very interesting papers on the subjects of "Meteorology" and "Climate" were read before the late meeting, of which our space will allow us to make little more than a bare mention. Colonel Forsyth, of Texas, detailed the phenomena of the so-called Texas "Norther"—a storm in which the sky suddenly becomes covered with black clouds, followed by a wind, which comes in a sudden and powerful gust, and continues to blow violently for a day or more, the thermometer falling during the first hour or two of its continuance usually through 20°. This wind is so drying that, under its influence, "the covers of books warp, papers curl, furniture cracks, boards split, and the whole surface of the ground yields its dust to fill the air." This wind the writer accounts for on the supposition that it is a body of dried and cold upper air coming from over the high and arid regions of the "American desert," which, becoming by its cold and dryness heavier than the air beneath it, suddenly overcomes the elasticity of the latter, slumps through it, a descending stream or cataract of atmosphere, and spreads out in furious aerial waves or gusts over the lower and more level country.

Professor Bache read—what, indeed, he always does read—a paper of solid scientific observation and deduction, relative to the "Winds of the Western Coast" of the United States. Dr. Wynne discussed the "Influence of the Gulf Stream on the Summer Climate of the Atlantic Coast," deducing the conclusions that "the usual direction of the lighter Summer breezes on the Atlantic is from the south and southwest, directly over the currents of warm water composing the Gulf Stream; and that these winds are, for the most part, gentle, balmy, exhilarating, and peculiarly happy in their influence upon the human body; while the north and east winds are violent, raw, and depressing, and should be assiduously avoided." As Summer resorts for invalids, he gave preference to Old Point Comfort, Cape May, Long Branch, and the southerly exposed points of the coast of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and a part of Massachu-

setts; while the southern shore of Long Island either possesses fewer points properly protected from the north-east winds, or those points have not yet been found. Ay, ay! ye who are invalids, keep on the "sunny side" of Dame Nature, say we; for in truth, though she be an excellent and a bounteous friend, she is a hard mistress!

Mr. Smallwood, of Canada, read a paper upon *Ozone*, of which we had occasion to speak at some length in our notes on the meeting of the last year. The chief practical result brought out by his observations, which are very numerous and extending over several years, is that throughout the year 1854 he found but comparatively feeble indications of the presence of ozone in the atmosphere, thus confirming the opinions previously advanced in respect to the connection between the cholera pestilence and a deficiently ozonized air. If such be the case, we can go no further at present. We can neither say why ozone and electrical excitation are comparatively wanting in our atmosphere in cholera seasons, nor whether any means may be devised for restoring these, or substituting for them other conditions capable of preserving individual and public health. We do but little as yet in modifying the play of natural laws in that grand arena of their display, the aerial ocean, of the invisible effluences coming in whose almost impalpable waves we are all, perforce, partakers.

The subjects of geology and ethnology are reserved for a future article.

BOOKS.

Books are the natural outgrowth of thought. New truths come to penetrate the minds of men; they accept and digest them; then, glowing with the fervent ardor of a young love, they send them abroad to find their own. The pen transmits them to the paper; the iron fingers of the press copy them with lightning rapidity; men scatter them among a thousand households. Here they find readers, critics, lovers. Thoughts and feelings pass from the eye to the brain; then, by a magical process, become part and parcel of our own spirit.

Books awaken no active antagonism. There is no flashing eye, no cynical smile, no covert sneer accompanying the new thoughts offered us. We take them at their real value; we weigh them in the balance of our reason, and then receive or reject them. Books are the glorious legacies of each age to the future. They are the holiest part of the author's self. They are the statue which he has chiseled with earn-

est, passionate love, until, Pygmalion-like, his soul has gone out from his ardent, burning glances, and enthused the lifeless marble with the warmth and glow of his own spirit. And when we gaze on this statue—when we read these thoughts, we know him more truly than if we had broken bread with him for years. Why need I repine for lack of sympathy? I sit alone, in seeming, but have I not the sages and the poets, the philosophers and the wise men to bear me company? Need I complain because I cannot exchange a few words and glances, press their hand, sit at their table, and talk of their household mysteries?

We are often disappointed at the seeming discrepancy between authors and their works, and wonder that such gorgeous, tropical flowers could strike root in these icebergs. We turn away mournfully from the cold, polished manner and artificial words—so different from the glowing, inspired thoughts which held heart and brain entranced till the last page was turned and the last sentence ended. But the chill is the semblance, the warmth the reality.

We often hold the sweetest communings with our friends when they are only visible to our spiritual eye. In their presence, a thousand conventionalities, forms, and proprieties enchain the spirit, and force the lips to utter words which are as icicles compared with the glowing lava which is boiling beneath. The most impetuous, enthusiastic hearts are often the coldest in outward seeming. They try the experiment of farming a volcano, and plow and sow on the deceitful crust which has formed over the crater, till, in some unguarded moment, the sea of fire becomes convulsed, and the liquid flame-waves gurgles up from the abyss, and roll fearfully over the plantation, heedless of landmark or boundary line. But when one is alone, the thought goes out spontaneously where it wills, nor waits to be ushered in by an introduction and the forms of civilized life. Language—that grim Cerberus that guards the portals of the heart—is banished for the nonce; word-shapes are dismissed; and we breathe our thoughts into the hearts of our friends, sure of finding them in a sympathizing mood, knowing, trusting, and loving.

Each is most truly himself when alone. Abroad, the fictions of society, the frictions of surroundings, the thoughts of others influence his mind; in solitude only can he truly judge of the texture of his own spirit. There he summons up his thoughts and marshals them before him; he scans each as it passes with a scrutinizing eye; he reads human nature from the past, kindly or

bitterly. Thoughts bubble up in word-forms; he seizes them, fixes them, and then, with the natural craving for sympathy, sends them forth to find their fellows. And when found, then is there joy in the heart.

We love those books best that are nearest ourselves. Brilliant thoughts, new ideas, excite our admiration; but we gaze at them from afar off; they look coldly on us, like unfamiliar faces, or distant stars; they are not ours. But when the true messenger comes—when our own half-formed thoughts, scarce-breathed ideas, come back to us in their own proper garb, drawn out and polished by the hand of a master artist, we open our hearts to them and embrace them lovingly. Who that has found his own heart fitly set forth will not bear witness to the joyful recognition? Does he not feel a closer sympathy with one that can so well speak what he could but think? Does he not feel a sort of positive property in him, though rivers and seas may roll between them, and though ages may have passed since the words were penned? Does he not feel the aroma of a kindred spirit floating in delicious fragrance around him, and know that he can never again be quite alone?

And yet the heart goes out longingly from these in quest of human sympathy. But if it return bruised, fluttered and weary from its fruitless search, like the dove to the ark of refuge, here, in the heart-records of others, it may find a rest where it can refresh itself ere it goes forth sadder and wiser, though not so hopefully and so trustingly, to resume the journey of life.

Books—the thoughts that dictate the books—are the highest expression of the divine idea. The earth, sky, flowers, trees, birds, each speaks a language peculiar to itself—each sheds a genial and harmonizing influence over the souls of men—yet these are the seed, that the fruit. Every true book is the outspoken expression of some full soul. It would be a curious thing to lift the veil, to mark the individual experience which, perhaps unconsciously, molded each paragraph—which gave force and character to each sentiment. It would be curious to note the hidden springs which set the machinery in motion. Words are but poor interpreters of thought; few books, or none, fully illustrate the idea of the author, yet all are earnest essays to reach the light.

Thought, developed into words, is the connecting wire that binds society together. Thought ripens into words, then into deeds. True books are the sure pledges of better things. True authors are the rulers of the world. Let us read reverently; let us write earnestly!

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Oh! it seems a saddening thing
That, as we grow older,
Virtue should die out in us—
Vice grow stronger, bolder;
That the man who, when a boy,
Thrilled with tender feeling,
Taught to know a mother's love,
At her side low kneeling,
Should grow up in care and sin,
Tenderness departed;
Made, by jostling through the world,
Cold and iron-hearted!
But, methinks the soul of man,
Growing in affection,
As the body larger grows,
Should approach perfection.
As the body groweth up
Into manly beauty,
Should the soul be perfected
In the way of duty.
God so made the human soul,
That, by blest endeavor,
Into likeness to himself
It may grow forever.
Let us seek this prize divine,
Holy, moral beauty;
More than goods, or house, or lands
Seek to do our duty.
Did we, life were nobly real,
And, as we grow older,
Virtue would grow strong in us—
Vice be deadlier, colder.
Naught should then from virtuous youth
Virtuous manhood sever;
Peaceful age should follow this,
And then the life forever.

Michigan, September, 1857.

DETRA.

MARY, WITH THEE.

Touch the lute lightly
For days that are flown,
Memories brightly
Live in its tone;
Dreams of the forest,
The vale by the sea,
Where I have wandered,
Mary, with thee.
Where the pure wavelet
Leaped to the shore,
There, in the moonlight,
Glistened our oar;
Rose it, how sweetly,
That song on the sea,
Where I was floating,
Mary, with thee.
In the old forest,
Embowered in the shade,
Where the deep foliage
Murmurings made,
Softly returneth
That low tone to me,
Where I was kneeling,
Mary, with thee.

New Jersey, October, 1857.

ANDRE CHENIER.*

BY MERY.

Translated by Mary L. Booth, for Emerson's Magazine.
(Commenced in the February Number.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES.

In the Summer of 1794, the gardens of Versailles, and the façade which fronted on them, wore a revolutionary expression, which their royal founder never could have foreseen. The windows of the château—all hermetically closed, despite the beauty of the season—announced an absent proprietor; the gravel on the walks was no longer leveled; the wild flowers were springing up everywhere, like vegetable protestations against the symmetry of Le Nôtre; the tritons, the naiads, and the nereids were opening their arid lips over basins without water; the gods and goddesses wore crowns of evergreens upon their brows; yet nothing had taken away from these gardens the luxuriant verdure and dazzling brilliancy which the Summer and the sun had given them.

Chénier had anticipated the hour named in the billet of the Countess, and was whiling away the tedious moments of waiting by murmuring verses in the midst of the marble Olympus which was looking down on him from the summit of its pedestals.

At this moment, the poet was surrounded by a nation of statues, the immovable witnesses of many terrible scenes; and these seemed to smile at last upon a scene of love, which they had been awaiting for four years, beneath the trees of this beautiful garden.

The poet heard the clock strike twelve, and he fixed his gaze upon the high terrace, or rather upon the horizon, where another sun was about to rise in a luxuriant profusion of flowers.

A little after the stroke of noon, two women appeared before the Andromeda of Puget; the one who walked first passed before the *chef d'œuvre*, and sadly shook her head. Although placed at a considerable distance from her, Chénier divined the thought of the Countess, who thus mournfully saluted a woman chained to a rock—a victim whom an adventurous poet, mounted on a hippogriff, was on his way to deliver. It was the mythologic symbol of the moment.

With that ease of manner which women always retain in critical moments, Madame de Pressey accosted Chénier, who was standing, pale

and mute as the god Vertummus, his nearest neighbor.

Angelique saluted the poet from a distance without advancing.

The Countess grasped the hand of Chénier, and said:

"Is it necessary to add that I see you again with a pleasure that resembles happiness?"

"No, Madame," replied Chénier, "add nothing; you have come."

"Did you doubt it, Monsieur?"

"If a disappointment had awaited me, I should not have doubted."

"Notwithstanding, I have nothing favorable to announce to you, Monsieur Chénier."

"You are here, Madame; that is sufficient for me. One should not be too exacting in his wishes in the times in which we live."

"Monsieur Chénier," said the Countess, inviting the poet to seat himself by her side on a stone bench, "how did you discover my retreat?"

This question was asked with that abrupt change of manner which places a conversation on a familiar footing.

André did not immediately answer; his lively emotion took away his presence of mind.

"Madame," said he, "it was by the greatest chance—I often quit Pasey, where I reside, to make some visits in Versailles, and I stop at the inn of the *Lyre d'Apollon*!"—

"A poet could choose no other inn," interrupted the Countess, smiling.

"And it was there," continued Chénier, "that I heard it said that the Citizeness Pressey had returned to Versailles. I then wrote hesitatingly."

"You are greatly agitated in explaining so simple a circumstance," observed Marguerite.

"It is because, Madame, this simple circumstance reminds me of a house in which I spent the last of my happiest days. I should have written to you sooner, but before hazarding a letter, I wished to be sure that you were dwelling alone in this house—alone with Angelique."

The Countess looked steadily at Chénier, and, after a few moments' silence, said:

"Are you then ignorant, Monsieur Chénier, of the misfortune which has befallen the Countess de Pressey?"

"What misfortune?" demanded the poet, turning pale.

"Ah, you are ignorant of it!" continued the Countess. "Well, La Vendée, which had already swallowed up so many noble lives!"—

The young woman stopped, and two tears trickled down her cheeks.

"The Count de Pressey!" cried Chénier, half

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

rising, with an accent in which every emotion was mingled.

"Do not pronounce that name here, imprudent man!" exclaimed Marguerite, grasping his hand, "these statues may have ears of flesh!"

"Dead!" said André, as if speaking to himself.

"And a long time since," continued the Countess. "If my husband were living, I should not be here, Monsieur Chénier."

A long silence ensued after these words. The two interlocutors became mute, and their eyes remained fixed on the turf of the walk; you would have said that there were two more statues in the gardens of Versailles.

Chénier was the first to break the silence.

"After having heard this mournful news," said he, "I have but two things to do—to thank you for the interview which you have accorded me this morning, and then to withdraw in respect to your sorrow."

"Monsieur Chénier," said the Countess, in an amicable voice, "you must act according to your pleasure. You are at liberty to depart; yet I think I have said nothing that can make you believe that this interview has already been too long for me."

"Madame," replied Chénier, "what I have just learned confuses all my ideas; and, truly, all that I could say now would be but a falsehood of the lips, and a contradiction of the unshaken truth of my heart. Therefore, I choose rather to withdraw."

And he rose, with convulsive agitation.

"Monsieur Chénier," said the Countess, rising also, and rearranging the folds of her dress, as if to give herself confidence for the rash remark she was about to hazard, "Monsieur Chénier, I will never end a conversation with an enigma. Your last words are very mysterious; I invite you to explain them."

"Do you exact it, Madame?"

"I do not exact it; I invite it."

"Well, Madame, my obscure words mean this in plain language: During the life of your husband, I should have been happy in seeing you for a single moment—in hearing a single word fall from your lips—but never should I have spoken of the secret feelings of my heart. I am yet of those who have respect for marriage; but now these scruples can no longer retain me. You are widowed—you are free—and I shall regard all those moments as wasted and deceitful which I do not consecrate to the utterance of the three words invented by the heart, 'I love you.'"

The Countess opened her parasol, and concealed her face from André Chénier. God alone

saw the expression of her angelic features at that moment.

The breeze which springs up at noon in the Summer breathed through the magnificent trees of Versailles with charming murmurs; one would have said that the voice of the poet had resuscitated all the raptures of tenderness ever expressed beneath these arches of gloomy verdure, where the men of another century had lived so happily and loved so deeply.

"Monsieur Chénier," said Marguerite, with ill-disguised emotion, "the confession which you make me I was not expecting; but I dare speak here without dissimulation—the circumstances excuse every thing. Ah, *mon Dieu!* shall we be alive to-morrow? Chénier, your love honors me; and I am proud of it, if it is forbidden me to be happy in it."

Chénier's face beamed with joy, and he clasped his hands as in a prayer before a holy image.

"Madame," said he, "permit me, in my turn, to ask the plain meaning of this last sentence. Is it forbidden you to be happy in my love?"

"Poet," said the young woman, with sadness, "this has no significance; I said nothing."

"In the name of Heaven, Madame, I conjure you to speak."

"Chénier," continued the Countess, "do you remember our first interview at the Hôtel de la Tour d'Aigues?"

"I think of it every day."

"It is the last time, Chénier, that I shall speak to you of my presentiments and visions—all, things which the vulgar treat as follies. Well! the future has always given reason for my presentiments. Chénier, in the name of Heaven, ask not my love; this love would be fatal to you!"

"This is a word, Madame, which I no longer understand," returned Chénier, with fire. "The word belongs not to the epoch in which we live. Fatality is the property of all—it is a common patrimony—our fathers bequeathed it to this generation; just now you said yourself, 'Shall we be alive to-morrow?' Yes, this is true, and this doubt makes it a duty for us to live to-day."

"No, Chénier, no; enough of mourning for me—enough of mourning! Suffer me to be proud of your love; but distrust mine—it is death!"

"Madame, listen. In the last century, there was a great painter, Antoine Van Dyck, who said a sublime thing. He loved the Countess Brignole; and he loved her, undoubtedly, as I love you. The Count Brignole, her husband, was leading her through the great nave of San Lorenzo, where their marriage had just been cel-

ebreated. Van Dyck, who was leaning against a pillar, looked at the Count, and, grasping the arm of his friend, he said to him, with an ineffable expression, 'My life for a quarter of an hour of the life of that man!' Van Dyck was right."

The Countess was about to reply, when Angelique suddenly appeared, exclaiming:

"Madame, I am all in a tremble. I hope I am mistaken, but there are some men yonder with a suspicious air; and, while hidden by a copse, I heard them distinctly pronounce the name of Chénier, and of the *Lyre d'Apollon*. I tried to see the speakers, and I succeeded; they passed before me. Such faces! They are men of the secret police. Do not show yourselves; there are four of them!"

Chénier drew a dagger, and looked in the direction which Angelique had pointed out.

"Put up your dagger, Chénier," said Marguerite; "what would you do against four armed men?"

"Leave me—leave me!" exclaimed André. "If I am arrested by the order of Fouquier-Tinville, in the name of Heaven, do not let these scoundrels find you with me! You, too, would be lost!"

"Chénier, I will not quit you," said the Countess, in a resolute tone; "I am proud of your love, and if I die with you, I shall be proud of my death."

"But you can yet conceal yourself from their eyes," suggested Angelique. "They have just made a little turn in this walk. Gain the rotunda of the Fontaines yonder, opposite us, and you can escape at the other side of the gardens."

"Come, Chénier," said the Countess, offering him her arm. "Alas! my love is fatal to you!"

In this terrible position, André Chénier only heard and remembered the last words of the Countess—"My love is fatal to you!"—or rather, he only remembered the first two of them.

The poet blessed the perilous hazard which had just extracted an avowal from the heart of the young woman, and, strong in this love revealed in the confidence of a deadly peril, he feared nothing from the bloody menaces of the future.

That side of the gardens of Versailles which ended at the Giant's Stairway was completely deserted; the fugitives traversed the rotunda of the Fontaines, then as mute as the empty urn of a naiad, and directed their course toward the left wing of the château.

Angelique had received, by a significant gesture, an order to remain behind and observe the movements of the inquisitors.

André Chénier looked only at the Countess Marguerite, and suffered himself to be drawn along by her in a precipitate flight; had he been master of two wills, he would not have thought of fleeing from these delicious shades, where the conversations of love have tones of ineffable sweetness; but it was necessary to obey the violent impulse of this woman, who saw the safety of Chénier before all else.

It was with deep anguish of heart that the poet quitted the somber arches of the walks, and discovered the great staircase, radiant with the bright light of the day.

"Now," said Marguerite, "let us not betray ourselves; let us walk at an ordinary pace that we may not excite attention."

Saying this, she let fall her green veil—not to hide her face, but to conceal her beauty, for the terrace of the château was not deserted like the avenues of the park.

They passed through the vault of the château, and descended on the side of the city, in the quarter of the Church of Saint Louis. Thence they directed their steps toward the Avenue du Tiers, and, crossing the road, gained the clump of trees which guarded the entrance of the subterranean passage.

They had finally reached this protecting shelter, and had foiled all pursuit. Having passed through the vault, the Countess placed her ear against the separating panel, and listened to assure herself that the house was empty before entering. No sound having reached her ear, she opened the secret panel, and they entered the first apartment.

"We must not deceive ourselves," said she; "this asylum offers you but a moment's security. Let us think of finding a better one."

André Chénier gazed at the young woman with an emotion in which the perils of the moment had no share; his countenance expressed the angelic serenity of the elect of the Thabor.

"This place is good," his glance seemed to say; "let us pitch our tent here. Why change when one is happy?"

The Countess divined the stoical thought of the poet, and, seizing his hand hastily, she exclaimed:

"You understand that you cannot remain here. The bloodhounds have the intelligence of their calling. The landlord of the *Lyre d'Apollon* will be interrogated. In such cases, one is betrayed by the slightest traces. Let us prepare for every treason as well as for every imprudence; and if an hour of calmness remains to us, let us not waste it in idleness like heedless children."

"An hour!" said Chénier, in a voice which murmured all the melody of love; "an hour!—'tis a century of happiness before dying."

"Chénier," said the Countess, abruptly, "I will not destroy you; it is my duty to save you—to save you despite yourself—despite myself."

Emotion choked the utterance of these last words, the full meaning of which was not instantly comprehended by the poet.

"But listen to me, Marguerite," replied Chénier; "I fear that I may never see you again, if I quit you to-day. And if I see you no more, what shall I do with the life you have preserved to me?"

"Chénier, in this hour, so solemn to us both, I swear to you that we will meet again; I swear that I will be yours; but obey my love. When I tell you this, I know but too well what I am saying. You will be discovered here; it was in that accursed inn that I found the keys of my house; all of our actions now are imprudent. Why did I take the keys from that inn? But if we had shunned that fault, we should have committed some other. Every thing is an error of conduct in these times—one knows not how to act to preserve his life. My head burns—I am delirious. Chénier, you know it—I have infallible presentiments—there is blood around us; be not deaf to it! Love me as I wish to be loved—as a slave in your moments of misfortune, as a master when you shall be happy."

The young woman was in a prophetic exaltation; her face sparkled, her eyes had a sibylline luster, and her regal gesture would have brought kings to her feet.

Chénier, intoxicated with joy, prostrated himself before her, and kissing the ground which she had trodden, exclaimed:

"Speak! I am devoted to your will. I obey."

"You must set out at once for Viroflay," said Marguerite; "you know the farm-house of Denis—there you can assume a disguise, and no one will discover you in your retreat. Thence, you can write to your brother."

"Oh, Marguerite! I can no longer count on my brother; his credit is gone since the fall of the club of the Cordeliers, and the death of Camille Desmoulins. Who knows if even now the poor Marie-Joseph may not himself be placed beyond the reach of the law. All the generous voices of the noblest patriots are extinct. Did you read the other day, in the public papers, of the daring speech of the younger Robespierre against Hébert? 'It is thou,' cried he, 'it is thou who hast stirred up the people, by attempting the liberty of religion.' Hébert looked at

young Robespierre with an air which menaced death; and Robespierre was obliged to rush at once to the tribune and deliver a most skillful speech, in order to reconcile his brother to the terrible Hébert, in which he but half succeeded—he, the supreme dictator! Yet you think that my brother, Marie-Joseph, can save me if they demand my head! Yes, I know well that my brother will come when my hands are bound to throw himself between my judges and the executioner; but I will never implore his assistance—first, because it would be useless, and lastly, because he would expose himself to a deadly vengeance. It does not belong to me, Marguerite, to urge my brother to a movement which would be useless to me, and perhaps fatal to him."

"Well, André, if this be so, call no one to your assistance, but remain in a secure retreat. The evil has reached its height. The good is at the verge of the eastern horizon, like the sun before the dawn; with a little prudence, you can yet await the promised morning; depart at once. Believe me—yes, I read your thoughts in your eyes, and I am about to answer your mute question. You count on the subterranean passage of this house—is it not so? Well! this was an asylum formerly, a year ago; to-day there are no longer any secrets in the walls, in the ceilings, or under the floors. These domiciliary visitors are learned in their profession; they sound every thing, and discover every thing; and no person dares longer to trust himself to those asylums which terror invented, and which experience has discovered. Therefore, my poet, seek not for safety where it is not to be found; it is at the farm-house of Viroflay—depart at once. We shall meet again, I swear it you."

"Marguerite," returned Chénier, "I will go anywhere, I will obediently follow the direction of your hand, if you will promise to visit the retreat of your outlaw."

"I do more than promise, Chénier—I swear it; we will meet to-morrow at the house of Denis."

"I go!" cried the poet, in a tone of exultation.

"Now," said the Countess, "the subterranean passage will be still useful to us in screening your flight to the entrance of the forest. Come, let us lose no time."

She touched the spring, the vault opened, and they descended, hand in hand, without uttering a word until they reached the opposite extremity. There, the poet, placing one foot upon the first step of the subterranean stair-

case, and the other upon the tuft of grass, embraced Marguerite; and, obeying a gently imperious gesture, rushed out beneath the heavy arch of the gigantic trees, those eternal protectors of all outlaws.

André followed a well-known path, which reminded him of calmer hours, yet without a future; this time, at least, he saw happiness beaming at the end of the trial.

The days were at their longest; and, though much time had been lost, Chénier reached the gate of the farm-house long before sunset. He rang, and a stranger opened to him.

"Whom do you want?" asked he, in a tone that did not inspire confidence.

"The farmer Denis," replied Chénier, casting an inquisitive glance into the garden. "Am I, by chance, mistaken?"

"Yes, citizen," said the stranger, "Denis sold his farm nine months ago to the Citizen Barras."

"And where is he living now?" asked Chénier.

"Ah! that is what I do not know. I never was his farm-boy."

And the door was rudely shut in the face of André Chénier.

The young outlaw remained for some time in the attitude of the man touched by a thunderbolt, described by Ovid; but as it was necessary to form a resolution before the setting of the sun, the first thought which occurred to him appeared the best, and he retraced his steps to Versailles, but with the resolve to be very prudent, in obedience to the wishes of Madame de Pressy.

It was still broad daylight when the poet reached the clump of trees which concealed the subterranean passage; but he forebore to attempt an entrance, for fear of displeasing the Countess. He waited there until night; and when darkness came to protect the most hazardous attempts, he descended the Avenue du Tiers. Casting a glance at the house of Madame de Pressy, he saw no light shining within; yet this did not greatly surprise him, "for," thought he, "she is probably with Angelique on the side of the garden."

He was pursuing his walk toward the city when he perceived several groups of persons talking on one of the corners of the street, as, in the time of the revolution, one always sees at night on the spot where any event has taken place during the day; curious people flock together continually after the object of their curiosity has disappeared. And curious idlers are almost always the germs of riots.

Chénier assumed a careless demeanor, and disguising his habitual walk and manner, min-

gled with the first group of the spectators. They were saying among themselves:

"They found nothing at all, citizen; nothing at all. I am sure of it, for I witnessed the domiciliary visit."

"Well, I tell you that they found two ex-noble women."

"Yes; but that was not what they were looking for."

"Ah! what were they looking for?"

"An aristocrat."

"That is not true; they were not looking for an aristocrat. They were seeking a journalist—the one who wrote the famous supplement of *Number Thirteen*."

"André Chénier."

"The same."

"Well! is not André Chénier an aristocrat?"

"No; he is an author, and the friend of Roucher."

"But an aristocratic author. He has written *L'Ami des Lois*, and some tragedies."

"And was nothing said to the two ex-noble women?"

"They are not ex-nobles; there was nothing to say to them; they are citizens, like every one else, who have done no harm to any one."

"Then why did they visit the house of these citizens? They have violated the Constitution."

"You are always fancying that they have violated the Constitution. It was known that the journalist, André Chénier, had resided in this house—the landlord of the Lyre d'Apollon had confessed it, and, therefore, they made a domiciliary visit. You see, now, that you did not know what you were saying when you declared that they had violated the Constitution."

This conversation in the open air was prolonged, but André Chénier had learned all that he cared to know. A name had just been pronounced in his ears which recalled him to other duties—to duties which cause even love to be forgotten by a noble heart.

"Poor Roucher!" said he, forming an energetic resolution; "and I had forgotten him! Let me hasten to him; a like misfortune threatens him without doubt; he has been my accomplice. O, my God! give me time to save him."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE INNOCENT INFORMER.

On arriving, friend no longer met friend; Roucher had disappeared. To doubt was impossible. André Chénier comprehended that the poet of the *Mois*—that the editor of the *Journal de Paris*—that his accomplice in inno-

cence was already cast into the depth of those dungeons whence the prisoners departed only to die.

It was not, therefore, to clear up a doubt, but to weep with another friend over a painful reality, that he hastened to Passy, to the house of M. de Pastoret. Never did inspiration more effectually second a man's fatal destiny! The house of M. de Pastoret was at that moment undergoing a domiciliary visit under the direction of the Citizen Guénot. That intelligent inquisitor had orders to arrest all suspected persons on the way.

Such were the wishes of Fouquier-Tinville and Collot d'Herbois—those enemies of the whole world and of themselves—those two dictators, seated on the executioner's throne and ruling Robespierre himself. Collot d'Herbois had constituted himself the purveyor of the scaffold, and would grant to no person the right of assisting him in the work. This man had ancient wrongs to revenge, and numerous attempts against his person to punish; and never having been able to find his enemies, he had found the secret of destroying them by exterminating the whole nation. Collot d'Herbois, it is said, had often been hissed in the theater; first, as a bad author, and next, as a bad actor.

This long and double series of public affronts was fixed in his memory, and the serpents of the dramatic furies were incessantly breathing their hisses into the ears of this Orestes of terror; to him all men were suspected, and especially suspected of having hissed him from some box before '98. History has never sufficiently expiated upon the secret causes which have impelled certain political men to insatiable vengeance. But, in passing, we have explained the conduct of Collot d'Herbois, that tyrant of Robespierre and of the Convention.

The emissary of Collot d'Herbois, the Citizen Guénot, saw a young man with a nervous temperament, resolute air, and fiery eye, hastily advancing toward the house of M. de Pastoret, and he quickly recognized him as an incontestable enemy of the ex-comedian.

"What is your name?" asked he.

"What do you want with it?" demanded Chénier in return, instead of replying.

"Answer, or I arrest you."

"Well?" said Chénier, "through respect to myself, I will tell you my name; I am not in the habit of concealing it, for it is honorable. I am André Chénier."

"The journalist?"

"Yes."

"The writer?"

"Yes."

"The enemy of liberty?"

"No; it is a lie."

"Did you not write the supplement of *Number Thirteen*?"

"Yes—I do not retract it."

"Have you not written against Collot d'Herbois and Fouquier-Tinville?"

"Not enough."

"I arrest you in the name of the Revolutionary Tribunal. You are one of the suspected."

"I fear nothing—I am innocent."

"The Revolutionary Tribunal and the Citizen Collot d'Herbois recognize no innocent person among the suspected."

Guénot wrote an order, and gave it to an agent, and two armed men—who, to the honor of the Republican uniform, were not soldiers—violently seized the illustrious poet, hurried him into a small carriage, and drove him to the prison of the Luxembourg.

The jailor of this prison received the order with murmurs, like a landlord who is already overwhelmed with tenants, and handed back the paper, saying that it was not drawn up in due form. The agent insisted, thrice repeating Guénot's name; but the jailor, who felt his own dignity and the conviction of his civic importance, shut the door of the prison and bolted it abruptly, without seeming to care for the jail orders of the Citizen Guénot.

During this scene, André Chénier exhibited the most perfect stoicism.

From the Luxembourg, the carriage proceeded to the prison of Saint Lazare. Here the matter met no obstacle. The jailor did not know how to read; but at the names of Guénot and Collot d'Herbois, who maintained him liberally, he bowed with respect, and opened to the poet the fearful road to a dungeon.

André then found those great resources in the depths of his soul which choice spirits find when their misfortunes are consummated. He had parted with hope on the threshold of the dungeon, but his courage had followed him through the gloomy gratings; and courage alone can replace lost hope.

At this epoch, it was very difficult to know the judicial arrest of a citizen through the means of the journals; the *Moniteur* kept an obstinate silence in respect to the jail-entries, and no public paper dared fill up this enormous hiatus in the official sheet. It was, therefore, impossible, in the first moments of his disappearance, to be sure of the real fate of a missing relative or friend. Thus the Countess Marguerite, who had met the same disappointment, on the evening before, at

the farm-house of Viroflay, suddenly lost all traces of André Chénier, especially when she found, to lighten her despair, but a deserted house in the Rue Basse, at Passy. Undoubtedly, some of the persons in that locality, whom she questioned, might have given her information; but prudence and circumspection were then two very common virtues. To refuse to answer appeared a good principle of security. Silence compromises no one, and speech is dangerous in revolutionary epochs.

Madame de Pressy used every effort to discover the retreat or the fate of André Chénier; but, being herself enslaved by the necessity of the strictest circumspection, she found herself restricted, in her researches, to the narrowest limits. Her efforts were in vain; it was necessary to await the revelations of the future—that voice which speaks surely, though but tardily—and to await it in that feverish anguish in which resignation alternates with despair.

A long time passed away. Madame de Pressy, who had changed her name, lived with Angélique, in a little cottage at Chaillot. There, she read all that Paris administered, in gazettes and pamphlets, to the eager curiosity of the hour. At that moment, three permanent scaffolds were working, on the Place de la Revolution, in the center of Paris, and at the Barrier du Trône (styled *Barrière Renversée*); yet but few of the victims' names reached the public ear. On the morning of these hecatombs, a very slender hope sustained the Countess de Pressy.

"A celebrated man like André Chénier," soliloquized she, "could not perish obscurely upon a scaffold, without exciting some murmurs of hatred or of pity."

It is necessary to enter very deeply—not as a historian, but as an observer—into the bloody darkness of this period, to discover the faint ray which reveals the character of its men and its events. We are, therefore, confounded with astonishment, at the present day, when we read that André Chénier had been completely forgotten in his prison. No one thought of him, not even his bitterest enemies. Collot d'Herbois and Fouquier-Tinville, after having thrown the illustrious poet into prison, bestowed no further thought on him—they were eagerly pursuing other hatreds; and, in their disordered imaginations, each day assumed the proportions of a century, and the eve was a far-distant past whose events could not be preserved in the memory of a proconsul. Alas! the human brain is too weak to endure, without faltering, the tempest which it awakens! Yet this is what so many statesmen and so many historians ignore. The most for-

midable of all manias, the mania of blood, forms a cloud over the reason—it is the Bicêtre which is ruling; and criminals like Collot d'Herbois and Fouquier-Tinville are, to the calm observer, but furious lunatics.

The looked-for moment arrived. Madame de Pressy was reading the *Moniteur*, when she suddenly started at seeing the name of Chénier at the bottom of a letter. After this letter, there was the address—Rue Cléry, No. 97.

Prudence was no longer chosen as counselor; the young woman dressed herself in her simplest costume and plainest bonnet, imposed the same toilet upon her confidant, Angélique, and quitted Chaillot to return to that formidable city whose entrance was forbidden her under penalty of death.

The two women followed the Cours la Reine through nearly its whole length, and then turned to the left into the Champs Elysées, which they crossed, in order to avoid the sea of blood which was deluging the Place de la Revolution.

It was near the middle of July, 1794. At some points, Paris was gloomy and dismayed; at others, restless and tempestuous. The shops seemed open for the sake of form, or for the air, and not for the buyers of merchandise. In the public markets, the dearth was too evident. One would have supposed that the whole of this great city was nourished only by excitement, the daily bread of the epoch.

Madame de Pressy cast but an abstracted glance at this tableau of a city playing the funeral; nothing could divert her from the purpose she had in view. She walked slowly, with a fever at her heart, through the numerous streets that separated her from the end of her journey; and was fortunate enough to be introduced at once into the drawing-room of M. Chénier.

There she found an old man of over seventy years; it was the father of the great poet.

After half an hour's conversation, all was told on both sides—all was revealed—all was known. The old man clasped the young woman's hands, and wept like a child; and never, in truth, since sad humanity first wept, had tears such fearful reasons for flowing.

The unhappy father had just denounced his own child.

They had forgotten Chénier in the depths of his dungeon, and his father, an honest and proud Republican, had been subjected to the most terrible suspense; he wrote the most touching of letters to Collot d'Herbois and to Fouquier-Tinville, asking pardon for his son.

These two proconsuls, more powerful than the

Dictator himself, as they proved on the ninth of Thermidor, received the letter of Chénier's father; and, striking their foreheads, whence memory had fled, exclaimed: "What! André Chénier still living! Let him be brought at once before the Revolutionary Tribunal!" Such was the answer which the father obtained—now appreciate the anguish of his despair!

"Do you know the names of the three judges?" said the Countess, bursting into tears.

"Yes, Madame, replied M. Chénier; "but these three judges are creatures of Collet d'Herbois. What can we expect from them?—and then there are, also, nine jurors."

"Oh! it is not the jurors whom I fear; they are almost always men; they have a heart and a soul—the jurors come from the people, but the judges come from Collet d'Herbois! They are the ones whom it is necessary to see; and, who knows? with the aid of God, we may work a miracle—we may even give a heart and soul for a few moments to the puppets of Collet d'Herbois."

M. Chénier named the three judges, and the last named was Claude Mouriez.

"Claude Mouriez!" exclaimed Madame de Pressy, clasping her hands with exultation, "Claude Mouriez! I know him! I will go to him without losing a moment; he is an energetic man, who can rule his colleagues by a word or a look. M. Chénier, do not give me time to reflect; for vulgar considerations might arrest me, and I will not measure the abyss before crossing it. Where does Claude Mouriez live?"

"In the Rue de l'Echelle."

"Good! I hasten to the Rue de l'Echelle, and may God watch over me!"

The young woman resumed a slow pace in the street, that she might not awaken suspicion. As she was crossing a gallery of the Palais Egalité, she distinctly heard the name of André Chénier pronounced in the groups that were gathered there; this made her slacken her pace, for she was anxious to know what the people thought of the unfortunate poet.

What she heard gave her some pleasure and a ray of hope. The speakers expressed no irritation against André Chénier; many even defended him, especially the literati of the public square. They also quoted some verses of Tibère, which they falsely attributed to the author of *Number Thirteen*—but no one corrected the error. The unhappy prisoner whom the implacable tribunal was awaiting, appeared to have gained the general sympathy. To tell the truth, the people were beginning to grow weary of ven-

geance; the Revolutionary Tribunal was losing the favor of the populace; and the scaffold—saw itself each day abandoned by its most ardent admirers. When too much blood is shed, hatred soon becomes exhausted in a country of generosity.

Madame de Pressy reached the little Rue de l'Echelle in such a state of weakness that she was forced to strengthen herself by the thought of the sanctity of her undertaking, ere she could ascend the staircase of the former Proconsul of Versailles. A woman, whom we know already as the housekeeper of Claude Mouriez, showed her into the parlor, and, recognizing her through her veil, exclaimed:

"You here, Madame!"

"Do you know me, then?" said Marguerite.

"Do I know you, cit—Madame!" answered the housekeeper, smiling; "you lived next door to us in the Rue de Reservoir, at Versailles. I used to see you every day in your balcony, watering your flowers."

"Well! Madame," said Marguerite, with a charming grace; "you know, then, that I am an ex-noble, and that my mere presence in Paris is a crime punishable with death."

"Madame," replied the housekeeper, "I have never meddled with these affairs; there are enough in this house that do, both good and bad; for my part, I spend my time in attending to my own business; I have two men to feed, and, in a time of scarcity, that is too much to do."

"I wish to speak to the Citizen Claude Mouriez," said Madame de Pressy, trembling. "Do you think that he will return soon? for I see that he is not at home now."

"Yes, Madame, he is out; and do you know why? The Citizen Mouriez is judge of the Revolutionary Tribunal. He grew tired of idleness—he is a very active man—and he wrote twenty letters to Robespierre, sometimes insolent, and sometimes friendly ones; and then he waited for him at the door of the Convention to abuse him—oh! such abuse! At last, to rid himself of him, Robespierre gave him the place of judge; but he is good for nothing at this business. Pray be seated, Madame. If you wish to wait for him, take a book, a paper, or any thing that you like; I must go to my work—excuse me."

"And his nephew, M. Adrien Mouriez—does he live here with his uncle?"

"Yes, Madame, fortunately. If M. Mouriez had not his housekeeper and nephew, he would do nothing but foolish things. At present, M.

Adrien is at the Tribunal with the crowd; he is there, it is said, to judge his uncle. They will both come soon."

"I will wait for them," said Madame de Pressy, as she feigned to open a book to set the housekeeper at liberty.

[Conclusion in December number.]

QUOGUE PETE.

ONE pleasant Summer morning, while trying to kill a few days among the villages which cluster upon the southern coast of Long Island, I drew up at the principal tavern of Larboardville; and, while the hostler was baiting my horse, I inquired what there might be in the place calculated to interest a stranger.

"Ever seen Quogue Pete?" said the hostler.

"No."

"Then go see him. He lives in the light-house over yonder," said the hostler, pointing across the water to a projecting strip of sand which the tides and storms of past centuries had thrown up at a few miles distance, thereby forming a natural barrier to protect the older coast from injury. "Great fellow is old Pete. Was one of General Washington's slaves once. Belongs to our town."

I thanked the hostler for his information; said I would think about it, and drove on. In a few minutes I reached Starboardborough, another village upon the same bay, and but three miles off from the first one. There, as I called for a glass of ale, I repeated my inquiry after objects of interest, and was answered in pretty much the same style.

"Ever met Quogue Pete?"

"No."

"Better see him, then," said the landlord.

"Takes charge of the light-house on the other side of the bay. He's well worth seeing, too—I tell you. Belonged to General Washington once, over to Virginia. Lives in our town now."

I was a little puzzled at all this, as may well be imagined; but, by artful cross-examination, I soon arrived at the solution of the mystery. It appeared that Larboardville and Starboardborough had long been rival villages. Each had about eight hundred inhabitants, composed, in nearly similar ratios, of farmers, tavern-keepers, retired sea-captains, and fishermen. Each had a church and a school-house; and, in fact, as regarded situation and architectural development, one town was pretty nearly the fac-simile of the other. The contest for supremacy being thus closely carried on, it was rightly considered that the most trifling advantage to either

side would turn the scale; and, consequently, for years past, the natives of each town had been accustomed to seize with avidity upon whatever passing circumstances could give their place a temporary importance at the expense of the other. At one time a shanty had burnt down in Larboardville; whereat the inhabitants were greatly rejoiced, had had the affair written up in glowing language for the newspapers, had talked loudly about running a new street through the "burnt district," and generally had crowed hugely over their rivals. Then a pilot-boat had chanced to be wrecked upon the coast of Starboardborough; the denizens of which town had, in their turn, called the newspapers into requisition, crowed mightily, and, upon the whole, been rather sorry that none of the pilots had consented to be drowned in order to lighten the eclat of the disaster. And just about the time that the "burnt district" had been turned into a cornfield, and the remains of the pilot-boat had been cut up for fire-wood, and thus all traces of those two thrilling incidents been completely obliterated, Quogue Pete had arrived and taken charge of the light-house; and, as each town claimed that the projecting sand-bar was included in its own jurisdiction, and General Washington's slaves were becoming rather scarce, a sharp contest for the exclusive proprietorship of such a wonderful historical curiosity instantly began to be waged by both municipalities.

Upon my part, I did not care a whit about General Washington's slaves. I had seen so many of them, that my faith in the authenticity of the article had begun to wax dim. I had met but one or two veritable specimens who could stand a rigid examination; the rest had never seen General Washington, while a few had not even heard of him until told that they must have been his property at some distant period. But, on the other hand, I felt desirous of seeing the light-house; which, as it stood far off in bold relief against the hazy horizon, and guarded, with impartial care, both sea and bay, and the inlet which joined them, seemed to beckon me to make a nearer approach. In fact, I have always entertained a peculiar partiality for light-houses. To my mind, there is always more of interest about them than at first sight meets the practical eye. I cannot consent to recognize them as mere piles of brick and stone, erected by sordid contract and in cool, business-like deliberation. I rather incline to look upon them as living, intelligent beings—devoting themselves, in self-sacrificing spirit, to the good of mankind—giants, as it were, who have aban-

doned their former wicked ways, and now, attaching themselves to the interests of true civilization, stand around the sea, clad in white penitential garments, and thus, by a career of usefulness, atone for their past misdeeds. In my more imaginative moods, I sometimes find myself wondering whether the men, who believe that they have themselves erected these tall outposts of the land, may not be mistaken; and whether, since the sea, at times, casts up all sorts of strange and unlooked-for forms of animal life, it may not have also thrown upon the beach these great monsters, in order that they might array themselves along the coast in their allotted stations, and there, holding aloft their blazing lights in silent grandeur, act out their parts as the guardian torch-bearers at the gates of Neptune's waving garden.

Even on the Western lakes, where our beacons are generally mounted upon poor, half-grown bodies, and along our rivers, where, instead of the customary grand white columns, little square houses emit their gleams from shabby cupolas, I have often sat for hours and watched the distant glimmer, with a feeling of friendly companionship which the most elaborately molded cathedrals or palaces could not awaken. How much more, then, did I desire a nearer acquaintance with that guardian of the Long Island coast—a fabric which, even at that distance, I could see was one of the noblest of its race—towering above the sands an hundred feet or more, with no tree or shrub growing near to compete with its lofty grandeur, nor any house standing within a mile or more to detract from its air of solemn loneliness. To be sure, I could see that at its feet there stood a plain little cabin, in which the keeper probably lived; but this poor residence appeared to assume no airs as a competitor for notice, but rather to crouch from my view and be content to nestle closely down in the protecting shadow of its tall brother, and there pass its days in humble insignificance.

Accordingly, being thus moved by a singular feeling of companionship for the glistening old beacon, I leaped into a boat and pushed across until I reached the sandy strip which separated bay and ocean; and there, seating myself upon a heap of drifted logs and sea-weed, I began to feel as though I were in pleasant company. Above me rose the round, white, spotless walls of the light-house, tapering with regular and unbroken symmetry to a position to look down from which made the head dizzy and the eye grow dim; while still further up was suspended the great soul of the whole fabric—a glorious

combination of twenty polished reflectors, kept at their allotted task by rare machinery, whereby that great, gleaming eye could slowly revolve, and, throwing its steady glance around the horizon, gaze alternately over miles of shifting sand-hills and heaving breakers. Before me lay the vast expanse of ocean, glittering in the noonday sun at ten thousand points, dotted here and there, upon the horizon, with inward and outward bound vessels, and ever uttering its ceaseless moan, as its irresistible billows came sweeping toward me in long, unbroken rolls, and finally dashed upon the shore with the voice of many thunders. And, as I there sat, I felt all the happier for the thought that the old light-house was also looking upon the same scene, and perhaps sympathizing with my pleasure.

Suddenly, just as I began to recall to myself the fact that, possibly, the light-house had neither eyes to see, nor a soul to appreciate what I was looking upon, and that, in truth, but for the company of the crabs and horseshoes which frolicked before me, I was probably as much alone as if seated within an open boat in the middle of the sea, a gruff but not unhumorous voice sounded so closely to my ears as to startle me. Looking around, I saw an old negro standing behind me, at the light-house door. His dress was that of the fishermen of the coast—a red shirt, with a pair of blue overalls, hitched up by straps over the shoulders. He appeared to be over seventy years old, and was somewhat bent in his back; while his hair was so white that his face, which was very black, seemed much blacker than it had any right to be. Age, however, did not appear to have taken from his features that rollicksome expression of fun, and those lines of hearty good-humor, which so many negroes inherit, and which, owing to their naturally careless and easy temperaments, they carry with them through life so much oftener than men of other races. In his hand he carried a well-worn fiddle.

"Glad for to see you, sonny," he said, in a patriarchal tone. "There don't many folks now come to see me; 'fraid they is gittin' tired of ole Quogue Pete. That's what they calls me, you see, 'cause I lived at Quogue, two year ago."

"Then you are Quogue Pete—and a very good name you have, too," I remarked, feeling bound to say something.

"Yes, there's many a worse one to be had. Making up your mind for a swim? Very good thing is a swim, but don't get outside the surf, that's all. Think I now see a gen'lem waiting

to grab you when you does," he continued, pointing out the sharp back fin of a shark, which was slowly cruising to and fro, in search of a victim. "Bad things is them sharks. One chase ole Pete once, off Bermuda, but he couldn't come it; nigger swim faster than shark that time. Think that fellow the very same one as chased me then; think so by white spot on his fin; don't know for certain, but feel pretty sure, too."

"They tell me that you live here, Pete," I said.

"Sure; I keeps the light-house."

"Keep the light-house!" I muttered, as I looked from him up at the great white walls which towered above us. There was something ridiculous in the idea. It seemed like putting a lion into leading-strings, to think of that gleaming giant being harnessed to the sway of a decrepit old negro!

"Speet you think it very strange to find colored man in charge of light-house, when so many white men glad to get him," he said, misinterpreting my look and action; "but fact is, Gover'ment knows ole Pete, and like him too. Wouldn't dare to turn him out, even if didn't like him; for, you see, I been Gen'ral Washington's servant, once—great many years ago, and that why I gets the place."

"Ah?" said I, rather incredulously.

"Yes;" and, without further questioning, he began to open the floodgates of his memory. His recollections, however, were so desultory and unnatural, and his knowledge of dates and geography so confused, that I immediately discovered that, in all probability, he had never even seen General Washington, and, in fact, knew far less about him than I did.

But at the same time I acquitted the old man of any attempt at deception. There was in his face a certain truthful earnestness which assured me that he fully believed all he said. I can readily account for the hallucination. There are certain members of the community who employ themselves in running about the country and gleaning up such facts of historical importance as have escaped the notice of all previous investigators. Washington's domestic arrangements have, of course, always been a favorite study with these men; and, as most very old negroes have, probably, in their time been slaves, and Washington's slaves, for some unknown reason, have traditionally enjoyed a prolongation of life which, somehow, was never acquired on any other plantation than that of Mount Vernon, nothing is more customary than to select that classic portion of our soil as the fountain-head

of any extraordinary instance of longevity. Accordingly, it would have been rather surprising than otherwise, if one of those indefatigable collectors had not, at some period, come across Quogue Pete, been struck with his venerable appearance, questioned him concerning his origin, and awakened dim and misty recollections of some field-plantation or country-house connected with his youthful existence; and so, jumping to a foregone and desired conclusion, have planted false ideas in his disordered brain so firmly that no subsequent argument could obliterate them.

In this case, Quogue Pete had certainly no reason to complain of the mistake, even if he had been aware of it; for, as his celebrity first became noised abroad, sundry individuals of influence had interested themselves in his behalf, and thus, upon the premises of his false reputation, had succeeded in procuring for him, from the grateful republic, that snug little berth of light-house keeper; whereas, had he been known only as an old negro, of no education and somewhat shiftless habits, he would, probably, have been obliged to earn a precarious subsistence by blacking boots or digging clams.

"Pete," said I, as a new idea struck me, "I want to sleep in the light-house to-night."

"Can't be did, my son," answered Pete; "Gover'ment don't allow no keeper to take no boarders; sorry, but must obey orders you know."

"But, Pete, the Government certainly allows you to hire assistants," I said, putting a silver dollar into his hand. "Now you can take that as a gift; and you can give me a sixpence, or whatever you please, and hire me to help you clean and light the lamp."

Pete caught the idea, rolled up his eyes, grinned to such an extent that his ears would have looked like teeth had they only been white, dropped the dollar into one pocket, handed me a penny from the other pocket, as a suitable remuneration for my prospective services, and so the bargain was concluded. That day, therefore, I remained in the light-house, and the next, and the next; acting ostensibly in the capacity of a hired assistant. I did not, however, devote myself entirely to labor, but, rather independently, set out to enjoy myself—taking care to do no more work at any time than the pennyworth for which I had been hired, and generally devoting all the rest of my time to the indulgence of my natural love of ease and amusement.

Each morning I would arise at daylight, and, with Pete and a strapping black boy who as-

sisted him, would make a hearty meal of bread, roast corn, and clams; and then, after a leisurely smoke, we would set ourselves to the necessary work of cleaning the reflectors, and filling the lamps. Here, to ease my conscience as a sub-employé of the Government, I would take a piece of chamois skin and rub a reflector diligently for half a minute; after which, in the belief that I had earned my little stipend, I would abandon all further exertion, and sit quietly by to watch Pete and his black assistant finish. This was generally accomplished in an hour or two; at the expiration of which time the reflectors would shine like mirrors, the lamps be full of oil, their wicks be nicely pulled up and tipped with turpentine, and all the old cleaning rags be stored away out of sight in a dark locker.

Then would come the real enjoyment of the day. Pete and I would shoulder long fishing-poles, and, accompanied by his fiddle, upon which he really played with creditable skill, we would set out to make a tour of the shore. Sometimes we would fish in the still water of the bay, and there Pete always knew the best place for catching bass and crabs, as well as the proper seasons for doing so. Sometimes we would cross to the ocean side, and there, stripping ourselves, roll for an hour in the surf. At other times, we would take our boat and go trolling around the bay for bluefish, while, as I held the lines, Pete would sit in the bows and scrape away at his fiddle; never forgetting to play some especial air of triumph, if, by chance, I hooked a Spanish mackerel, or skate, or any other unusual specimen of the finny tribes.

And at night, after making our usual meal of corn and clams, we would climb into the lantern of the light-house. There I would again earn my living by pulling up a single wick; the black boy would touch the turpented tips with a match, the jets of flame would blaze up like rockets, sending long streams of brightness from the reflectors through the side-lights. Pete would give a single wrench at the machinery, and set the whole apparatus in motion; and then, as the twenty great concave mirrors began to slowly revolve, throwing out their fiery signals alternately to every point of the compass with unvarying exactness, we would sit down, light our pipes, and prepare to make an evening of it. It was never necessary for me to be very conversational; Pete did all the talking. He had been a sailor during three or four years of his life, and abounded in anecdote and adventure. And, if his recollection of such scenes at any time failed him, he would go back to Gen-

eral Washington—describing the first President's manner, character and qualities, with such an utter want of consistency and truthfulness, as would have made a sensitive historian shrick with horror.

After which, Pete would often go a step still further back, until he got into the Revolution, and would undertake to describe its battles. I calculated that at the conclusion of the war he must have been about eight years old; but he never seemed to think of this, and was religiously impressed with the conviction that he had figured in every campaign. And I, for my part, never attempted to shake a belief which, true or false, was certainly productive of great consolation to his old days.

All this was vastly pleasant, but, in fact, was not to be compared with the hours passed, when, after our conversation had flagged for the night, I rolled myself in a blanket, in such a position as removed me from the full glare of the lights, and then courted sleep. I am told that it is a delightful thing to lie in a Nile boat, and gently drop into forgetfulness as the current of the proud old river drifts one slowly onward; or, in like manner, to recline beneath the canopy of a Venetian gondola, and be wafted along past rows of ancient palaces, and below the springing arches of classic bridges.

These luxuries I have never experienced, though I have sought almost every other well-approved manner of life, wherein the romance of situation can add a lazy charm to existence. But I believe the sensation of sleeping in a light-house must far exceed, in pleasing novelty, all that I have either experienced or have read about. To lie an hundred and fifty feet above the ground—to feel the giant building gently shake and rock, as the sea-winds circle around it, and yet to know that it is so safely founded that a hurricane could not destroy it; to sink to rest with the soft moan of the surf, as it dashes far below, lulling the senses into forgetfulness, and to be awakened in the morning by the same gentle lullaby, and be able, without arising, to look from the great windows in every direction—over long reaches of sandy shore, and villages, and heaving billows—in all this I think there is the truest enchantment to be found.

On the third morning, upon returning from a solitary bath in the surf, I found Quogue Pete seated in the lantern of the light-house, dressed in his best broadcloth Sunday coat, and sawing away at his fiddle as though for dear life. His tunes were now all of a patriotic order, commencing with "Hail Columbia," and gliding

from thence into "See the Conquering Hero;" while his face momentarily grew more and more radiant with secret satisfaction. A little questioning soon gained me a clew to the mystery—the more readily as he could not keep the source of his jubilation to himself, but would have spoken out without any hint at all.

It seemed that the people of Larboardville, in their efforts to get the advantage of the people of Starboardborough, had resolved upon signaling the coming Fourth of July, which was now only three days removed, by a grand celebration; which was a very laudable determination, since they were entirely inexperienced in the business, having heretofore always trusted for their amusement to the larger adjacent towns. They were now, therefore, about to organize a programme on their own account, consisting of the usual church-bell ringing and firing of cannon at sunrise, procession at ten, reading of the Declaration and an oration in the church, and the whole to conclude with the customary dinner.

In making their arrangements, but one difficulty had presented itself, and that was the lack of Revolutionary soldiers to grace the occasion. It is well known that, for a Fourth of July celebration, Revolutionary soldiers are an indispensable requisite, and the more that can be obtained the better; but, unfortunately, the race had so died out within late years, that the people of Larboardville found, to their astonishment, that there were none in the market who had not been already engaged by other towns. At last, while pursuing their inquiries, it was suggested that Quogue Pete might answer; and, as the time was now drawing close at hand, and nothing better could be thought of, any doubts regarding the actual services of the old negro in the Revolutionary campaign were at once scouted; and it was decided that, if becomingly dressed up, he would make a most excellent and efficient veteran. And, accordingly, a committee had visited him, gained his consent for the display, and was now returning across the bay in a small boat, leaving Pete in a most wonderful state of patriotic elation.

Hardly had Pete given me this clew to the mystery, than we heard steps mounting the light-house stairs; and, in a moment, four men, who had disembarked at the beach without being perceived by us, ascended into the lantern and ranged themselves around him. Having done so, one who acted as the spokesman of the party took off his hat, and addressed Pete in a ceremonious tone of voice.

"We have ventured to call," said he, "as a

deputation from our fellow-citizens of the town of Starboardborough, for the purpose of inviting your participation in a celebration of the coming anniversary of the glorious Fourth of July, the natal day of our national independence. Such being the case, we trust that you—"

"Go away! Go away!" interrupted Pete, becoming very much excited, and somewhat terrified at the speed with which honors were showered upon him. "Can't do it. Engaged to go to Larboardville!"

The members of the committee stared at each other in blank astonishment, mingled with horror. To find that they had been anticipated by the men of Larboardville was a possibility which had never occurred to them, and the sudden revelation of the fact came upon them with startling violence.

"But, Sir," said the spokesman, in an agony, "why go to Larboardville, knowing, as you do, that you belong to Starboardborough? For, you must be aware—"

"Ay, ay, my son," said Pete; "so all the Larboardville folks says I belongs to *their* town. But don't belong to either. Belong to Uncle Sam—he owns me."

"But, Sir—"

"There! there! Now go away! What you want to worry poor nigger for? Got no time to talk. Plenty work to do—lamps to clean, and all that sort of thing."

The committee accordingly retired, but only to deliberate. For half an hour I could hear the distant mutterings of their discussions upon a lower story—at the end of which time they appeared, radiant with an idea which they were sure would obviate all difficulties.

"Pete," said the leader, sinking the oratorical and adopting the conversational style of speech, "do you think that if we held our celebration in the afternoon, instead of the morning, you could come?"

"Why not?" said Pete. "In course I can come. Only don't go and ask a man to break his engagements. That's no fair way to do, you see. Gen'l Washington never do so all the time I live with him."

And so the matter was settled. The Larboardville people could not be deprived of their guns and church-bell ringing at sunrise, and their procession and oration at ten, with a public dinner to follow; but, on the other hand, the Starboardborough people would have their procession and oration at three, with guns and church-bells ringing at sundown, and fireworks in the evening. And the partially satisfied committee retired, cherishing the hope that the latter cele-

bration might eclipse the former. As for myself, I had determined to return to the city the following day; but now, tempted by the only opportunity I might ever have of witnessing Quogue Pete's public appearance in the character of a Revolutionary veteran, I resolved to remain and see the affair to an end.

Accordingly, I tarried, and, upon the eventful day, repaired to the church at Larboardville. Every one has seen the church at Larboardville. If there happens to be any one who has not seen it at Larboardville, he has certainly seen it at some other place, which answers the purpose quite as well. It is a wooden building, so covered on each side with windows, that there seems to be no room left for beams and joists. It has a small, white steeple, mounted upon a square, white tower; and in front are three or four locust-trees, with rings driven into them for fastenings to one-horse wagons. Within the building are small pillars supporting broad galleries; and, at the further end, just over the pulpit, is a shallow arch, inclosing a very large window, and crowned by a gilt pineapple. The architecture is generally of the American order, which renders it an exceedingly appropriate place for Fourth of July celebrations.

When I entered, I found that the celebration had already commenced. A young man, with light hair and spectacles, was reading the Declaration of Independence; and, as I had an indistinct recollection of having heard it before at no very distant period, I paid no particular attention to it, but employed myself in gazing around the church, and treasuring up notes of all I saw. I found that the galleries were filled with country girls and their mothers, interspersed with a few very small children, the whole mass being tightly packed, and so radiant with colors and waving with fans, ribbons and programmes, that it somewhat pained the eyes to gaze long upon it. The main body of the building was as closely filled, but somewhat less lively in its general appearance, being occupied principally by men and boys, who, out of respect to the day, were clad in their best suits of black, with here and there a party-colored coat or pair of pantaloons, to give a trifling relief to the otherwise monotonous view. Of all these spectators, about half were Larboardville people, who had come in the character of celebrators, and the other half were Starboardborough people, who had come merely as critics. At the further end of the church was a large staging, upon which was seated a crowd of twenty or thirty persons. These consisted, as my programme, assisted by my observation and past

experience, assured me, of the orator of the day, the committee, invited guests from other towns, the reverend the clergy—of whom there were two—officers of the army and navy—of whom there were none, though vigorous efforts had been made to capture the lieutenant of a revenue-cutter; and lastly, soldiers of the Revolution, who, of course, consisted of Quogue Pete. He was clothed in complete black, had his white hair frizzled out on each side to give him a more venerable appearance, supported his hands before him upon the ivory-handled knob of a stout cane, leaned his chin upon his hands, and, in general, looked extremely patriarchal.

Just as I had concluded these observations, a sudden bending forward on the part of the audience, a rustling of programmes, moving of fans, and loud whispering, assured me that the reading of the Declaration was finished; and several promising flirtations between the galleries and the main body of the church were temporarily suspended, in the universal anxiety to learn what was coming next. It proved to be an ode sung by the choir, after which followed a prayer, then another ode, and then came the oration—the crowning glory of the performances.

It was delivered by a short, spotted-faced man, with hair standing up straight, and was a model of rhetorical excellence, nothing being omitted which had ever been said before on like occasions. It expressed the gratitude we should feel at being delivered from the minions of tyranny, touched enthusiastically upon the Boston tea party—all of whom appeared to be descended from men who came over in the Mayflower and brought their chests with them—invoked the spirit of Patrick Henry, annihilated the British lion, enlogized the American eagle, which was described as standing upon the Alleghanies, with one eye on the Rocky Mountains and the other on Cuba; and then glided majestically into a glowing prediction of what this country might expect to come to if it kept on growing as it had done. Which being satisfactorily proved, the orator turned to Quogue Pete, and asked him to tell whereabouts it was that he had waged battle in his country's cause?

Upon this, Pete stood up, leaned forward upon his cane, and muttered something about Trenton.

"Trice noble old patriot!" said the orator, facing round again to the people; "you hear him say it—he fought with our forefathers at Trenton!"

Then, of course, every one cheered, after which the orator turned once more to Pete, and proceeded to make him an especial address, in

which he depicted the battle of Trenton in glowing colors, inquired where we should all have been if Pete and some others had not been there at the time to defend us, and was rather inclined to believe that we would all have been gnashing our teeth in chains. In fact, he inclined to the opinion that there was only one thing which could have prevented it, and that was a "merciful interposition." With which sentiment the orator bowed and stepped down. The crowd once more cheered old Pete. The Larboardville men looked jubilant at the success of the whole thing, and the Starboardborough men appeared rather desponding, but still, on the whole, anticipated great results from the afternoon celebration; and the whole audience broke up to go to the public dinner.

In the afternoon, I drove over to the Starboardborough celebration, which was held, apparently, in the same church, so undeviating are the architectural principles of all Long Island. Strict scrutiny, it is true, enabled me to detect some differences in the two buildings; but, at the first glance, it seemed as if I looked upon the same little spire and tower, the same multitudinous windows, and the same ring-adorned locust-trees in front. Inside were what appeared to be the same galleries, pulpit, arch, end window, and gilt pineapple. The audience, in fact, was literally the same, only their characters had changed, the Larboardville people being now the critics, and the Starboardborough people the celebrators. And, at the end, upon apparently the same staging, was a similarly composed array of committee-men and invited guests.

The same Declaration of Independence was read, substantially the same prayer uttered, and similar odes sung; and then followed the oration, delivered by a man constructed somewhat after the manner of the morning orator, with the single exception that he wore his hair hanging down instead of standing up. The oration itself was pretty much like the other one in sentiment, though worded differently. The minions of tyranny were duly taunted, the Boston tea party and the Mayflower landed, Patrick Henry again called up and somewhat largely quoted, and the British lion and American eagle treated to the scorn or adulation which they respectively deserved. And then, as had been done in the morning, the orator turned to Quogue Pete.

"And now, to you, revered old patriot," said the orator, "I feel called upon to speak my concluding words. Arise, noble man, that we may all look upon one who has fought and bled for our country."

Upon which, as before, Quogue Pete arose and looked around, while loud cheers rent the air. I noticed that he stood somewhat unsteadily, but attributed it to the heat.

"Tell us, old veteran," said the orator, "tell us, now; where have you fought?"

"At Bunker Hill!" responded Pete, in a loud and unfaltering voice. Upon this the Starboardborough people waxed louder and more enthusiastic in their applause; but the Larboardville people looked sily around at each other, as though they would imply that Pete was going it a little too strong.

"At Bunker Hill!" said the orator. "Now tell us, honored patriot, what there you saw?"

This was a false move on the part of the orator, for neither he nor any one else actually believed that Pete had been at the battle. In fact, it was probably fought in about the same year that Pete first saw the blessed light of the sun. And though, for the present, it was tacitly assumed that every thing should be believed, yet it was hardly the thing to enter into an examination which might too grossly tear aside the thin covering of the pleasing deceit.

"What I see there? I see Gen'ral Washington riding on white horse," answered Pete. At this reply, a loud laugh arose from a few of the Larboardville men, and even the orator began to look somewhat confused.

"Our friend, doubtless, refers to General Putnam," said the orator, turning to the audience. "Age has its imperfections, and one of the greatest of these is loss of memory."

"No, I doesn't mean Gen'ral Putnam. I mean Gen'ral Washington. Stood as near to him as to you," stoutly interrupted Pete. "He says to me, says he—"

The laugh of the people of Larboardville grew louder, and the orator in vain motioned for silence.

"He says to me," pursued Pete, "says he, 'Pete, go down and bring up the cavalry.' Says I, 'Gen'ral Washington, don't you see Gen'ral La Fayette has all the cavalry? He better bring them up than I.' Says Gen'ral Washington, says he: 'Never you mind, Pete, who has the cavalry—I wants you to take them. Gen'ral La Fayette nothing but darned ole fool!' Says I—"

What else General Washington said, nobody ever knew. The laughter of the Larboardville people swelled into a roar which drowned the voices of orator, committee-men, and the veteran himself. Then I saw Pete's head gently fall forward in sleepy attitude; and, as those nearest to him caught him in their arms, I de-

tected sundry winks passing between natives of the other town. That mystery was clear. In order to spoil the celebration of the Starboardborough people, the Larboardville men had slyly set out to make Pete drunk, and he had weakly yielded to the temptation and disgraced himself.

The same day I returned to my duties in the city, and there, in the preoccupation of business, bade fair to forget all about old Pete. But it so chanced that, after the lapse of a month or two, my interests required me to return to Larboardville. And, as I stood upon the shore of the bay and saw afar off the unchanged form of the constant old light-house, I could not resist the temptation of making it one more visit. Accordingly, I rowed across, and soon stood again at its foot.

I entered, and, wishing to surprise old Pete, commenced ringing forth a merry tune he had taught me; but was brought to a sudden pause just as I reached the third flight. A man, who I saw was a white man, with an angry and mean visaged appearance, put his head down the entrance to the lantern; and, after eying me for a moment, growled forth:

"What the deuce are you making all that noise for? Who are you?"

"Where is Quogue Pete?" I inquired, somewhat taken aback.

"Hang Quogue Pete! He doesn't have any thing to do here any more. Look for him round the Point, if you want to see him very bad."

I descended, walked to the Point, and there found a miserable little cabin, erected from the drift-wood which successive tides had heaped upon the shore. Entering, I found Pete and his youthful assistant of the light-house. The former was seated upon an upturned tub and softly playing the fiddle; the latter eating clams off another tub.

"Well, Pete, what's the matter? How is all this?" I said, cheerfully.

"Way of the world, sonny," he said gloomily. "Ole nigger good for nothing now, so turn him out and put white man in his place! Devil take them Starboardborough folks!"

"Upon further inquiry, I ascertained that the Fourth of July celebration had been Pete's ruin. So enraged had the Starboardborough people become at the trick which had been played them, that they, one and all, set to work at the luckless instrument of it, abused him in every way, doubted the authenticity of his Revolutionary reminiscences, disbelieved his reputed connection with General Washington, and finally, mustering all the influences they could gather

together, had him turned out of his place under the Government.

It was high time, indeed, that such a change was made; for Pete had long been growing too old for the duties of the situation—and once, by neglecting to keep the lamps turning, whereby the light-house had been mistaken for a stationary one on another part of the coast, had nearly caused the loss of a fine ship. But, still, the object for which his removal had been brought about was a dastardly one.

I remained about an hour, talking over old times, General Washington, bluefish, and the light-house. All the while, though I did my best to entertain old Pete, he preserved almost a total silence, answering, whenever he did so, in monosyllables, and in an abstracted manner, and moving his bow dreamily across the fiddle, producing thereby a series of low, melancholy tunes, which never rose into the triumphant strains which he used to joy in. Every moment or two I would see him glance nervously out of the little window of the cabin, and gaze toward the light-house. It was easy enough to see whither his thoughts tended, and how the taking away of his old occupation had, in a great measure, severed the ties which bound him to the active world.

"I wish you would hold on a little while," said the assistant black boy, as I arose to take my leave.

"Why so?"

"Why, the fact is, I've afraid old Pete is going to be sick. Don't seem himself somehow. Never saw him act so before. Generally he's pretty lively, but now—has been sitting all this blessed morning just so with his fiddle. Don't like the looks of things, for my part."

Even as he spoke, I heard the sound of a falling body; and, looking around, saw that Pete was lying helpless upon the cabin floor. Of course, I at once gave up all thoughts of present departure, and remained to assist him. His attendant and I carefully placed him upon his cot, bathed his head, and then sent off for a doctor.

After awhile, the doctor came; but, upon seeing the patient, shook his head. In fact, the old man had no disease, except a broken heart and old age—and those are evils which cannot be cured. His system had worn out, and all that we could do was to sit by and make his last hours comfortable. And tolerably comfortable we made him; for the doctor, who happened to be a Larboardville man, exerted himself in the sick man's favor, and raised among his acquaintances quite a stock of luxuries, which were speedily ferried over. Even the new keeper of





the light-house, early as he naturally was, melted a little, and brought his own mattress for Pete to lie upon, as well as a good lantern to lighten up the interior of the cabin.

All night long the black assistant and I watched poor Pete. For most of the time he lay in a stupor; but there were intervals when he muttered incoherent ravings, of which we could only now and then catch a word. The French soldier in the play, when dying, raves about his Emperor and the Grand Army; and, in like manner, one might have expected old Pete to talk about Washington and the Revolution. But the Frenchman had actually seen his great chief-tain, while Pete had only known his in imagination; and it was a singular characteristic of his present state that the real truth of his life seemed to come out, so that, with whatever varying hallucinations he might be possessed, they all seemed to require a solid basis of reality. Consequently, I heard Pete say not one word of Washington or his battles; but he spoke wildly of his actual adventures upon the sea, and every moment gave vent to muttered ejaculations about the light-house—the last real passion of his life.

"Always the old light-house!" whispered the attendant to me. "No one never knew how that poor old man loved the light-house. When the Starboardborough folks gets him turned out, the Larboardville folks stands up to him like men, and offers him, rent free, a nice little house, with garden for cabbages. But ole Pete couldn't never bring his mind to move away from the light-house, so here he stay."

Toward the small hours of the night, when Pete had fallen into a slumber, from which I thought that he would probably never awaken, I heard a muttered, half-stifled cry, and saw that he had raised himself up in a sitting posture, and was clutching with his hands at the bed-clothes, as though striving to rise still higher. His face was turned toward the window, from which he had been accustomed to look out at the light-house, and his eyes were wide open, but there was no rational gleam in their expression.

"Tom," he muttered hoarsely, "bring the oil cans—them 'ere lights wants trimming! Not them—the others; that the Winter oil! Now then! pull up the wicks. See there! There's a ship coming to the shore, and no light to stand off from! I calls in that ship once. Why you no hurry? You want as good ship as she be for to run on the rocks? Quick! Quick! The cans, I say!" And then, after a moment of wild muttering, which I could not distinguish, he suddenly raised his voice once more, and ex-

claimed: "Quick! I say!" and his voice rang with one last lingering sob: "The lights is all out! Too late! She will strike the rocks! The lights is all out!"

And he fell back upon his cot again. The lights were out for him, indeed; but let us hope that they are not so forever! Let us trust that the time will come when the old negro will be permitted to see once more—to roam at will through the great ocean of space, and there to guide his course by the glimmer of the beacon stars!

We buried him the next afternoon at the foot of the light-house. We raised no monument to him, for he needed none. The light-house itself was his most proper monument. On its lower tier of stones we painted his name and probable age, and then we left him with his old friend to hold guard over him.

I have never liked that light-house since; for, as I pushed off to go across the bay, I saw that it was gleaming as brightly as ever. And it seemed a heartless thing that it should do so. None of us feel disposed to love a man who, noble and self-sacrificing as he may be, cannot turn and then show a heart like other men, and now aside, for a moment, to weep at times when tears are justifiable. And, as I gazed at the light-house, it seemed to me that, however sturdy and resolute it might wish to be in its discharge of the never-varying path of duty, its great glowing eye might have been dimmed for an hour, at least, in memory of its poor old master, who slept the long sleep of death at its feet.

STILL-LIFE PICTURES IN THE COUNTRY.

THE silence and rapidity with which the year glides away is startling. The seasons melt into each other imperceptibly, and crowd forward, continually, new forms of life and beauty. There is no dividing line between Spring and Summer—no bank of flowers or strain of music—but the whole is one great anthem, which rises into a climax, and then, like an expiring bell, dies away amid the vibrations of Autumn.

It is but a little while ago, and the woods on the other side of our river were alive with the songs and life of the birds. The blue-birds and robins were playing their flutes together, and were dashing in and out of the foliage with an excessive overflow of spirits; the jay was wrangling with himself and his neighbors, and scolding like a woman in a passion; the phoebe was blowing away upon his two notes with all his might; the woodpeckers were hammering around upon decayed trunks, and peering into old holes, and hitching round and round with a bustle and

earnestness that indicated a large amount of business on hand; the squirrels were cantering over the ground, keeping up a chatter, flitting themselves upon stumps in the most saucy way imaginable, swinging themselves upon the topmost boughs of the trees, and performing a variety of other gymnastic exercises; flocks of crows, dressed in sober black, like so many parsons at a funeral, sat around upon the blasted limbs, and cawed down upon the uproar below in a reproving way; while the thrush, that enchanting mocker, wove all the music around him into a tangled medley, harmonized by a thousand curls, and crotchets, and quavers of his own, and poured the whole back so bravely that he made the arches of the woods ring with his echoes.

This congregation of minstrels continued their performances for a long time, and afforded me pleasure and amusement. Particularly, when the evening air began to breathe coolly among the fading fire that lingered behind, they gave me a vesper hymn that was quite inspiring, which waxed more mellow until the twilight shadows came on, and the night-hawks began to wheel in the sky above me, when it ceased altogether; and a company of frogs, from an adjoining pond, fell to playing on their bass viols most vociferously, and caroused together till toward the dawn of morning.

This fun and frolic of the birds was delightful. I discovered, however, that a large amount of business was going forward with the song and the dance. The tribe were all "paired off," and were hard at work, during the middle of the day, carrying timber, and lath, and lime, and wadding, away up into tree tops, and into eccentric crotches, and in among the thorn bushes, evidently making preparations for housekeeping on a large scale. I began to think that my associates were about to build a city around me; for there was as much boasting, and vaporing, and triumph of tone and action, and pertness, and bouncing about, as was ever manifested by a company of land sharks, who had just founded a new Carthage in the wilderness, a hundred miles from any place, simply for the purpose of plundering every gentleman who happened to stray within its borders.

I found myself growing curious and philosophical over these birds. I believe that a pair of robins have inhabited a tree near my house for five years past; and I was pleased with the easy, confidential manner with which they approached me, on their first arrival, last Spring. There was a kind of "How-do-you-do air" in their bowing about on the limbs, and a sort of

"Don't-you-know-me" inquisitiveness in all their actions. They hurried around, too, over the old household in every apartment, evidently for the purpose of seeing how it had fared through the blasts of Winter. They examined the old knot on the trunk, where they had poured out so many last year's songs; swung the limbs around, to test their elasticity; picked at the dead leaves that yet remained behind in a spiteful way, as if they had lingered beyond their time, and ought to have buried themselves with the winds of Autumn; and their whole deportment gave me to understand they were the owners of that piece of property, or were at least tenants at will—their own will—and that they had only been away on a Southern tour, amid more genial skies, to spend the Winter with their family. A pair of wrens, too, made their appearance about the same time, and walked very familiarly into a hole in an adjoining oak, with an air of proprietorship that was quite refreshing. They seemed somewhat nettled at first, and found their parlor and bedroom in confusion, I presume, as a saucy-looking squirrel took possession of it by "forcible entry" just after they left last September, and was very busy during the long, still October days carrying in "shack" of all descriptions for Winter's use. This latter "gentleman" had, no doubt, littered the floors, and made great havoc throughout the whole establishment; but he was shrewd enough to vacate in time, and not trust himself to the fury of these plucky little birds.

The wrens are all fight, as is well known, and they soon began to assert jurisdiction not only over the tree, but over a tract of country around it; and their first business seemed to be a declaration of war upon every bird that attempted to build near them; but as they were our birds, and had been with us in Summer for two or three years, and had grown familiar with the children, and ate their crumbs, and had chirped for us, we all joined the wrens in the general war (except against our robins), and we clapped our hands and cried "bravo" as we beheld their repeated victories. Indeed, I am so fanciful that I believe that birds occupy the same region of woods, and wastes, and waters, for years, and perhaps ages—that the great-great grandfathers of the present race, and their ancestors' ancestors, lived upon the same grounds, built the same nests, and sang the same songs; that whole generations of squirrels, in lineal descent, have chattered in the same forest; and that all these could maintain their title by the law of prescription, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," if driven to show it.

I have many reasons for this opinion. There is a kind of old acquaintanceship apparent among them, when they first appear in the midst of their old haunts, and a renewing, too, of old grudges. They seem to be more loquacious, and to ask a great many questions of each other. "How they passed the Winter?" probably. "What has become of the blue-bird, Dick?" who died down South. "What they propose to do now?" But this may be a mere notion of my own, and is not by any means to be taken as a fact in ornithology by my readers.

As the month of June wore away to its close, the voices of the birds grew fainter and fainter, until a few pipings here and there was all that could be heard. They laid aside their instruments so gently and so slyly that I could not tell when any one closed his entertainment. The first I discovered, the woods were comparatively still, the bands of music which had so long opened and closed the day were all broken up, the performers were scattered around each upon his own business, and the life and poetry with which I had clothed them had entirely vanished. They all seemed to have degenerated into so many domestic drudges, and were at work, early and late, supporting their families. The thrush came sailing over into my garden every day, dressed up in his Quaker suit yet—but a little mussed, I thought—one of the most impudent thieves I have ever met, stealing every thing he could lay his hands upon; and the jay was there present with him, "aiding and abetting," by his dignified presence, with his great crown upon his head, and his black collar, and giving me to understand that they should have their plunder now or at some future day, and that I might as well submit one time as another.

Very soon, silent August came creeping on, loaded down with sheaves, which the months had thrown upon her, while the whole landscape around was groaning under the weight of maturing crops. The river, as fixed as glass, lay fast asleep, with its silver arms thrown round a promontory that beetled over it, and dreaming of the forest that was mirrored on its breast, while the far-off mountains were floating in a purple haze. The valley was crowded with fields of plenty, mixed strangely together in the distance with farm-houses, bridges, stacks and steeples—which seemed to have huddled themselves together for company—down which the shadows chased the sunshine until they slid out of sight.

The quiet was intense. A soberness was gathered over earth and sky. The distant

orchard stood holding up its rosy children to the sun; the corn, like a host of warriors, was bristling with its lances; fat, lazy, good-natured pumpkins were rolling around in the dirt in the most jolly mood possible; the voice of the reaper was still heard from the adjacent hill-side, and the cling-clang of the stone upon his scythe was mellowed by the whistle of the quail; the crickets and the locusts were playing melancholy dirges, their own dead marches, probably; the robins were flocking preparatory to their southern flight, and visiting around from tree top to tree top in a free and easy manner, uttering a stray note or two of a half-forgotten song, with more of sadness than joy in it; pigeons, in small troops, were busy gleaming the wheat fields; the crow still cawed and cawed as if to throw a contempt upon the solemn lapse of the season; the partridge was whirring in the deep woods, and swelling himself up with pride and consequence; swallows were holding a carnival upon the face of the water, and wheeling and crossing and dipping their wings for hours together; and, generally, through all nature, there was a "still, small voice," made up of a thousand tiny strains, and all sad, and yet all as but one voice, that chirped and chattered, and tinkled—so faintly sweet, too, that the finest ear could only detect it—which seemed to say "going, going!" and to lend me an idea of the approaching death, dissolution and decay of all things.

Upon one of the tranquil afternoons of this slumbrous month, I attempted to realize the changes which had been wrought around me, and the wonders which the silent tread of the seasons had performed. The hurry and bustle, and morning and evening chanting of the birds, had long since entirely ceased. Their nests were deserted, and their families were at large, fitting themselves for the active duties of life. They were now loitering from field to grove, and from grove to field, on easy wing, making a few farewell visits and feeding from Nature's bounteous table which was loaded for them. They had, indeed, run down in so short a time from all the wild hilarity of a girl of sixteen to the soberness of a woman of forty, and they had exchanged all their poetical freaks and fancies with which they heralded the opening Spring, for the most practical, hum-drum life possible. The robin would sit for hours and feed on scokeberries, without favoring me with one genuine strain of music, and was continually muttering a melancholy peep or die-away whistle that amounted to a self-acknowledgment that she had no more song within her; the yellow-

bird, with her lemon-colored dress, and her roundabout of black, was sitting around in a lonely way, anxiously awaiting the period of her departure; the king-fisher was standing firmly at his post, with a muffled-up consequence, and an air of self-reliance, and don't-care-for-anybody look, spearing fish from a dry limb over the water, from morning until night, and now and then he wheeled out of the stream with a triumphant chirr and rattle, that showed that he understood what he was about, as well as his neighbors; a hawk below him was doing up the same business, in a more magnificent way, riding in circles, and performing a variety of scientific evolutions, before he seized his prey, which he carried away into the tallest treetop by the shore to devour.

At last Autumn came, with her solemn step, to close the scene. "Brown October," radiant with glory, put her gorgeous tints upon hill, valley and woods, and paralyzed all nature, animate and inanimate. She came with a glimmering haze, a silent sky, and a red sun that swept through the heavens without a cloud. I could hear the chatter of the squirrel, and the dropping of the nuts from the woods on the other side of the river; now and then, the partidge whirled away, till the sound was lost in the distance. The sharp ring of the rifle roared and echoed and re-echoed amid the dry leaves. The rivulet that was so noisy in the Spring, when it leaped and tumbled down the rocky gorge, had now sunk its voice to a low gurgle, but low as it was, it seemed to me more noisy than ever in the solemn silence that surrounded it. The birds were fast forming companies into regiments, and regiments into brigades, to take up their flight; the squirrel was busy from early morn until dusk, carrying in his Winter stores, and paying no more attention to what was going on around him than a miser bagging his cash. As the twilight came on, a cool breath crept through the aisles of the forest, that chilled the blood, and felt like death—until, finally, a blast of Winter swept the leaves, and the last I saw was a forlorn jay, screaming from a lonely treetop, the monarch of the scene, evidently out of all spirit, and venting his spleen upon the dreary waste before him.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

IN a remote part of the city of Padua, near the ancient church of Santa Sofia, was, and is probably there still, an old house, inclosed by walls, and approached by large gates, which were seldom or never opened—the mode of in-

gress being by a small wicket gate at the side. The outer aspect of the house was dull and gloomy, for almost all the windows opened on to an inner court, which was surrounded on the four sides by the building. The open staircase was in one corner of the edifice, and the different rooms above stairs were approached by open galleries, or balconies, in the old Italian fashion. Few of the apartments had fire-places, and seldom was smoke seen to issue from the funnel-shaped chimneys, common in Padua, and other localities near Venice, which seemed designed rather for the admission of rain and snow than for the exit of smoke.

The owner and occupier of this silent and gloomy dwelling was an elderly man of retired and penurious habits. Giuseppe Balducci—for such was his name—inherited from his father a small independence, which was believed greatly to exceed his expenditure. His parsimonious habits increased with his years; and, from being at first only economical, he became miserly. He had but few friends, and an acquaintance seldom crossed his threshold. Indeed, such was his reputation for stinginess, that it was a common saying of his tenants to whom he gave receipts—the only things he was ever known to give—for the rent they owed him, that, in order to save ink, he would neither cross a *t* nor dot an *i*.

At the period to which my story relates, his whole establishment consisted of one female servant, who had attained the mature age of fifty. Bettini had been brought up by the mother of Balducci, and, after the death of her mistress, had been transferred to the *menage* of the son, in which she had faithfully discharged the duties of cook, housekeeper, and maid of all work, for upward of twenty years, and had attained, as far as it was possible for any one to attain, the confidence of her master. She was active and industrious, and long habit had familiarized her with the miserly ways of Balducci. Bettina had also another advantage in the eyes of her master; she was so plain that Balducci had never been annoyed by suitors for the hand of his servant, and it was currently reported that Bettini had never had a lover.

Balducci was not more indulgent to Bettina's female acquaintance than he would have been to her friends of the other sex. He admitted none of them within his house; for he had a horror of gossiping, and was so far conscious of his eccentricities as to be unwilling to afford opportunities of their becoming a subject of conversation to his neighbors. Bettina, however, made up for her silence and solitude at home,

by the good use she made of her tongue and ears when going to or returning from mass or market.

One morning Bettina went to purchase provisions at the market held in the piazza in front of the Palazzo della Ragione, the ancient town hall of Padua. The morning was cloudy, and, just as she had finished her marketing, the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, began to fall.

Now, when it rains in Italy, especially during the Autumn, and this was in the month of November, it rains in earnest. There are none of your half measures—Scotch mists or gentle showers—but regular downright rain, falling as straight as a plumb-line, not in drops, but in streams, as if it had been poured out of a bucket—a rain that would almost wet a man to the skin before he could open his umbrella. Bettina was not exactly prepared for such a rain as this; she hoped, in fact, to reach home before the rain came, for she could not carry at the same time her heavy basket and one of the large and clumsy umbrellas, covered with waxed cloth, generally used by the lower classes in Lombardy. The white muslin shawl with which her head was covered was no protection against such weather as this; and as her high-heeled shoes covered her toes only, leaving the heels bare, her clean white stockings would soon be plastered with mud.

The sides of the piazza where the market was held were skirted with arcades, formed by the projection of the upper stories over the basement. In consequence of their vicinity to the market, the space beneath the arcades was occupied as open shops, a narrow passage being left for the convenience of the passengers. Bettina had a friend, Monna Lisetta, who kept a draper's shop in this locality; with her the housekeeper took shelter from the rain, and awaited the chance of the rain ceasing, or of some acquaintance going her way with an umbrella, which was sure to be large enough to cover her as well as the owner.

Monna Lisetta gave her visitor a seat, and found room for her heavy basket in the shop. The two women were soon engaged in conversation. There was no lack of subjects; when they had discussed the weather and the affairs of their neighbors, there were still the shop goods to talk about. Monna Lisetta had many pretty gown pieces which she tried to induce her visitor to purchase; but, although Bettina liked to look at pretty things, she was in no humor to buy. She shook her head and pleaded poverty.

"You need not be poor long, if you will do as Gian Sarpi has done. If you have only half his good luck, you will be a rich woman."

"What has he done, and what good luck has he had?" inquired Bettina, whose curiosity was excited.

"Why, he has bought a ticket in the lottery, and drawn a prize of 20,000 zwanzigers!"

"Indeed! He's a lucky fellow!" said Bettina.

"Why don't you try your luck? and if you get a prize, you can buy this dress, and any others you please."

As Lisetta spoke, she pointed to a wide placard on the walls of the Palazzo della Ragione, announcing, in very large letters, that certain numbers had turned up prizes in the Imperial and Royal Lottery, and that many tickets were yet undisposed of.

"I am thinking of buying a ticket, myself," added Lisetta. "Look, there is Maso Ferrarl now coming out of the office. I wonder whether he has purchased one. Let us ask." She beckoned to a man, who, covered with a large green umbrella, was then crossing the road.

"What have you been doing over yonder?" asked Lisetta, as he shook his umbrella preparatory to closing it, and stepped into the shop.

"Buying a lottery ticket," said he.

"Ah! I thought you could not resist, after you had heard of Gian Sarpi's good fortune. I am thinking of trying my luck, and I want Monna Bettina to do the same."

"If I thought I was sure of getting a prize," said Bettina, doubtfully.

"One is all but sure," answered Lisetta.

"There are two prizes of 100,000 zwanzigers each to be drawn soon, and if I should be lucky enough to get one of them," said Maso, clasping his hands, while his eyes sparkled with anticipated happiness, "why, my fortune will be made, and I may ride in my coach, instead of carrying this green umbrella over my head in the rain, and tramping through the mud."

"And you can buy a dress for your wife, of this piece of stuff," said Lisetta, who had always an eye to business. "Isn't it a beauty?" She displayed the cloth, gathering it up in her hand like the folds of a dress, and holding it in as good a light as she could command; then she turned it toward Bettina.

"It is very pretty, certainly," said the housekeeper, thus directly appealed to; "I should like it very much, but I cannot afford it."

"Ah! you'll tell a different tale when you have drawn a prize in the lottery."

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't mean to buy a ticket."

Bettina advanced to the entrance of the arch, and looked this way and that, to see whether the rain had abated; and, not trusting to her eyes alone, she held out her hand to feel.

"The rain is abating," said she; "I must hasten home. If you are going my way, Maso, will you give me shelter under your umbrella?"

"With pleasure," replied Maso.

Bettina took up her basket, and, after bidding Lisetta good-by, and gathering her dress above her ankles, to keep it clean, she walked in company with Maso as far as the gate of Balducci's house; where, thanking him for his civility, she let herself in, and secured the door.

The hour was so late that Bettina had scarcely time to prepare for dinner; but when her work was done, and she sat down to her evening occupation of knitting a cotton stocking, she had leisure to think about the lottery ticket. The hope of suddenly acquiring riches, and of stepping at one jump from poverty to wealth, is always a great temptation, and it requires a strong mind to resist the impulse. The more Bettina thought about the lottery ticket, the brighter and more alluring appeared the prizes, while the blanks seemed entirely to be forgotten. Why should not she get a prize as well as Gian Sarpi? She thought she would try. But what if her ticket did not turn up a prize? Well, then she should lose a few florins; and, thanks to the Madonna and "the Santo,"* that would not ruin her. She could afford to lose a few. She *would* try. As she plied her knitting-needle, her thoughts busied themselves in castle-building, and she formed many plans for the disposal of the prize which she now made sure of obtaining.

The next day, without saying a word to her master, or even to Lisetta, she went to the lottery office and purchased a ticket.

Full of hope and expectation, Bettina returned to the house, and, as she folded up the clean white muslin shawl, with which, according to the custom of the country, she had covered her head when she left home, bright visions of swanzigers and florins floated before her; and, although she went about her work as usual, the lottery ticket absorbed all her thoughts.

Bettina now resolved to tell her master what she had done, and only waited for a favorable occasion. One day, when Balducci had eaten his dinner, and appeared particularly amicable, Bettina informed her master of her purchase. But the poor woman little anticipated the reception her communication would meet with, and she

was totally unprepared for the volley of reproaches which Balducci lavished on her folly in thus squandering away her savings.

"A lottery ticket!" he exclaimed, "you must be mad, quite mad! Would any person in his senses have purchased a lottery ticket? Do you know that for every prize there are hundreds of blanks? that the chances are nearly a thousand to one against you? If the blanks were not greatly more numerous than the prizes, do you think the Government could afford to carry on the lotteries?"

"But somebody must win, and why should not I?" observed Bettina.

"Many must lose," replied Balducci, parodying her expression, "and why should you not be one of them?"

Bettina's countenance fell. Her friends had shown her only the bright side of the picture, and, simple-minded as she was, she had given implicit credence to their representations. Balducci had torn the veil rudely from her eyes, and she began to think that she might not only lose her money but her master's favor, for she had never seen him so much excited. The poor woman did not hazard a reply; she was leaving the kitchen, where her master took his meals, when Balducci called her back.

"What is the number of your ticket?" he inquired.

"4,444," replied Bettina.

Balducci quietly took a piece of charcoal from the fire, and marked the number on the chimney-piece.

"That is all—you may go now. Let me hear no more of this foolish business."

Bettina left the room, and busied herself about her work. How different now were her feelings from what they had been only half an hour before, when, elated with hope and the pleasing anticipation of success, she had made known her purchase to Balducci!

She was startled from her work by an unusual noise. Her ear told her that the sound proceeded from the pantry. Thither she hurried, and Balducci, who had also been attracted by the noise, followed her. On opening the door, the cause of the clamor soon became evident. Bettina, whose thoughts were bent on her lottery ticket, had gone into the pantry to put away the remains of the dinner, and not perceiving that the cat—for, miser as he was, Balducci kept a cat, at least if he can be said to have *kept* her when she lived upon nothing but mice—had entered with her, and had been shut in. The cat had made the most of her time; and, as a fowl was a greater treat to her than mice, she had

* St. Antonio is always spoken of in and around Padua as "Il Santo," the saint, par excellence.

made bold to seize it, and, in jumping down, with her prey in her mouth, she had knocked down some crockery, among which was Balducci's favorite plate. Bettina and her master entered the pantry in time to rescue the fowl, but the china plate was shattered into twenty pieces. Neither cement nor rivets could put it together again. The author of the mischief slipped out when the door was opened, and did not venture to show herself again for several days. Bettina was dumb with consternation—Balducci furious with passion.

"Vile, gambling, extravagant hussy," he exclaimed, "is this the way you take care of your master's property? Did I bring home a fowl which cost me a zwanziger and a half to be eaten by a cat? I'll tie her up by the neck to the fig-tree in the court, to serve as a warning to all her thievish race, as soon as I can lay my hands upon her. But my plate, my china plate, which my father brought from India, and which he ate off as long as he lived, and which I have used ever since, it cannot be replaced. It was beyond all price, and to have been broken at last by a cat! It is past endurance; and you, spend-thrift and gambler, what shall I say to you, fool that you are! This all comes of your folly in buying the lottery ticket! You shall pay for the plate; you shall pay for the fowl. Get you gone, out of my sight."

He pushed her before him, and locked the door of the pantry.

Time passed on, and peace was gradually restored in the household of Balducci. As if by mutual agreement, the lottery ticket was not again mentioned by either of them. Balducci, however, had not forgotten it, and he seldom went out without glancing his eye at the Government placards to see whether any prizes had been drawn since Bettina's purchase.

One day he observed a crowd of people round the office, and approaching, in order to ascertain the cause, he saw it posted up that one of the prizes of 100,000 zwanzigers had been drawn, and that the fortunate number was 4,444.

Balducci was thunderstruck. It was the number of the ticket purchased by Bettina. Who could have expected that she would draw a prize, and such a prize? She was now richer than he was. It was probable, nay, next to certain that she would leave him; for it was not to be expected that a woman who possesses a fortune of 100,000 zwanzigers would continue to act as a menial servant. Whom should he get to supply her place? As these reflections passed through his mind—self, his own dear self, being at the bottom of all his cogitations—he wended his

way homeward. Suddenly a thought struck him:

"What if I were to marry Bettina? Then I should secure not only the zwanzigers, but her services. It is true, she is my servant; but I shall not be the first man who has married his servant by a great many. I am growing old, and shall want some one to wait upon me; and who will make so good a nurse as a wife?—and Bettina will make a very good wife. She is economical, too, and not given to gadding about; and then she is very obedient, and always treats me with proper respect. Besides, if I don't marry her soon, some one else will—that's certain. I'll go and propose at once; at least as soon as I have ascertained that her ticket has really won a prize. I wrote down the number on the chimney, and can soon satisfy myself. In the meantime, I will keep the matter a secret; it will be such an agreeable surprise to Bettina to acquaint her with her good fortune on our wedding-day, for she is sure to accept my offer."

Lost in these agreeable meditations, Balducci knocked at his own gate, which was opened by Bettina.

"Thank you, my dear," said he, very graciously; but, without losing a moment, he walked straight up to the chimney and looked anxiously at the number he had marked on it.

It was 4,444 to a certainty. Bettina was a rich woman, and should be his wife. He would secure the prize before another should seize it; indeed, before she should hear of her good fortune from other quarters.

In the course of that evening, he offered his hand and his fortune—his heart does not appear to have been included in the bargain—to Bettina.

The astonishment of the housekeeper was boundless. She could scarcely believe her ears. In her humility she could not feel sufficiently grateful that her own master, a gentleman of honorable family, should really offer to make her his wife. She was quite overwhelmed by his condescension. But she was also quite at a loss how to answer him; at last she bethought herself of asking him to give her until the following morning to consider her answer to this very unexpected proposal.

That night was a sleepless one to Bettina. She turned from side to side in her bed until every blade of maize straw, of which her mattress was composed, rustled. It was long before she came to a decision, for although she was much flattered by the offer she had received, still Balducci was not exactly the man she should have chosen. She reflected that she was

not a young woman, and, as a time might come when she would not be able to work, it would be a pleasant thing to think that she was comfortably provided for, for life; and this would make amends for some inconveniences. Besides, she really was attached to her master, with whom and with his mother she had lived from her childhood. She made up her mind, then, to accept Balducci's offer; and when at breakfast time he asked for her answer, she acquainted him with her decision.

The next point was to fix the wedding day. Balducci, who had his own motives for hastening matters, proposed an early day. Bettina saw no reason for postponing the ceremony, especially as her master wished to hasten it. Besides, when the gentleman was sixty-six years of age, and the lady on the wrong side of fifty, there was certainly no time to lose. An early day was, therefore, fixed, and the arrangements were specially made for the wedding.

The preparations were very simple. Balducci's house was so close to the church that no carriage was necessary. There were no near relations on either side, and but few acquaintances. The only guest invited to the wedding dinner was the priest who officiated in Santa Sofia, and who had the care of the consciences of Balducci and Bettina.

The wedding day arrived, and the Gordian knot, to be severed only by the scythe of death, was tied. Bettina, who never before had a surname, was now entitled to be called "the Signora Balducci." The husband and wife walked home from the church arm in arm, and were admitted to their habitation by the new servant, who, by Balducci's orders, had been hired to take Bettina's place in the kitchen. A goodly dinner, such as had not graced the table of the old house since the death of his mother, was prepared. There were cabbage and pumpkin soup, plentifully flavored with grated Parmesan cheese, a dish of boiled meat, a dish of fried meat, a ragout, a roast fowl; there were truffles swimming in oil, a dish of polenta garnished with small birds, a capital cheese from Lodi. These delicacies were followed by a dessert of apples, figs, mostarda dolce (i. e., plums and other fruits preserved with sugar and mustard seeds), savory biscuits, and roasted chestnuts.

Bettina, in her new capacity as mistress, superintended the arrangements for the repast; and, as the church clock struck the hour which had been named for the dinner, a gentle tap was heard at the door. It was opened speedily.

"Pax vobiscum," said a cheerful sonorous voice, and Father Clements stepped into the

room. He was a tall, robust looking man, who would have been called handsome in any company. He had a ruddy complexion, an aquiline nose, and the prominent, well-cut chin which so strongly marks the Italian type of countenance. A fringe of dark brown hair surrounded his temples, and curled round the edge of his black skull-cap and his high white forehead. His hazel eye sparkled with good humor, and harmonized with the pleasant expression of his mouth. His long black garment, buttoned only half way down, did not conceal a well-shaped leg and neat ankle, clad in black knee-breeches and stockings.

"Pax vobiscum," he repeated, removing his skull-cap, which he immediately replaced.

"Et cum vobis," answered Balducci and Bettina.

"My respects to the bride and bridegroom. May you both enjoy many years of happiness," resumed Father Clemente, extending a hand to each, and kindly and heartily pressing theirs. "I hope I am not late."

"Who ever knew a priest too late for dinner?" asked Balducci, who was in un wonted good spirits.

"Not I," answered Father Clemente, "and, if I had forgotten the hour, the savory steam, issuing from your kitchen and perfuming the surrounding air, would have reminded me of it. It rejoices the very cockles of my heart."

"My wife has exerted herself to do honor to our guest, and to this our wedding-day. But we must not run the risk of spoiling her cookery by a longer delay."

They took their seats at the table and began dinner; Bettina for the first time presiding as mistress at the table where she had formerly waited as servant. She could not quite shake off the shyness and timidity incident to her new situation; but the cheerful and social humor of Padre Clemente at last succeeded in making her feel at ease. As to Balducci, he was in such uproariously good spirits, especially after the wine—and it was some of the choice vintage of Montmeillant—began to circulate more briskly, that Bettina almost doubted whether he really was her old master.

At last the dessert was placed on the table, and the new servant withdrew.

"My dear," said Balducci, who seemed to fall with wonderful facility into the phraseology of married people, "I have a little surprise which, I think, will give you as much pleasure as it has done me." Having occasion to go into the town this morning, I observed that a notice was posted up to the effect that a prize of 100,000

zwanzigers had just been drawn in the lottery, and that the fortunate number was 4,444; the number, if I recollect right, of your ticket."

"Oh blessed Virgin Mary!" exclaimed Bettina, clasping her hands. "How unfortunate I am."

"Unfortunate! my dear; quite the reverse, unless you think it a great evil to possess a fortune of 100,000 zwanzigers. There is no mistake about it, for I went to the principal office to ascertain the truth."

"There is a mistake," said Bettina, looking very blank."

Balducci began to feel somewhat alarmed: "A mistake? what do you mean?"

"The prize is not mine. I sold the ticket," replied Bettina with faltering accents.

"Sold the ticket!" almost shrieked Balducci; springing from his seat, and leaning his two hands upon the table, he fixed his eyes with ghastly eagerness upon the now trembling woman. "Sold the ticket, did you say? when? why? speak, woman," said he, almost closing his teeth, and stamping wildly with his foot. "Speak."

"Stop, stop, my friend," said Padre Clemente, "you terrify the signora; give her time to reply to one question at a time."

Bettina also had risen from her seat, and although her eyes were still, with a kind of fascination like that with which a bird gazes at the snake about to devour him, fixed upon Balducci, she instinctively stood behind her chair, which she interposed between herself and the excited interrogator.

"Where is the ticket?" shouted Balducci.

"Alas! I know not," said Bettina. "I have sold it."

"When? where? why?" asked Balducci.

Padre Clemente laid his hand upon the arm of the anxious inquirer. "I will ask her. Leave her to me." Then turning to Bettina, he said kindly, "Will the signora tell me what she knows about the lottery ticket?"

"My master," replied Bettina, who seemed to have fallen back on her old habits of expression, "will recollect that when I told him I had purchased a lottery ticket, he reproved me for my folly, pointing out the small chance I had of drawing a prize, and the all but certainty of losing my money."

"And why did you not tell me what you had done?" asked Balducci, fiercely.

"Gently, gently," interrupted Padre Clemente, the peacemaker, touching the arm of Balducci. Then addressing Bettina, he said, "Will the signora say why she did not mention having sold the ticket?"

"Because my master desired me never to mention the subject to him again."

"You see the signora is not to blame," said the padre.

"Fool, dolt, idiot—accursed be your folly!" exclaimed Balducci, stamping with rage; "accursed be my own folly to suffer myself to be deceived by a woman! Do you think I would have mar——." He stopped abruptly, fortunately recollecting, before he exposed them, that his motives in marrying Bettina were not sufficiently pure to bear the light of day. There was a pause. Bettina's eyes were fixed upon him in trembling anxiety; her fate seemed to hang on his words. He struck his forehead. "I am a ruined man," he exclaimed.

"Not so," said Padre Clemente. "If you have lost a prize in the Imperial and Royal Lottery, you have gained a prize in the great lottery of life. A good wife, such as I am satisfied that Bettina will be, is worth more than 100,000 zwanzigers."

"I will part with her for less than half the money," replied Balducci, bitterly; "nay, I will make her a present to any one who will take her off my hands, or even pay something handsome to be rid of her. Confound her, she is as ugly as sin, and as old as Santa Sofia's itself."

Padre Clemente, instead of replying, took the hand of Bettina and led her to the door. "Go," said he, "signora, to your room for a short time; he will be reasonable presently."

He shut the door after her and returned to his seat. Balducci stalked up and down the room like a madman. Padre Clemente waited patiently until his rage was exhausted. He might as well have tried to turn back the River Brenta when it was swollen by the melting of the Alpine snows. He replenished his own glass and that of his host. "Drink," said he, "you oblige me to do the honors; the wine of Montmeillant is too good to waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Balducci mechanically took the glass, which he drained.

"And now I will thank you for a fig," said the priest.

The dish was handed in silence. For some time neither party spoke. At last, Balducci said, as if speaking to himself:

"If I had but known it yesterday?"

"What then?"

"Why, that woman would have been standing behind my chair, instead of sitting at the head of my table."

"After all," said the priest, soliloquizing, "the signora has the worst end of the staff."

"How do you make that out?" said Balducci, bristling up. "Have I not married my servant when I thought to espouse a woman with a fortune of 100,000 zwanzigers?"

"You did not want the zwanzigers—you have always had more money than you can spend. What would you have been the better for having so large a sum locked up in a box? You would not have had the heart to spend a florin of it. Now, by marrying a person who has served you so long and so faithfully as the signora, you have, if you do but treat your wife with common civility and attention, secured the affectionate services of one whose attachment to your family and to yourself personally is undoubted. But what are Bettina's prospects? She has married a man in a different rank of life, who has openly expressed that he married her for her supposed fortune, and who has given way, on his wedding-day, to a terrible outbreak of passion and anger against his unoffending wife. In disposing of her ticket, she did but act according to what she thought were your wishes on the subject."

Balducci sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"It is too true," said he at last.

"Let us endeavor to take things as they are, and bow our heads to the supreme wisdom. *L'homme propose, le Bon Dieu dispose*. Blessed be his holy name," said the good priest, rising, and reverently raising his skull-cap, which he then replaced. "Why do you not say Amen, my son?"

"Amen," replied Balducci, again covering his face in his hands.

"Confess your sin, and pray for forgiveness, my son," said the priest, assuming all the dignity of his office.

He led the way to a small table at the other end of the room, and seated himself at one end of it. Balducci, accustomed to obey his spiritual director, followed as he was desired, and, kneeling at the other end of the table, confessed to the priest, and received his absolution on the promise of performing the penance enjoined by the padre. This was not very severe, although it required some self-control on the part of Balducci. Padre Clemente required that he should treat his new wife with civility and attention.

"Now," said the priest, "shall we recall the signora?"

Balducci's reply was in the affirmative. Padre Clemente left the room, and after some little time he returned with Bettina, whose pale face and red and swollen eyes bore testimony to the agitation she had undergone.

Balducci offered her his hand, and apologized for his intemperate conduct.

"Let us drink forgetfulness of the past, and happiness for the future," said the padre.

"With all my heart," replied Balducci.

"Come, Bettina."

Again they resumed their seats at the table.

"The bottle is empty," said Padre Clemente, holding it up to the light, "you must give us another upon this occasion. A wedding-day does not often come more than once in a man's life."

"I must trouble you for a candle, Bettina," said Balducci, rising and taking out the keys of the cellar.

The candle was brought and Balducci went to get another bottle of wine.

In a few seconds there was a loud noise as of something falling. The padre and Bettina flew to the door, and followed in the direction of the sound.

"Oh blessed Virgin, Oh Maria Santissima," exclaimed Bettina, "the signor has fallen down the cellar stairs!"

The stairs were dark as night, but a deep groan from below proved that she was right. To get another lighted candle and descend the stairs was scarcely the work of a minute. Balducci was lying grievously hurt at the foot of the stairs; his head had struck, and was leaning against the cellar door. The padre was a strong man, and, with the assistance of Bettina, he carried the injured and almost unconscious man up the stairs, and deposited him upon the sofa in the saloon they had lately occupied. A doctor was sent for. On examination, it was found that, besides the injury on the head, one of his legs had been broken. The limb was set, and the patient, placed in his bed, was left to the care and attention of Bettina.

Thus ended Giuseppe Balducci's wedding-day.

For more than six weeks, Balducci lay helpless upon his bed. Bettina's kindness and attention were unremitting. She was the best and most untiring of nurses. Padre Clemente also had been constant in his visits. His cheerfulness raised the patient's spirits, while his piety taught him resignation to the Divine will. Balducci rose from his bed of sickness and suffering, a better and a wiser man. He had found out that there was something more desirable than riches.

"Will you take 50,000 zwanzigers now in exchange for your wife?" asked the good-natured padre, as Bettina was holding her husband's crutches, and assisting him to lean on them.

"No," said Balducci; "nor 100,000. I have

learned to value a good wife above all things, and to prefer the prize I have drawn in the lottery of life to any which the Imperial and Royal Lottery of Vienna can offer."

MY THIRTY YEARS OUT OF THE SENATE;
OR, A HISTORY OF THE WORKINGS OF AMERICAN
POLITICIANS FOR THIRTY YEARS, &C.*

LETTER LX.

PRIVATE LETTER TO MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

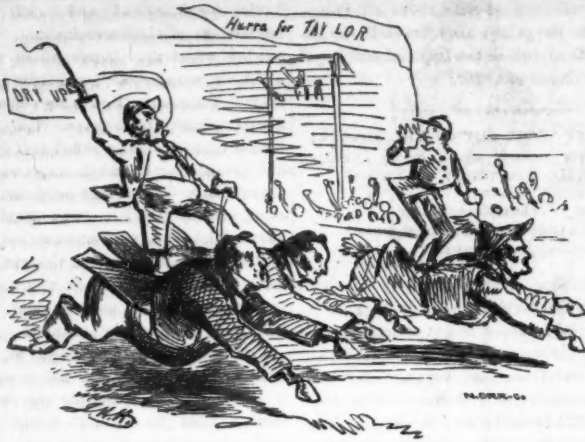
Post-Office, DOWNINGVILLE, State of Maine. }
June 30, 1848. }

DEAR NEPHEW—Bein' our army is about breakin' up in Mexico and coming home, I thought the best chance to get a letter to you would be to get your old friends, Mr. Gales and Seaton, to send it on that way, and may be it might come across you somewhere on the road, if you are still in the land of the living. Your Aunt Keziah is in a great worriment about you, and is very much frightened for fear somethin' has happened, because we haven't heard nothin' from you since your last letter. I try to pacify her, and tell her the fighting was all over, and nothin' to do but to finish up the court-martial the last time you writ, and that there isn't agoin' to be no more annexin' till Mr. Cass comes in President, and you'll soon be along. But all won't pacify her; she's as uneasy as a fish out of water, and says she lays awake half the night thinking of them garillas, for fear they've got hold of you. So I hope you'll write home as soon as possible, and let us know whether you are dead or alive, and set your Aunt Keziah's heart to rest.

For my part, I hope you will hurry along back as fast as you can. Our politics is very much mixed up and in a bad way about the Presidency. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how it's comin' out. It was a very unlucky hit when President Polk sent Old Zack Taylor down to Mexico. He wasn't the right man. But, then, I s'pose Mr. Polk had no idea of what sort of a chap he had got hold of. It can't be helped now, but it's like to be the ruin of our party. The Democratic party haint seen a well day since Taylor first begun his Pally Alto battles; and now we are all shiverin' as bad as if we had the fever and agay. I don't know, after all, but this annexin' Mexico will turn out to be an unlucky blow to the party; for what will it profit the Democratic party if they gain the whole world and lose the Presidency? Ye see, the Whigs have put up

Taylor for President; and it has completely knocked us all into a cocked hat. There isn't one half of us that knows where we stan' or which way we are goin'; and there isn't a party fence in the country that is high enough to keep our folks from jumping over. They are getting kind of crazy, and seem to feel as if Old Hickory had got back again, and they was all running to vote for him. The Whigs laugh and poke fun at us, and say they have got as good a right to have a Hickory as we Democrats have. We put up General Cass first, and thought we should carry it all hollow; for he's a strong man and took a good deal of pains to make the party like him all over the country. And if the Whigs had done as they ought to, and put up Clay, or any one that they had a right to put up, we should a carried the day without any trouble. But the conduct of the Whigs has been shameful in this business. Instead of taking a man that fairly belonged to 'em, they have grabbed hold of a man that got all his popularity out of our war, and was under the pay of our Administration, and has been made and built up by our party, and the Whigs had no more business with him than they had with the man in the moon. But, for all that, the Whigs had the impudence to nominate him. Well, that riled our water all up, so we couldn't see bottom nowhere. But we soon found there was a shiftin' and whirlin' of currents, and the wind and the tide was settin' us on to the rocks in spite of us. We soon see that old Rough and Ready, as they call him, was going to be too much for Cass. But, as we was all making up our mind that it was gone goose with us, Mr. John Van Buren, of York State—he's a smart feller, a son of President Van Buren, and a chip of the old block—he sings out: "Don't give up the ship yet; if one hoss an't enough to draw the load, hitch on another. There's father, he'll draw like a two-year-old." Well, the idea seemed to take; and they stirred round and got up another Convention at Utica, in York State, to see who they should put up, and they all pitched upon President Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren patted them on the shoulder, and told 'em to have good courage and go ahead, for they was on the right track, but they must hitch on somebody else besides him, for he had made up his mind four years ago not to take hold again. But they stuck to him with tears in their eyes, and told him there wasn't another man in the country that could draw like him alongside of Cass, and if he still had any patriotism for the party left he mustn't say no. And they worked upon his feelins so much that at last he didn't

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.



RACE FOR THE PRESIDENCY—OLD ZACK AHEAD.

say no. So now we've got two candidates, Cass and Van Buren, and good strong ones, too, both of 'em; and if we can't whip Taylor, I think it's a pity. I know as well as I want to know that we shall give him a pecky hard tug. Some are afraid we an't hardly strong enough yet, and they've called another convention to meet in Buffalo the 9th of August, to put up another candidate. But others are faint-hearted about it, and say it's all no kind of use; we may put up twenty candidates, and Taylor will whip the whole lot; it's a way he has; he always did just so in Mexico. If they brought twenty to one agin' him, it made no odds; he whipt the whole ring, from Pally Alto to Bona Vista.

So you see what sort of a pickle we're in, and how much we need your help jest now. But there's one thing I have on my mind pretty strong. You know this appointment in the Downingville Post-Office, that you got General Jackson to give me, has always been a great comfort to me, and it would be a sad blow to me to lose it now in my old age. I wish you would make it in your way to call and see General Taylor as you come along home, and try to find out how he feels toward me; because, if he is to be elected anyhow, I can't see any use there would be in my biting my own nose off for the sake of opposing his election. And I don't think that patriotism to the party requires it; and I'm sure prudence don't.

When you get to Washington, call and see Mr. Richie, and try to comfort him; I'm told the dear old gentleman is workin' too hard for his strength—out a nights in the rain, with a

lantern in his hand, heading the campaign. Try to persuade him to be calm and take good care of himself. And be sure and ask him how the Federals are goin' this election, for we can't find out any thing about it down here. I used to know how to keep the run of the Federals, but now there is so many parties—the Democrats, and Whigs, and Hunkers, and Barnburners, and Abolition folks, and Proviso folks—all criss-crossin' one another, that I have my match to keep the run of 'em. But your Aunt Keziah says the clock has struck, and I must close the mail. So I remain your loving uncle,

JOSHUA DOWNING, P. M.

LETTER LXL.

The Mexican war is over. General Taylor has come home to become the people's candidate for the Presidency, and Major Downing has also returned to stump the country for the Democratic party. But finding the tide all against him, and everywhere setting for Old Zack, he mounts a telegraph post and sends a hasty, though rather discouraging, dispatch to President Polk:

PRIVATE REPORT TO JAMES K. POLK, PRESIDENT OF AMERICA,
AND HIS PART OF MEXICO.

TELEGRAPH WIRE, October 31, 1848.

DEAR COLONEL—I've been stumping it round all over the lot for two or three months, tight and tight, for our American friend, General Cass, and as I s'pose you are very anxious and uneasy to know how it's coming out, I thought I would set down and make out a private report and send it on to you by the telegraph wires, for they say they go like lightening, and give you some of the premonitory symptoms, so that



WRITING BY TELEGRAPH.

when the afterclap comes you may be a little prepared for it, and not feel so bad. As I said afore, I've been all round the lot, sometimes by the steamboats, and sometimes by the railroads, and sometimes by the telegraph, and when there wasn't no other way to go, I footed it. And I'm satisfied the jig is up with us, and it's no use in my trying any longer; and Mr. Buchanan's speech was all throwed away, too. I'm very sure we shall get *some* of the States, but I'll be hanged if I can tell which ones. There an't a single State that I should dare to bet upon alone, but taking 'em all in the lump, I should still stick out strong for half a dozen at least. I see where all the difficulty is, as plain as day. You may depend upon it, we should elect General Cass easy enough if it wasn't for General Taylor; but he stands peakily in the way, jest as much as he stood in the way of the Mexicans at Bony Vista. As for Mr. Van Buren, if he stood agin us alone, we should tread him all to atoms; he couldn't make no headway at all, especially after we got the nomination at Baltimore. Jest between you and me, I don't think much of Mr. Van Buren now. I don't believe, now, he ever *was* a Democrat. I think he only made believe all the time; and I'd bet two to one *he's only making believe now*. I wish the Old General, dear Old Hickory, that's dead and gone, could be here now to have the handling of him for a little while; if he didn't bring him into the traces, I wouldn't guess agin.

But, as I said afore, General Taylor is peakily

in the way all over the country. First, I thought I would figure round in some of the strong Whig districts; for, thinks I, if I can make our friends show a bold front for Cass there, it will be such a wet blanket for the Whigs that they'll give it up. Well, I called a public meeting without distinction of party; and I put it to 'em strong for Cass, and the Constitution, and Californy forever. They all listened, and every little while they hurra'd and clapped; and thinks I, the tide is turning—I'm going to carry this place all ho-har, Whigs and all. But when I got through, an old rusty-faced farmer, away back in one corner, got up and looked round, and, says he: "Three cheers for Zachary Taylor." Thunder and cannon! if there wasn't a roar, set me down for a liar. Why, Colonel, I han't heard nothin' like it since the storming of Chapultapec. It took me right off my feet. I see, at once, the battle was all agin

us there, and thought I better make my escape under the smoke of it as fast as possible. At first, I felt rather bad about it. And then, agin, I thought I ought to have expected it, for I knew the Whigs had voted that General Taylor was a Whig, and had made up their minds to go for him. So I streaked it off for a strong Democratic district; for I found our main dependence must be among our own friends. Here I called a mass-meeting, without distinction of party, for I was sure we should get up such a roar for Cass, that the Whigs would be dumb-founded, and be pretty likely to fall in with us. Well, how do you think it worked? I made a roarin' speech for Cass; told 'em what a great statesman and great warrior he was; and how he had proved the former by offering to swallow all Mexico, and how he had proved the latter by breakin' his sword in a passion; and, more than all that, since the nomination at Baltimore, he was the greatest Democrat in the country. "And now," says I, "my friends, three cheers for Cass, the Constitution, and Californy." Well, they gin three good, loud cheers, and I thought that nail was well drove and clinched. Then a blacksmith, with a smutty nose and a leather apron on, gets up and sings out, "Nine cheers for old Rough and Ready!" And, by jingo, it went like a hurricane; full twice as loud, and three times as many, as the cheers for Cass. I had a good mind to cut and run, and give it all up. But at last I plucked up courage and faced the storm. I called out to the

blacksmith, and says I, "My friend, when we called this meeting, without distinction of party, it was all meant for General Cass, the Democratic candidate, and it's very unhand-some for a Whig to come here and interrupt us in this way."

"You take me for a Whig, do you?" says he.

"To be sure I do," says I; "you are no Democrat to act in this way."

At that he reddened up so the smut on his face turned blacker than it was before, and, says he, "I'd have you know, Sir, I'm as good a Democrat as you are. My father and mother was Democrats before me. I was born and bred a Democrat; and I mean to live and die a Democrat, but I go for Old Rough and Ready, let who will go agin him." Then he called out agin for nine cheers for Old Rough and Ready; and the way they roared 'em out was a caution. I see it was no use talking about Whigs and Democrats—I must try some other hook.

So I cruised round on the Free Soil territory, and got up meetings, and preached up the Wil-mot Proviso hot and heavy, and told 'em General Cass would go for it with all his might to the day of his death. Then I thought I would get 'em on the hip in a way they couldn't help giving me a rousing hurra, so I called out, "Three cheers for Free Soil and General Cass!" Well, the three cheers come as quick and as

true as Paddy's echo, for it was "three cheers for Free Soil and General Taylor?"

I begun to think the only chance was for us to try to carry the South. So I wheeled about, and turned about, and jump'd Jim Crow, in the slave States. I told 'em they must stir round and elect General Cass or the whole slavery business would be upset; but if they would only elect him they might feel safe, for they had his letters to show that he was in favor of upholding slavery all weathers, and of carrying it into every territory we could lay our hands on. They all answered me very coolly, that they had much rather trust a straightforward Southern man, that they knew had no tricks about him, than to trust a Northern man with Southern principles; and they reckoned, on the whole, they should go for General Taylor. As a last chance, I thought I would try to rouse 'em up in old Pennsylvania. So I went to 'em and told 'em their coal and iron was in danger, and the only way for 'em to save it was to elect General Cass, who would protect it to the bat's end, for he was as good a tariff man as Henry Clay. At that, every one of 'em—Quakers, and Germans, and Dutchmen, and all—put their finger agin the side of their nose, and said, "Friend, we tried a tariff man last time, but we didn't save our coal and iron by it; so we have made up our minds to try an honest man this time—we are going for Zachary Taylor."

By this time I was convinced the game was up, and it was no use to stump it any longer. We've got into the current where we can't help ourselves, and are going down over the falls of Niagara as fast as we can go; and I hope you and all the rest of our party will be as calm and composed, and considerate, as the Indian was that went down over them awful falls a great many years ago. He tugged and pulled his canoe against the current with all his might till he found there was no chance left, and then he laid down his paddle, and took up his bottle of rum, and sot down quietly in the bottom of the canoe, and tipped the bottle up to his mouth, and sot and drank, and took the good of it, till he pitched head over heels down the falls, and went out of sight forever.

Now, my last advice to you, dear Colonel, and to all our friends, and especially to dear old Mr. Richie, is, to



THE LAST SUT AT TREASURY BAR.

set down quiet and composed in the bottom of the boat, and eat away at the public crib, and drink away at the bottle of the sub-treasury till the 4th of March, when we shall all pitch over the falls together, drinking our last guggle.

I remain your dear friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

THE HEIR OF HONOR.
A NEW YORK STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"When Fortune smiles, the world smiles; when she frowns,

All hide their Summer heads."

[Old Play.]

ARTHUR LIVINGSTONE was in Paris when he received the news of his father's death, who was a New York merchant and a reputed *millionaire*. Arthur was his only child, and independent, as he inherited his mother's fortune, which was above one hundred thousand dollars. He had been on a tour through Europe and Asia, and was on his way home, when a letter from the family lawyer, Mr. Brown, announced the sudden death of the old merchant, whose every thought had been devoted to gold-getting. The reflection that his father's death made him one of the wealthiest citizens of the Model Republic was no consolation to Arthur, who was a dutiful son, and had looked forward to seeing his only surviving parent, with filial interest. In less than an hour after receiving the intelligence, the young American had made arrangements to return to his native land.

He had arrived a few days previous to the commencement of our story, and had taken possession of the family mansion, in the Fifth avenue—one of the most sumptuous of its kind. His friend, Mr. Brown, in whom he had the greatest confidence, was busily engaged in arranging the affairs of the deceased millionaire, and had nearly brought his labors to a close. Previous to his departure for Europe, a marriage had been arranged by the parents, between Arthur and Julia, the daughter of Mr. Summers, the oldest and most confidential of Mr. Livingstone's friends. Arthur and Julia had been playmates from infancy, and a strong affection had sprung up between them. She had, like Arthur, a large fortune in her own right, so that their union would make them one of the richest couples in New York, without any aid from their fathers.

On the morning when our story commences, Arthur had given a *déjeuner* to some of his most intimate friends, and they were discussing an elegant repast in the dining-room, while two of Arthur's domestics were lounging in the ante-

chamber. One was his favorite valet, who had attended him during his travels; and the other was the butler, an old and faithful servant of the Livingstone's. As they were quietly chatting in the outer room, ever and anon the voice of cheerful hospitality came from the next room, for Arthur was too much an observer of propriety to encourage, or, indeed, permit any unbecoming merriment in a house where so lately the owner had been lying in his shroud.

The conversation of the two domestics naturally turned upon their respective masters, and in speculating on the enormous wealth Mr. Arthur had inherited.

"I am sorry our poor old master did not live to see him return," remarked Philip, the butler; "he seems the same kind, good young man he ever was."

"True," said William, "if all the rich young men were like him, us poor fellows would have an easy time of it."

"He and Miss Julia Summers will make a handsome couple."

"She is, indeed, a dashing young lady, and I reckon 'tis well she has so much money of her own, for she knows how to make it fly."

"Yes, I suppose we shall soon have some gay scenes here; and I tell you what, William, our new lady will be bringing some pretty waiting women—there's a chance for you."

"No, no; while I have got such a good master, I'll stick to him."

The old butler was just beginning to give an exact account of the last days of his poor old master, to whom he was much attached, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and Arthur came forward, followed by his friends. He was tall and slender in person, with dark-brown hair, a slight mustache, a fine, manly brow, and deep hazel eyes, thoughtful in expression, till he spoke, and then his countenance beamed with intelligence, denoting his superiority to his companions, consisting of Charles Howard—somewhat of a politician, loud and boasting, rendering his manners most unprepossessing—Frederick Marshall, Walter Stanley and George Barclay—sons of wealthy merchants, young men of fashion, and of effeminate manners—Thomas Moore, with a smattering of poesy, believing himself equal to the famous bard of Erin—Harry Clive, an amateur painter, who flatters himself with the idea that his feeble efforts rival Raphael.

"Why, Arthur, you have a gallery of pictures here—fine old family portraits, I suppose," said Harry.

"But these are not family portraits. Whose landscapes are they?" inquired Charles.

"A few daubs of mine," replied Arthur.

"Daubs do you call them—they are masterpieces!" exclaimed George.

"By Heaven! 'tis a pity you are a *millionaire*. If you were poor, you would make a fortune and a fame by your paintings. What effect—what light—what shade! The coloring, too, is exquisite. Why, they are nearly equal to some of mine; I must look out for my laurels," said Harry.

This called forth a general laugh, and "Pooh, pooh! Harry, you must hide your diminished head."

"Oh, hang the paint-pot! I go in for politics. Why, Arthur, that speech you made just now was excellent. You're bound to shine as a statesman, Arthur, take my word for it," chimed in Stanley.

"That's a fact," remarked Howard; "'tis a pity he's rich. Why, Arthur, you know more about political economy than I do, who have made it my study. Come! take my advice, go to Washington with me. I'll introduce you to Buchanan—he's a friend of mine, who'll do any thing I want him. I'll get you the mission to Paris, or London; we want men of intellect and honor, not political hacks."

"Hang politics! Paint me a picture like that, my boy, and I'll give you a thousand dollars down for it. I am not jesting."

"That little spot on the Hudson, where we used to fish—do you remember it?" said George Barclay.

"I'll do you one for nothing, at my leisure," replied Arthur; "'tis a favorite spot of mine."

"You are all wrong," exclaimed Moore. "Arthur was born to create a sensation as a poet. Some of the poems in that volume he published in London are full of pathos—quite Tenneysonian—rivaling mine."

"Bravo! Your namesake's Irish melodies are far inferior to your songs, we all know," said Marshall, with a sarcastic laugh.

"No—poetry won't do," said young Nappleton; "'tis a drug in the market; no one buys poetry or reads it—travels are the rage."

"Are they?" said Arthur; "then I'm your man. I kept a pretty regular diary of my wanderings."

"Come, then," said Nappleton, who was a wealthy publisher. "Gentlemen, excuse us Yankees striking a bargain. Arthur, I'll give you five thousand dollars for your diary, cash on the nail."

Arthur laughed, and said, in a jocular tone, "Upon my word, gentlemen, that's a personal

insult. I've not come quite so low as to sink into the author."

"I admire that sentiment," said Howard; "if there's one thing I detest more than another, it's an author. Did you see that attack on me in the Herald the other day?"

"Oh, the Herald! Who reads the Herald?" said Arthur, laughing.

"Well, we must be off. Good-by; *au revoir*."

And Arthur was alone.

"Yes," said he, "if money and friends constitute happiness, I have no reason to complain. Above all, I have the affection of a woman who is as free from the foibles of the world as any one in the circles in which she lives—so young and beautiful—can be."

And then, his thoughts reverting to his father, he sat for a time buried in a reverie—half dreamy, and melancholy. He was roused from his abstraction by the entrance of Mr. Brown.

"You look grave," said Arthur, after they had exchanged their morning greetings, "and wear a true business face."

"Why," said Mr. Brown, "I have come on business."

"Ah, by the by, we were to give this morning to the investigation of my father's affairs."

Mr. Brown, sorrowfully. "I have been over all the papers."

"Ah! and my father has not left as much as we thought. Well, a few thousand either way does not matter."

"My dear Mr. Arthur, I have very unpleasant news for you."

"Indeed, you astonish me."

"I find the result most unsatisfactory. His last speculations were most—most disastrous. I have the papers for your inspection."

"Spare me, my dear Sir; your word is sufficient." After a pause. "The surplus, then, is very small I presume."

"Surplus—alas! my dear Mr. Arthur, I fear it will require all your philosophy to bear the statement; your father died insolvent."

"What! is it possible there is a deficiency?"

"Indeed, and a startling one."

Arthur then said somewhat impatiently:

"To the point, at once."

"One hundred thousand dollars—"

Starting from his seat, Arthur repeated:

"One hundred thousand dollars—impossible."

"'Tis too true, my dear Sir."

"Do you think my father was aware of the embarrassed state of his affairs?"

"I begin, now, to fear he was, and that it hastened his death, for his spirits were much de-

pressed, and he was unwilling to reveal to me the cause."

"Poor, dear old man; I regret that I was not here to solace him."

"He, too, mourned your absence; his last words were of you."

"And shall the name of one so respected, so regretted, be the mark and by-word of his creditors? No, not while I live," exclaimed Arthur; then overpowered by his feelings, he sat silent and thoughtful.

Mr. Brown was unwilling for a time to disturb him; at length he said:

"Come, my dear young friend, you must not allow yourself to take this too deeply to heart; most of the creditors are men of standing and able to sustain the loss."

"But my father's honor, Mr. Brown, should stand unblemished."

"True; but what can you do?"

"Is my fortune sufficient to satisfy all claimants?"

"Oh, that would be preposterous—the world would laugh at you—call you a fool. Besides, Arthur, as a man of honor you owe some consideration to Miss Summers."

Arthur was about to reply, when the footman entered and said Mr. Summers and his daughters were in the drawing-room.

"You must see them for me, Mr. Brown, and communicate this unexpected misfortune."

Arthur had but just left the room when Mr. Summers and his daughters entered, the old gentleman exclaiming, in his usual abrupt manner—

"Good morning, Mr. Brown—good morning. Where's the boy? Not here, hey? William said he was here. You look serious, Brown; what's the matter, hey? arranging papers? But where's the boy?"

"He has received intelligence which has disturbed him."

"What! his favorite horse put his shoulder out? or his pet actress eloped with some thin-skinned exquisite?"

"Oh, papa, how can you talk so!" exclaimed Julia.

"It is business of importance, and of a serious character," Mr. Brown again said.

"What! his father not left him quite as much money as he expected, hey?—Livingstone must have been worth half a million at least."

"Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken."

"Why, was a paltry hundred thousand dollars all he left?"

Without noticing this observation, Mr. Brown said: "The statement I have to make is of a most unpleasant nature."

VOL. V—34.

"You really alarm me—out with it."

"Your old friend, Mr. Livingstone, died insolvent."

"Bad—very bad—but can't be helped; honorable man—he might have borrowed of me to any amount. Egad, he might have ruined me; but Arthur has one hundred thousand dollars, and Julia—let me see—I will give her the same; and, surely, if two people who love each other can't be happy on that, 'tis a pity; 'twill bring them in twenty thousand a year."

"It is truly a serious affair, and I lament it deeply," said Mr. Brown, sorrowfully.

"But how does the boy bear it? Poor fellow—I love him like my own son. I can tell you, Mr. Brown, when I began life I was a poor man—not a dime in my pocket, Sir. My wife and I took a corner grocery, and worked our way up."

He was here interrupted by Julia, exclaiming with mortification, "Papa, papa; what needless recurring to the past!"

"But where's the boy?" again broke out the old gentleman. "I will go to him."

He was about to do so, when Arthur entered the room, calm and composed, but so changed in appearance that Mr. Brown started with surprise.

Mr. Summers, shaking him cordially by both hands, said: "Come, cheer up—we know the worst."

"My dear Sir, your kindness overwhelms me."

"Nonsense, boy—nonsense! Your father's creditors are not the first to go unpaid."

"But, my dear Sir!" interrupted Arthur.

"Say nothing, Arthur—nothing. I have just been telling Mr. Brown what I shall give Julia, and your own fortune"—Arthur vainly attempted to speak—"will bring you in twenty thousand a year. You can keep this house up on that, surely."

"My dear Mr. Summers," said Arthur, "I fear I have yet to make clear to you my intentions regarding my father's affairs."

"Pshaw! boy, we understand it all. Julia loves you—you love her; and if you have not got quite as much as you expected you would inherit, you must make the best of it."

"But my father's honor, Mr. Summers—I inherit that!"

"Honor!—why, what do you mean?"

Arthur proudly answered: "I mean this, Sir—that my fortune must go to liquidate the debts."

"I don't understand you—your fortune—the boy's mad—sacrifice yourself to pay your father's creditors!"

Mr. Brown here interposed: "My dear Arthur,

I think you are carrying out your noble sentiments too far."

"Think you I could calmly walk Broadway, the finger of scorn pointed at my father's name, and I, his son, possessing what belonged to others; 'twould be a lasting stigma to our name."

"But it was your mother's money."

"And had my mother lived, she would have done as I do."

Mr. Summers, who had appeared stupefied, at length inquired:

"Mr. Arthur, is this your determination?"

"It is, Sir," Arthur firmly replied.

"Then I wish you good morning, Mr. Livingstone. Come, girls—come."

"You surely will not separate us thus! Julia, will you not plead for me?"

"My daughter is too young—far too young. Girls, we must be off. Come, come—'tis growing late, and I have tickets for the opera for you."

As they advanced toward the door coldly bowing to Arthur, he said: "Julia, have you not one word for me?"

She haughtily answered: "Not without papa's permission."

But Kate, her younger sister, advanced to meet him; and, taking his hand affectionately, said:

"I respect and honor you for your noble conduct!"

Arthur, who had borne his other trials with heroic fortitude, was by Julia's cold indifference nearly unmanned; his proud spirit, however, enabled him soon to recover his equanimity.

Mr. Brown remonstrated with him, but in vain, as to the course he intended to pursue. He accordingly departed, promising to be with him early the following morning.

When alone, Arthur sat and pondered over the events of the last few hours; but the more he did so, so much the more he congratulated himself on the decision he had made.

On Mr. Brown's arrival, in the morning, he was surprised to find Arthur comparatively cheerful. When he inquired if he still adhered to his resolution, Arthur handed him the checks already drawn for the several creditors.

"This is a melancholy business," observed Mr. Brown, "that you should have your hopes and prospects thus suddenly blighted. Have you formed any plans for the future?"

"I wish to consult you on that subject. Several schemes have suggested themselves; the one most feasible is to dispose of my house, pictures, and furniture, and with the proceeds enter into a Californian speculation."

"I approve of that on one condition only; that you accept a loan of me upon your house, &c."

"That cannot be; I desire to be free from obligations and responsibilities of every kind—to feel perfectly independent."

"I shall consider it a marked insult, if you persist in declining."

"I do not wish to be under an obligation, even to you, my dear Sir."

Much discussion ensued; but Arthur, finding Mr. Brown would feel really hurt if he insisted on declining his offer, at last consented, though reluctantly, saying:

"The wishes of my father's old friend must rule. Draw up the necessary papers, and I will sign them."

This settled, the conversation naturally turned upon the conduct of Mr. Summers and Julia.

Mr. Brown endeavored to excuse him on the plea that it generally narrowed the mind of a man who had earned his money with so much difficulty, and always made him very tenacious as to its disposal.

"But, Julia—how do you account for her conduct?"

"She was under her father's influence; but, in a few days, I dare say, both will have softened in their views."

"It is my intention," replied Arthur, "to test the sincerity of Julia; also, of those friends who but yesterday professed so much."

It was then arranged that Mr. Brown should at once settle with the creditors; and, promising to dine with his young friend in the evening, he departed.

Arthur passed the day in reading and reflection, and after dinner he entertained his guest with anecdotes, and related many of the adventures he had met with in his travels; thus passed the evening cheerfully. When the old lawyer was about to depart, it was agreed they should meet the following morning at his office. Arthur then retired to rest, and enjoyed as calm and tranquil a night as he had ever known.

In the morning, Arthur paid and dismissed several of the members of his household, explaining to them the necessity for his doing so—only retaining one or two who were for a time indispensable. He then repaired to the house of Mr. Summers; and when he was shown into the room where Julia was seated, she received him stiffly, and with evident surprise.

"Julia," he said, "I have called to offer you an honest heart. I am poor, 'tis true, but I am young, and, with you for an object, shall yet realize a fortune."

Julia, half scornfully, said :
 "Do you, Arthur, persist in your ridiculous intentions of paying those people?"

"Of course I do, and am surprised that you should sanction an act of dishonesty, by being willing to unite yourself to a man capable of it."

"Sir! I sanction an act of dishonesty? This is an insult you would not have dared to offer to a man." Saying which, she haughtily sailed out of the room.

Arthur stood for a few moments in thought; he then said:

"And that woman might have been my wife!"

When he had quitted Mr. Summers', and was walking to the house of his oldest and most attached friend, he met Charles Howard, the young man who, on the previous day, had boasted of his influence with the President.

"Well met, Howard," said Arthur; "I want you to fulfill your promise of recommending me to the President."

"Why, what freak is this?" said Howard.

"No freak, but necessity," said Arthur; "since we parted yesterday,

'A sad change has come o'er the spirit of my dream.'

Fortune has forsaken me, and I am compelled henceforth to work."

"You jest, or are dreaming," Howard laughingly replied.

"Alas! 'tis too true; but I will explain the cause;" and, walking arm in arm, Arthur related the events of the preceding day. They soon arrived at the house of Walter Stanley, when Howard bade him "Good morning."

"Then you can do nothing for me?" inquired Arthur, with anxiety.

"I think not. Should I hear of any thing, I will let you know; but place no dependence on it;" and, bowing somewhat coldly, he departed.

Arthur stood for a moment astonished at this uncourteous treatment, then said to himself, "*N'importe*, Walter will surely stand my friend; I can picture his indignation when I tell him how Howard has behaved."

He ran up the steps and was soon in the library of his friend, who received him with his usual cordiality. Arthur, with hesitation, stated to him the position in which he was placed, and the unexpected and mortifying rebuff he had met with from Howard; "but you, Walter, will, I am sure, assist me." He then recapitulated the course he had pursued in reference to his father's affairs.

"Really, my dear fellow, I am sorry, but I see no chance or possibility of my being of any service to you. In fact, one who does not know

how to take care of his own, cannot be safely entrusted with what belongs to another."

This was almost too much for Arthur; but his proud spirit came to his rescue, and he haughtily wished his now tried friend "good morning."

'Tis needless to repeat his various disappointments. The hollowness of friends he was too soon keenly to feel, for at the expiration of a week he stood alone, deserted, and shunned by the many who had flocked around him in the time of his prosperity.

Ere a few short weeks had passed, he might be seen pacing the deck of a packet, bound for that land to which so many flee to retrieve their shattered fortunes—too many through their own recklessness, but he through his own fine sense of honor.

CHAPTER II.

"Patience and time outwear calamity." [Blind Wife.

"Well, Julia, then next week you are to become Mrs. Weston," said Kate with a sigh.

"Why, what's the matter; you are not jealous, are you, Kate?" inquired Julia.

"Jealous, indeed; you know I have never liked Mr. Weston!"

"To be sure, you have said so," Julia gaily answered, "but I cannot believe it."

"Do I ever say what I do not mean, Julia?"

"True, but I think no one can help loving Alfred."

"Had you said so of Arthur, I might have agreed with you, Julia, for he is worth Alfred Weston's weight in gold."

"So you intend to be Mrs. Livingstone in my stead. Well, I am willing, and wish you joy as a poor man's wife. I am no advocate of love in a cottage."

Kate blushing replied: "Love is out of the question; but I respect him for his noble conduct, and grieve that you and papa treated him so cruelly when he was deserted by all who had courted him in his prosperity."

"'Tis useless to regret the past," said Julia, as a shade of care came over her fair brow.

"If you are satisfied, that is sufficient; may you never live to repent your choice."

"I never repent any thing I do," she said, as with a defiant laugh she left the room.

Kate soon followed her sister, and found her in the drawing-room with Mr. Weston, who was to dine with them that evening.

The ensuing week passed swiftly, the necessary preparations for the wedding affording the sisters ample occupation.

The eventful day arrived, and the beautiful

Julia looked more than usually attractive. Alfred Weston was envied by many. Kate, who was some few years younger than her sister, was of course one of the bridesmaids.

The youthful pair, after their wedding tour, gave a series of entertainments, which were generally allowed to be the most brilliant of the season.

For a time, Julia was the happiest and gayest of the gay; but what fortune could supply the expenditure of two of the most thoughtless and extravagant of beings. Julia's beauty and vivacity made her courted by all, and every night she was either at the opera, or the belle of some gay assemblage, or at home surrounded by heartless flatterers.

She was suddenly startled one morning by the news of her father's bankruptcy, he having speculated in some schemes which promised to yield so large a profit that his natural caution was lulled. The ruin was so total that Summers considered it beyond all chance of being patched up by help from his friends; he, therefore, made no application to them—not even to his son-in-law. Nothing, however, seemed to check the career of dissipation into which she had launched, even though her father and sister had been compelled to seek a refuge beneath her roof.

But a storm was lowering, and poor Julia's pride was destined to bear a severe humiliation. One morning when she arose, she found her husband had not been home all night. Although, of late, he had been very irregular in his hours of returning, he had never been absent the whole night; this occasioned her some uneasiness. On entering her dressing room, she found a letter in his handwriting addressed to herself. She tore it open, and, to her horror, read the following:

"DEAR JULIA—When you read this, I shall be far away. Pursuit or inquiry will be equally vain. I will write soon and explain.

"Adieu.

ALFRED WESTON."

It were vain to attempt to describe the scene that ensued; her rage and indignation knew no bounds. She upbraided him as the most heartless of men. Kate vainly strove to appease her anger.

The news of her husband's flight soon spread. She then found her credit gone, and numerous creditors urgent for payment. She immediately placed her affairs in her lawyer's hands. It required but a short time to arrive at the fact that her husband's flight was owing to the embarrassed state of his affairs.

Thus the beautiful, gay, and thoughtless Julia

was left to her own resources. She threw herself into the most violent paroxysms of grief; but, as is generally the case, it the sooner subsided, and she yielded to the persuasions of Kate to rouse herself to action. She, however, was unwilling to listen to her sister's suggestion of seeking music pupils. "I, indeed, to be exposed to the insolence with which I know such persons are invariably treated. I never can submit to it."

They found it difficult to decide what course was best for them to pursue; their father was so shattered by the complete wreck of their fortunes that he was incapable of advising. To every plan they proposed, there seemed some obstacle to discourage them. Julia at length consented to become a music teacher, if Kate obtained the pupils, which she, poor girl, flattered herself would be an easy task—their acquaintances having been numerous; but she knew not the cold and heartless world, till she found the doors of all their former friends closed against her.

As a last expedient, they determined to open a boarding-house upon a humble scale, to accomplish which it became necessary for them to part with the remainder of their jewelry.

Two so unaccustomed to domestic employment found it an arduous task; and but for their good fortune in having a help in one of their old servants, who was so much attached to them that she would not leave them, even when they were unable to pay her for her services, would have been scarcely able to perform their necessary duties. We need not follow them through the various annoyances and disappointments to which they were exposed.

After a time, they fortunately obtained steady and respectable boarders. They were especially pleased with one, whose gentlemanly and reserved manners they commented on.

Kate said "she felt grateful to him for his polite and kind attention to their father; that he was intelligent, and, having traveled a great deal, was an agreeable companion."

"No doubt you find him so, Katy; his attentions to you are becoming marked. You intend, then, to resign all idea of Arthur Livingstone for Mr. Anderson!"

"Julia, your levity offends me."

About a week after this conversation, Mr. Anderson, finding Kate in the dining-room alone, which was a rare occurrence, seized the opportunity of expressing his sentiments toward her.

Kate, in her courteous manner, thanked him for his kind feeling; but assured him she could never entertain more than a sister's regard for

him. She then rose to leave the room. He took her hand, and sought to detain her; but she was inflexible.

The sudden change in Mr. Anderson's manners—for he became thoughtful, instead of animated and cheerful—together with Kate's absenting herself from the table for several days, raised Julia's suspicions; whereupon she inquired of her sister, who frankly told her what had passed. Julia expressed great disapprobation at her sister's decision, and endeavored to work upon her by representing the advantages that would accrue from the union; that it would raise them from their present degraded position. "Though, of course," she said, with a sigh, "we can never expect to be restored to the fashionable world."

"Would you, then, have me act a lie?" said Kate, with indignation.

"What absurd notions you have, Kate; 'tis really ridiculous to hear you talk."

"Allow me, then, to explain, my dear Julia; if I told Mr. Anderson that I loved him when I do not, would not that be telling a falsehood?"

"Certainly it would."

"Then, if I consented passively to my union with him, I should esteem myself equally guilty."

"You perplex me, Kate; you profess to love papa and me, and yet are unwilling to make this trifling sacrifice of your own feelings. I think you are very selfish."

"No, Julia, not self; but 'tis truth, justice and honor, I cannot and will not sacrifice."

Julia replied with a sneer:

"Well, we always differed in our opinions, and you are so obstinate, 'twere vain to argue with you." So saying, she closed the door angrily after her.

Poor Kate sat pondering for awhile, and then exclaimed:

"Alas! I fear, indeed, nothing will ever work a change in Julia; still as frivolous and fond of pleasure as a girl of fourteen, and as light-hearted as though misfortune had never crossed her path. But I must to work, or this embroidery will not be finished to-morrow, as I promised Mrs. Sandford—and she is always so kind and considerate."

She had scarcely said this, when Julia opened the door, her face radiant with smiles, and said:

"Katy, dear, you must rouse yourself and take the head of the table this evening, at supper, for I have just accepted an invitation from Mrs. Prattle to join a party of friends who are going to the theater; I shall quite enjoy it, for they always have a supper afterward, which is the merriest part of the time."

"But, my dear Julia, it is impossible. I must finish this work to-night. I promised it should be sent to-morrow."

"And I have promised to go out to-night," said Julia, tossing her head as she left the room.

"Thoughtless—thoughtless Julia! Well, I must sit up; the boarders will, doubtless, retire early, not having Julia's music to entertain them."

And so, till long past midnight, did the conscientious girl sit wearily working on, ere she accomplished her task.

When Julia saw her sister's jaded looks, the following morning, and heard the cause, she expressed some feeling of remorse; but the shadow of regret was only for a moment.

Thus passed weeks and months, Julia seeking every opportunity of gratifying her own pleasures, while her sister was unceasingly at work; ever fond of fancy work, she now devoted every leisure moment to it, anxious to add to their means of support, for their boarding-house no longer paid its expenses; and since Julia had again sipped the cup of pleasure, she seemed intoxicated by it, and heedless of their responsibilities, leaving them entirely to Kate—till one morning, when Julia said she must have a new silk dress to go to an evening party, her sister insisted on her listening to her; she then told her another quarter's rent would be due in a week, and that she knew not how it would be paid.

"Have you not laid by something toward it every week? You used to do so."

"You forget our two best rooms have been unoccupied for the last six weeks, and the high price of provisions renders that impossible."

"I did not know provisions were any higher."

"I was anxious, my dear Julia, to spare you as long as I could."

"Well, don't fret, you'll manage it, I know, you are such a dear, clever little creature; though 'tis too bad I cannot have my new dress. I have a great mind to ask Mr. Anderson to lend me some money; I am sure he would not refuse."

"Dearest Julia," said Kate, in a perfect agony, "you never would so degrade yourself and me!"

"Well, do not be in such a terrible quandary about it, and I will promise you not."

The reserved but ever courteous and ladylike demeanor Kate preserved had so wounded Mr. Anderson's pride that he had transferred his attentions to Julia.

But a few days after, Kate was sitting in her own room working, when Julia entered, evidently much excited. On her sister inquiring

the cause, she told her Mr. Anderson had just made her an offer of marriage, that she had not yet accepted it, but intended to do so.

"What!—and violate the laws of God and man?"

"Nonsense! You know Mr. Weston said he should never return, and every one is under the impression that I am a widow. If I marry Charles Anderson, he says we can remain in this house without being tormented with boarders, and live in good and genteel style."

"Julia, I am shocked at your unprincipled conduct. Pray, leave me for a time; but I entreat you not to see Mr. Anderson."

Kate sat absorbed by the most painful reflections, not knowing how to rescue her sister from such a fatal act. At length, after meditating for some time, she conquered her own feelings, and decided on taking an important step. She then went in search of Julia, and found her closeted with her father, who said—

"Kate, I am surprised that you should think of advising your sister so much to her disadvantage. I decidedly approve of her marrying Mr. Anderson; it will free us from our present difficulties, and avoid further annoyances."

"But, father, Mr. Weston yet lives!"

"Well, child, if he does, he will never come back to New York."

Kate knew it was vain to attempt reasoning with the two; she, therefore, asked Julia to come for a few moments to her room, as she wished to consult her on a matter of business.

The old gentleman congratulated himself that he had so easily carried his point.

When alone, Kate told Julia that on the previous day she had met Mr. Brown, Arthur's old friend, who told her that the letters from him were highly gratifying—that he had amassed a very large fortune, and would most probably be chosen senator.

"Well, Kate," said Julia, pettishly, "why am I to be bored with Arthur Livingstone's good fortune?—it does not concern me."

Her sister went on without noticing the interruption. "My plan is this: to write to him, and represent the state of our affairs—ask him to assist us. I will write to-day; therefore, I implore you to wait his answer. Tell Mr. Anderson he must give you some time for consideration; that, not having for one moment contemplated a second marriage, you cannot decide so hastily."

After much persuasion, Julia consented. Long and tedious did the weeks appear that necessarily intervened; while one sister dissipated all the time she could seize from her domestic du-

ties, the other was unceasingly at work. At length, beneath this and the constant anxiety of keeping up their establishment, Kate's health began to fail. Rest and quiet became absolutely necessary; she was consequently confined to her room. One morning, when she appeared sad and desponding, Julia entered her room, and said:

"Good news for you, Kate: a gentleman has just been in, in answer to the advertisement, and has taken both the rooms for three months."

"Has he given good references?" Kate mildly inquired.

"Better than that; he has paid me in advance, on my giving him a receipt, saying that as he may be absent occasionally on business, it will be more satisfactory to both parties. His luggage will be here this afternoon."

Kate said: "Where does he come from?"

"From the South; he is very rough and brusque in his manners—almost uncouth. But I must away, and have his rooms prepared."

Kate's curiosity was awakened by the various opinions respecting the new boarder, some thinking him kind and agreeable, others representing him as a perfect boor. The chambermaid said he was the only gentleman in the house, for he gave no trouble.

And Sambo, the little nigger waiter, said he liked the "gemman," 'cause he always ask after the young lady who is sick. I tell him she work too hard."

Kate, relieved from immediate and pressing annoyances, was enabled at the end of a week to resume her accustomed duties. She had just seated herself at the dinner table when the stranger entered the room; Julia at once introduced her sister, and bows were exchanged. When, however, he spoke, she was startled, for she thought she recognized the voice; she looked intently at him—their eyes met, and it was with difficulty she concealed her emotion, for, skillful as was the disguise, both in manners and appearance, she felt she detected Arthur Livingstone. The peculiarity of her scrutiny seemed to embarrass the stranger, and he took his meal in silence. Kate, more and more convinced, determined to take the earliest opportunity of ascertaining if her suspicions were correct. She was, therefore, much disappointed at his non-appearance at table that evening, or in the morning, and learned from Sambo that he had gone out the previous afternoon, having a carpet-bag with him.

On the following day, Kate was astonished at having Mr. Brown's card given to her by the waiter, who said the gentleman was waiting

down stairs to see her. She immediately descended to receive him, and was surprised at his handing her a letter from Arthur, which he said he had that morning received. She knew the California mail had arrived, having watched anxiously for it.

"Then Mr. Livingstone is still in California?" she said, thoughtfully.

"His letters bear that date," was the reply.

After a little general conversation, he expressing his regret at her illness, which she wondered he should have heard of, he took his leave.

On opening the letter, Kate found it was an answer to hers, and contained double the sum she had requested, with kind expressions of sympathy.

She now waited the return of Mr. Forster with some impatience, but he did not come back for nearly a week; and when again she met him at the table, so firmly was she persuaded it was Arthur, that she determined after supper to seek an interview. Julia was going out that evening with several of the boarders; the others, she knew, having once retired to their rooms did not come down again. Therefore, being alone in the drawing-room, she sent a message to Mr. Forster, requesting a few minutes' conversation with him.

When he entered the room and advanced toward her, her agitation was so apparent, that, holding out his hand, he said, "Kate, I see I am discovered."

Overpowered, she sank back in her chair, and for several moments was unable to speak. After a great struggle, she overmastered her feelings, and said:

"Mr. Livingstone, I have to thank you for your kind and generous conduct."

"Not a word, Kate, I beg; it affords me the sincerest pleasure to serve you. You must tell me what has occasioned you so much sorrow, for care and anxiety are stamped on your brow."

She then recounted their various misfortunes, screening Julia as much as possible. Arthur listened attentively, occasionally looking at Kate with profound admiration. When she ceased he said:

"Tis now your turn to listen. Since we parted, Kate, the few kind words you then uttered have cheered me on my weary way; you have been my guiding star—the light—the hope of my future; is that hope to be now blighted or realized? Will you be mine?"

Kate, unable to reply, placed her hand in his, and, as he drew her toward him, her head fell upon his shoulder.

Arthur said: "This moment repays me for

all past sorrows. Yours, too, dearest Kate, are now, I trust, at an end."

It was arranged that their marriage should take place as speedily as possible.

On the following morning, she told her father and Julia what had transpired, and her future prospects. They were surprised at their blindness in not detecting him, but rejoiced at the favorable turn in their fortune. Arthur stated to Kate his intention of settling an income on her father; and Julia, having a few days previous received intimation of her husband's death, had accepted Mr. Anderson's offer.

But a few short weeks and Kate was the happy wife of Arthur Livingstone. Mr. Summers resides with Julia, who is now Mrs. Anderson, while Kate and Arthur, who have taken possession of the old house in the Fifth avenue, pass the greater part of their time at a lovely little spot on the Hudson, which Arthur has purchased, in the calm and quiet enjoyment of each other's society.

EPISTOLARY CHITCHAT.

THE following letter, from the gallant Colonel Henry Lunettes, was designed for the October number of our Magazine, but was unavoidably postponed in the stress of family matters consequent upon the union with "Putnam." It is not at all out of place at this period, and will be read with interest by our readers. We are glad the taste of the Colonel revolts at those human menageries called watering-places. For ourselves, we are dainty in the matter of sphere, and dread indiscriminate contact. The worst purgatory we can conceive of is to be compelled to the companionship of a multitude of persons of all kinds and degrees, each with his moral atmosphere permeating our own, and neutralizing the best and holiest aromas of the inner life:

VALLEY OF THE THOIA, Pa., Aug. 14, 1857.

You will perceive by the date of this that I am rusticated in one of the wildest and most beautiful portions of Northern Pennsylvania, and you will, perchance, wonder what has lured the accustomed denizen of streets so far from his usual haunts.

Well, then, Saratoga or Cape May I will not, and I will none of Newport, albeit old Neptune and I are long-time familiar friends, who have had many a good-humored tussle together in days gone by. But—shall I own it?—I am too much of a Sybarite to endure the hourly discomforts of a watering-place. I abhor the serried masses of humanity thus congregated, though very elegant, refined humanity it may be. Six

feet by nine does not afford sleeping space enough for an old soldier, accustomed to a free use of God's unlimited gift, pure air; and I have a liking—quite epicurean, I fear me—for wholesome, well-cooked food, each dish individualized in character and flavor. Did you ever think how many things people eat and drink at those places that they would not touch at home?

Then, again, I have a keen relish for the society and conversation of educated, refined women, and I don't find this class of persons very well represented at our fashionable places of Summer resort. Like a distinguished foreigner, when carried by a friend to one of our city routs, I am tempted to exclaim: "Yes! very pretty children; but where are the grown-up people?" Long after I renounced all personal devotion to the muse with winged feet, I enjoyed the dancing of others. Now, I lose even that pleasure in fashionable circles. My sympathies alone are awakened by the severe labors involved in performing the new dances of the day, as I regard the flush that should be confined to the cheek pervading even the shoulders and bosom of the fair performers, and my former pleasure in witnessing the quadrille that used to exhibit to such advantage the "poetry of motion" is now all lost in anxiety for the fate of the trains and flounces—to preserve which from utter annihilation seems the sole aim of the wearers while dancing. Of course, all grace, ease, and lightness of movement, are destroyed when *physical effort* is made apparent.

So, constant to early tastes, as to early friendships, I have come to enjoy among these romantic trout streams, the favorite amusement of dear, gentle, genial old Izaak Walton.

Would that your presence were added to the other charms of this lovely region. The richly-wooded mountains, the limpid waters and the brilliant skies could not fail to delight you. And this invigorating mountain air—how it would revivify you. Here the "sunshine" is not "bottled" and sold to consumers in small quantities, and adulterated at that. It illumines the valleys, it dances over the forest-tops, it frolics with the mountain water-nymphs, whose musical laughter ever and anon reaches the ear of the quiet stroller among the close-clustering trees.

Yet, to be quite honest, Nature, even here in her secluded sylvan haunts, is as capricious and whimsical as any other beauty. Early in the morning—shall I dare to say it—she is often a little *snily*, choosing to indulge herself in a vapory sort of *neglige*, as if little inclined to make betimes a presentable toilet, though her

lover, the sun, always leaves her to early repose in the bowers embosomed among the hills. Sometimes, even after she has "come forth in her beauty and pride," an unexpected burst of tears suddenly reminds you not to trust too implicitly to her smiles; and then, passing as quickly away, leaves her charms more resistless from contrast. And never did I listen to more bewitching effects of echo than, in certain states of the atmosphere, reverberate among these hills. Even the torturing scream of the railroad whistle becomes musical as it is caught up and answered and reanswered by the sweet-voiced spirit of the air.

A friend writes me from London, that Church's Niagara has received the fiat of Ruskin's unqualified approval. I almost regret that it is to be *printed*. As good *drawings* of Niagara have been made by other artists. The peculiar merit of Church's picture consists in the exquisite *coloring*. This, of course, is wholly lost in a print. The same is emphatically true of such paintings as "The Twins," and that fine stable scene of the two Herrings. The matchless beauty of the glossy dark-brown hair of one of the horses, in the latter, is incapable of engraved imitation.

Apropos of prints, have you seen the superb mezzotinto portrait of President Buchanan, just published by our gifted New York artist, Buttré? It has few equals, as a work of art, among similar productions of native genius, and is, withal, a capital likeness. By the way, I saw, some months since, in the *atelier* of Mr. Buttré, a fine, full-sized portrait of Colonel Fremont, painted by the poet-artist, Buchanan Read, for Mrs. Fremont—a most appropriate offering at the shrine of the fair "*Jessie*." From this picture and collateral aids, Mr. B. is about completing a highly-finished full-length engraving of the handsome pioneer.

Speaking of pictures, how does the *taste* of the portrait of the little female Landseer, Rosa Bonheur, strike you? I mean that now being exhibited in Paris at the Palais d'Industrie, representing the fair artist as clasping the neck of a young bull! Rather *French*, is it not? We are to have Mademoiselle Bonheur's greatest achievement, "The Horse Fair," here, I am told, and, as good judges pronounce her quite unrivaled, even by Landseer, in her peculiar school, we shall enjoy a high artistic treat. Really, the ladies are bearing away the palm, both in art and literature abroad, as well as at home. Miss Hosmer, the sculptor, is, I observe by a recent paper, on the wing for America, not to retire thus early to the shade of her laurels,

we may hope; but, for a time, at least, to renew the associations of home and country. No doubt she needs repose from her arduous and almost unremitted devotion to her favorite pursuit during her European pupilage. While she was in Rome, almost the only relaxation she permitted herself, was a daily gallop on the Campagna. I used frequently to meet her there, during my rides with other gentlemen, accompanied only by her well-known countrywoman, Miss Cushman, the *tragedienne*, and our friend, "Grace Greenwood."

Since I had the honor to address you, an old and valued friend of mine lives only in the history of his country. Is it Madame de Stael who says that other peoples hold to us somewhat the relation of *posterity*, in their capacity to judge of us impartially? Viewed from such a standpoint, it is safe to say that few American statesmen have more honorably distinguished themselves during the last twenty years than William L. Marcy. More polished pens than mine will do justice to his profound political sagacity and honesty of purpose.* For me, I have most pleasure in recalling him as I best knew him—as a personal friend, and in private life. Well did I understand the genuine kindness of nature that lay beneath the manner, simple almost to roughness at times, of this sturdy diplomatist. At this moment I recall a wholly insignificant but characteristic illustration of his instinctively active benevolence. While sitting near him, at church, when we were both young men, comparatively, a lady suddenly fainted in the pew before him. Marcy rose instantly, and, taking up the sinking form in his herculean grasp, quietly bore the sufferer into the vestibule, with the same self-possession and ease, apparently, with which he would have sustained an infant. A moment after, having relinquished the care of the lady to her female friends, the future statesman had rescued himself, in his peculiarly unostentatious way, with his family.

How truly was his an *athanasia*! Envious, was it not? A gentle monition that the "golden cord" was loosened, and then it was instantly sundered! Emphatically, his "house was set in order;" a long life had been devoted to the public service, and the veteran had laid off his armor. He purposed now, his duties done, to see other portions of this minute portion of the universe. Hence, on spirit wings, he was free to penetrate the infinitudes of boundless space. A letter to a friend—finished, like his career—an

open volume; these alone gave token of the occupation of the last moments of time. What book was that, think you? He had a great liking for Milton, and read him often. Perchance, some sublime words from his favorite poet were in his thoughts as sublimer realities burst suddenly upon his soul! Forgive my lingering thus on

"The narrow stairs
That wind to heaven."

When old friends, grown dearer as time has thinned the ranks of youthful associates, make the painful discovery, that

"Just at the landing, they missed one another," something may be pardoned to the lingering gaze that reviews the past.

Even this remote and secluded valley is not wholly unhonored by the presence of celebrities from our own State. I hear that Miss —, the author, is quietly ruralizing, in almost entire solitude, among the mines, in the wildest part of this valley. She has the pleasure of your acquaintance, I think.

They tell some amusing stories here of the Hon. Miss M—, the English traveler. She visited the Tioga Valley, with a bishop as her escort, and attended by a large body-guard of her own sex. Her peculiarities of dress, manner and habits were, you may believe, matters of curious observation to the fair critics who came in contact with her. These legends have not decreased in piquancy, I fancy, by the lapse of time, and will long make part of the traditional lore of the vicinity.

Dipping into Bayard Taylor's pleasant Letter from London, at breakfast, this morning, in a Tribune of several days' antiquity, I was reminded, by his description of his visits to Leigh Hunt and Tennyson, of the much higher degree of *esprit du corps* prevailing among literary people, as a class, in Europe than here. Indeed, I must take leave to say that our *savans* are, as a rule, both unsocial in their habits and unobservant of the requisitions of polite life. Only the other day, I happened to fall in with a man of some little note among scientific people of his acquaintance, who was positively rude in his neglect of one of the two ladies in the company, in his overstrained endeavors to be civil to the other.

Oddly enough, a recent letter from a playful lady-correspondent has this passage apposite to my own experience: "What sort of biped, pray, Colonel, is the animal yclept '*a geologist*'?" I have had the misfortune to encounter a nondescript so named, in my wanderings of late, whose *gaucheries* would have been

* History will preserve the fact that he is added to the little band of distinguished Americans who have died on our national anniversary day.

oppressive even to so unexact a stranger as myself, had I not accidentally learned that he was not only a New Englander, but a preacher. Then the secret of his repeated violations of good-breeding was out! Our precious countrymen away down East may serve the "Nine"—some one or more of the fair band—but they are too often wholly innocent of doing even passing homage to the *Graces*. And this "geologist," as the oracle of some little village circle, had doubtless acquired his Johnsonian habit of dealing forth his opinions without consideration for what other persons might think, and, perhaps, desire to say, did his monologue admit of occasional interruption—or, rather, cessation. More than once, Professor B.—whose charming conversation, when occasionally vouchsafed us, always inspires me with the wish, like poor Oliver Twist, to ask for more—whispered to me, during these inflictions, "What would your friend, Col. Lunettes, say?"

HUSH! CARL.

BY MARY FOREST.

WELL, look into my eyes, Carl—

Look, till the tears come up!

Challenge their blue with your pitiless gray,

While doubt, the cold plummet, is sinking away

To the heart's still deep;

Ay, look adown my heart, Carl,

Look till the tears spring up—

But hush! have a care

For the dear ones there;

A breath or a quiver

The silence will shiver—

Hush! let them sleep!

Are they not beautiful, Carl,

Under their veil of mist,

The pure white arms of a virginal love

Folding its hope as a weary dove,

And both in a dream of peace?

Breathe softly above them, Carl,

Let them sleep on in the mist;

It is fairer so,

It is holier so—

It is sweet to wait

By the crystal gate

With even a dream of peace.

The streamlet sings as it flows, Carl,

Its pebbles lie up in the sun;

But the roll of the ocean is silent and strong,

And down in its innermost caverns belong

The snow-white pearls

My love, like those beauteous gems, Carl,

Shall slumber away from the sun;

There, trust in me now—

Carl, turn away now—

I will not brook

That burning look

On my snow-white pearls.

New York, October, 1857.

Editor's Studio.

PUBLIC OPINION.—In Europe, what is in this country denominated public opinion can hardly be said to exist. Where the rule is in the hands of the minorities, who comprise the wealth, learning, and much of the intelligence of the several countries, the wishes or opinions of the masses being little known, are consequently little regarded till some great revulsion forces them upon the attention of the world. Kings, aristocrats, and priests, have thus controlled the channels of thought, so that man as man, struggling, striving and aspiring, has been able to make himself heard and felt only spasmodically.

Not so here, in our beautiful Republic, where we have released ourselves from the thralldom of caste, and the disabilities of an established church. We have here truly a public opinion; that is, an impression of the will of the people, pervading the country like an intangible atmosphere, felt and acknowledged, but difficult to define. Often, also, exhibiting itself in sudden outbreaks, and crude, unexpected manifestations, showing not a wholesome, reliable, or christianized people, but a people much in earnest; a live people, self-reliant, independent, and assuredly tending to that which is true and ennobling. This is well and hopeful. We recognize this vitality as a good thing in itself, and a sign of better things to come. "Better is a live dog than a dead lion."

Now, such being the facts in our experience, there springs at once from this state of things a profound responsibility, resting upon the shoulders of every man and woman of the country, in the matter of this public opinion.

The pulpit rules in a less degree than formerly in our country. Its minister wins little if any more respect than the cultivated merchant, or the educated man of any other rank in life. When sickness or death visits our families he is sent for, because it is his speciality to bestow spiritual aid and comfort; but rarely, indeed, does a man of any mental caliber affect to square his opinions with what is every Sunday dispensed from the pulpit. There is, comparatively, little of that old-fashioned coddling of the "parson" by foolish women, which formerly kept the class so rotund, sleek, arrogant, and conceited. A clergyman, in our day, needs to be very much of a man. His prestige of office being less, he now runs the hazard of being a mere stump speaker, a political tool, or a scrambler after the loaves and fishes, and thus altogether losing sight of

his true vocation, which is to *christianize public opinion*.

We do not believe the man who talks of revolvers and pistols, or goes about the country lecturing about "gentlemen," and talks pedantically about scholarship, or writes critiques upon operas and theaters, is the man who has found his vocation, when he stands periodically in the pulpit to talk elegantly upon doctrines which, if he truly believed, would lead to a totally different mode of life and action. Yes, we assert, that did these preachers really believe that sinners are rushing headlong to eternal destruction; that the bottomless pit is yawning for victims; that Satan is going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour (for this is the doctrine they preach); did they believe, with any thing that deserves the name of belief, they could no more lead the lives they now lead than Niagara could stay itself on the slippery round of its mighty fall. They would and must throw themselves into some fervency of effort to arrest the misery, and death, and eternal perdition, in which they believe. They could not rest, day nor night, while a single thing was left undone. They would scale Heaven with importunate prayers, and traverse the earth with martyr zeal, and lay down their lives in the work of winning souls to Heaven; yea, Christ-like, and apostle-like, they would stand, as it were, outside of God's mercy, and light, and love, if so be man might find redemption.

It is the latent, pervading skepticism of the church itself, which has led to the low standard of religious feeling in the country. The skepticism of the people must be laid at the door of the church. We have a right to look to it for the making of Christ-like opinions in the world, and it does not do it. Preachers do not believe their own preaching, in which case they are hypocrites, or if they do believe, they are none the less culpable for their supineness under the tremendous perils of man. Thus the watchmen upon the temple of Zion sleep, or are idle at their post, or have abandoned the citadel that they may gather apples and pomegranates in the delectable gardens, or cull roses in Armida bowers, eating the lotus by forbidden streams, and man finds salvation as best he may.

The foolish pedantry, too, of the pulpit, has undermined the faith of the people in the Holy Scriptures. When the beautiful Hindoo, Rahmuhun Roy, translated for the use of his caste "the precepts of Jesus," he did as best he could—and it was well done, also—what would contribute to the making of Christ-like opinions in India. He

recognized the divine harmony, the heavenly beauty of those sayings of him who spake as never man spake, and placed them where their sphere of influence would be enlarged. Our own clergy might take a hint from this example. It is no comfort to a simple soul who believes in the ministry of angels to be told that the word should in many cases be interpreted a "spy," an "emissary," thus casting down his whole superstructure of a spiritual intelligence ministering to his needs, and comforting him in his Gethsemanes. And, again, when he pins his faith upon some doctrine, which is as an anchor to the soul, it is no confirmation of his faith to be assured that that identical passage is an interpolation, nor does it confirm his confidence in the Scriptures—which he is told that he that runneth may read, and so plain that the blind, though a fool, need not err therein—to be assured that great learning is requisite to rightfully understand and preach them.

We might say more upon this head, but our design is not to preach a sermon, but to indicate the foolishness of the clergy, in thus dragging down the beautiful temple of truth, and crushing the multitude in its fall, only that they may magnify the benefits of learning at the expense of religion.

Lawyers rarely make public opinions of any kind. They are content to interpret the laws, and to enhance its labyrinthine perplexities without much advancing human good. Our judges, who grow out of this class, to their honor be it said, generally indicate a leaning to the higher spirit embodied in all law, and by their opinions and decisions, lean unmistakably to what is human, if not Christ-like.

Other professions, having less to do with the interpretation of human sentiments or passions, need not be named at present, and we come to the profession of editor, which, in our country, is the great medium for the manufacture of public opinion. The position of editor is second to no other in the country. The clergy, feeling the potency of the press, have been too ready to annex it to the pulpit, and hence we have a multitude of clerical editors, who preach dull sermons, or crude, flippant ones of a Sunday, that they may write long columns in some weekly which nobody reads. It would be better for the people, did they stipulate that their minister should stick to his calling, and if he find himself oppressed by superabundant energy, or a crowding of ideas, he should expend them in training the youth of the congregation, as the fine old clergy did in the olden time. We believe the people have much to learn in this way.

An editor, then, holds the most responsible position of any man in the country. He makes and unmakes at his pleasure. He is the President-maker, and the originator of every official, from the President and his Cabinet down to the humblest "justice of the quorum." Often the characters of half the community are at his mercy. The delinquent preacher, the unjust judge, the treacherous physician, the fraudulent banker, the dishonest merchant, the frail woman, all tremble before him. He holds the key, which, if he dare turn, lets in the hounds of the law, or the barking dogs which shall arouse public odium, and startle the multitude to execration.

Such being the fact, when an ignorant or ill-judging man assumes the profession, he may do much—it may be, incalculable harm; but when a bad man does so, he spreads a moral miasma about him which is fatal to all that is wholesome within the sphere of his influence. Seated like a bloated spider in his lair, he spreads his lures, and when some poor, weak victim is caught in the snare, he is as remorseless as the reptile to which we have likened him. It is not the mere words of a man that corrupt—it is the tone which pervades him; and unless a man or a woman—for we have some hundred women editors in the country—have a nice adjustment to what is true and beautiful, they are not fit to sit in the chair editorial, and unconsciously their paper lends itself to what is mediocre, if not ignoble, in sentiment.

Editors are the great compounders of public opinion, and to them many errors may be clearly traced. They often mistake their office, and deal in the most atrocious personalities, whereas they have no right to intermeddle with private character, only so far as the individual has put himself clearly out of the pale of privacy or sympathy, by the commission of crimes. If a man choose to assume a speciality, in any department, the editor has no right to go behind that fact for the expression of opinion. He has nothing to do with the person, only so far as he does well or ill in the department assumed. Whether the individual be morally good or bad, is no concern of his, in relation to the manifestation such may make, unless the said manifestation be in itself a bad thing. If in itself demoralizing, he should say it, plainly and manfully; and the editor must bear in mind that the strictures in which he may indulge give the key at once to his own mental and moral proclivities, and his influence is lasting in proportion to his capacity and integrity.

As critic, the editor's position is one of great

importance to the public, and he has no right to carry his private animosities into the field of literature. If he cannot judge from the standpoint of art, he is incompetent to his position—if he be without that nice adjustment of perception and judgment, meliorated by a sympathetic heart, he will miss the best opportunities of giving tone to literary opinion. The miserable practice of indiscriminate puffing, so prevalent in the country, is as much to be deprecated as the cut-and-thrust system so much in vogue by some of our critics, who should, and do know that they are abusing the public mind.

We believe an editor should read and understand the elements of thought among us, and be like him who stands winnowing grain, scattering the chaff to the four winds, while the wholesome fruitage is carefully husbanded. The opinions of writers, of artists, of preachers, are open to his judgment, for while personalities are to be avoided, the opinions of any and every class of persons made public, are the lawful property of that public, to discuss and examine in all their bearings, that it may know whether their influence be salutary or pernicious upon the mind. From this stand-point, we feel at liberty to speak with candor and freedom of the opinions of our cotemporaries, and thus it is that we hope "Emerson" will exert a salutary influence upon public opinion.

WHO ARE OUR EDUCATORS?—No man or woman of the enlightened portion of any nation, and no one gifted by nature with strong sense, though himself denied the benefits of learning, will for a moment dispute with you the importance of *education*, taken in its technical meaning, as one stage in the growth of young minds toward the ripeness of skilled and experienced age. Is not the soul of infancy an "unwritten tablet?" We have so heard; and we cannot question the dictum. We have our own reasons for believing that the epithet "unwritten" is, in mature life, no longer applicable. Contact with toil and men, and that severer test, contact with ourselves, the hard hand of necessity, the ever-present voice of society, the open page of nature, perhaps the blandishments of literature, or the solid delights of knowledge—all these crowd at the open window of the expanding mind, and dart inward their subtle rays; and what pictures do they not burn in upon the sensitive curtains of that mysterious, darkened chamber!

All are educated in some way. But the technical education is to be the seedling of wheat instead of tares. It promises *so much*, and we expect much of it. It is to fit the prattling boy,

as he hardens in life's experience into the rugged earnestness of manhood, to enact his part with honor, and enable him to throw some weight into the scale of justice, good order, and progress. It is to contribute in him another step toward the enlargement and amelioration of the character of his species. It is to replace the simple frivolity of the girl with the intelligent, well-poised discretion of the woman. It is to furnish the worker, the thinker, the leader in commerce, art or invention, the statesman, and, in turn, the teacher of a new generation, with their several charts and implements. It points their way; at least, it aims to do so; and, whether by extending or contracting, it, more than most other influences, sets limits to their career. Whether through schools or self-instruction, its importance is attested by the universality of the efforts made for its accomplishment, and the large amount of the time, care, and cash of human beings which it demands and swallows. It professes to be the guiding-hand charged to lead man to an estate wherein he shall be "but little lower than the angels."

Is not education, rightly understood, all of this? If it is not, should it not be? It is not enough to reply that the routine of the schools dwarfs originality, although it does so. Men, as a race, have far higher need of a rounded and methodized completeness than of a salient originality; even though, for those who have most of this latter, it is the better possession. Nor is it enough to reply that the true education is that in which one awakened and energetic mind is both learner and instructor; although this, also, is true. The work is still an informing of ignorance, otherwise in danger of being profound, and an ordering and subjection to control of weaknesses and waywardness, otherwise in danger of annulling all manhood.

For are we not told that education is *development*—the unfolding, and harmonizing, and strengthening of the whole being, physical and moral, as well as intellectual? Every pedagogue will tell you this—has, indeed, often said this—for it has unwittingly become a staple thought with all pedagogues, from the master in the college to the humblest subaltern who "boards around" his district, sleeping in primitive garrets, and finding solace in his basket of fried cakes and pickled cucumbers. And the worst is they do not one of them suspect that this captivating truism should be no more uttered—*first*, because it is threadbare already; and *secondly*, because it is dishonored by never being put in practice. The very boys will repeat this pretty conceit; but the boys, of all

persons, ought to know that it is a "will-o'-the-wisp," and an India-rubber logic, that stretches and contracts again, to suit the user. We do not say that education should *not* be this universal development. Most truly it should be. It should instruct every muscle of the youthful body, and lay tasks on it, too; it should teach will and passion to play in harmony with those faithful workers, the digestive, secreting, circulatory, and breathing organs that perform constantly for the sustentation of the mind the most needful offices; it should educate his love, and hope, and justice, and cunning, and fidelity, and worship—for man is many in one—his senses and observing powers, his imagination and reason.

Toward accomplishing all this, we hear, indeed, of some partial efforts—some distant approaches. We rejoice over so much. But our complaint is that we were but lately well nigh persuaded to believe that this needful step had been, or surely was just to be, taken. We were cajoled into the belief that "*development of the whole man*"—so the phrase runs—was now fairly on the eve of inauguration. Show us the school in which this is done! Name the teacher so far released from the shackles of public opinion, of his own sluggishness and "fogysm," of real ignorance and indifference as to the actual conditions determining the physical, intellectual, and moral well-being of his pupils, as to arise from a tussle with "imaginary quantities" and "absolute roots," and go out to a tussle with their brawn and sinew, directing them meantime how far and in what way to exert their strength, and when to desist, in order to reach and not overpass the highest mark of manliness! Oh, Utopia! do not "honored preceptors" still sit cuddling their weaknesses, while "promising pupils" go sauntering into their graves with the ever-repeated *too little* and *too much* of unenlightened appetite, indolence and passion? And when shall a change come?

We have had eulogies in plenty on our school system, its officers, and all its appurtenances. We have been told of the grand destiny of our great Republic; and of the admirably made-up citizens, *in posse*, that stood waiting to step into its high places and its fat offices. We have been pointed to the triumphs of art and intelligence; and the last cadenza in the pean always fell gracefully on the brow of the genius of our common schools. To be sure, we have left off the nomadic life of our ancestors, and no longer, as a rule, drive our women, like them, to the field. To be sure, we are not Tartars nor Timboos; but is there not something more? Do

none of our young men and maidens go out from the very rose-blush of existence into the still grave? Do so few of the living foolishly prefer vice to virtue, dishonesty to staunch integrity, the bankruptcy of their own purity and power to an unsullied name and a noble success, that it is no longer worth our while to seek after higher steps in the problem of youthful training and development? If we have been dreaming, let us awake and look at a few realities.

We need not name again the unfortunate teacher in this city whose rash good intentions opened the way for a series of developments that might well startle our eulogists from their propriety. *That name* is no longer a *proper*, but a *common noun*—the title of a class, it seems, but too largely represented among us. In a fortunate hour—fortunate in the end for our school system, we mean—a blundering letter to the New York Tribune, and a savage editorial retort, tore aside the veil, and scores of snug incompetents stood, as they did not count on being, exposed. The country was aroused; and, for a part, at least, it has answered the question, Who are our educators?

We have suddenly learned, what we ought to have known before, if we had but remembered how among us nepotism lords it over fitness, and how the quality of all our purchases is regulated by the price we are willing to pay—that scores of our teachers, in schools, low, high, and highest, are ignorant of the commonest degree of accurate acquaintance with their mother tongue, are unskilled and boorish, and in the most charitable view, wholly incompetent and grossly unfit to stand in the places into which they have smuggled themselves. Nay, we learn of some who enter their schools drunken and offensive. School officers in this city are found to carry this peculiar class of qualifications a point further. They repay the distinguished generosity of the artists, Thalberg and D'Angri, with a presentation ceremony interlarded with hiccoughs, bombast, and stupid leers. The picture is humiliating. But the committee of teachers crown the scene by substituting for a chaste and heartfelt expression of thanks, a sophomoric display of vapid rhetoric and spoiled theology.

It even comes out that the commonest elements of genteel culture are in decay among us. There are fewer gentlemen, business men, correspondents of all kinds, who write well-spelled, fairly-constructed, and properly-punctuated epistles, than formerly. Collegiate professors indite awkward botches, un-*"courtuous"*—ly styling themselves "professors," and bewailing their *"salery."* Government officials everywhere

among us suffer under like inconveniences; but many of these think their syntactical trespasses venial—they have been so absorbed in active pursuits (*of Government pay!*), that they have had no time since they arrived at manhood for self-cultivation; thus tacitly admitting that the boy's schooling is not expected to accomplish what it pretends to. AND IT DOES NOT; the proofs throng on us on every hand. Even well-meaning men actually came forward lately and palliated the blunders in spelling and grammatical construction of the first teacher in one of the highest institutions of the greatest city in our country! They said his letter was written "in haste;" it was "respectful," even if misspelled; and a "revision" would probably have called the writer's attention to its errors! We take the position, simply, that no man who *needs to revise* the orthography or obvious syntactical relations even of what he writes in haste and under the pressure of circumstances, was ever fit to have reached so high a position. The unfitness that can indite such blunders is *radical*, and no accidental or temporary haze of the judgment; and this fact forms the real condemnation of the party in question. One generous soul even defends this delinquent on the score of his "having been so long a teacher!" So might a case-hardened rogue excuse his peccadilloes by pleading that he had so long been dependent on his peculiar line of business for a livelihood.

One fact more: our colleges are founded and sustained at an immense outlay of time, labor, and money; they are upheld in many cases by liberal endowments, or by frequent donations; they are provided with libraries, cabinets, apparatus; they are stocked with instructors, of whom, if some are bogglers, others are among the first literary and scientific names in our country. What, now, is the fruit of this great outlay? Why, that *five-sixths* of all the present attendants on these seats of learning look upon college life chiefly in the light of a "jolly good time," had at the expense of somebody other than themselves—that they smoke, drink, ride, and trust to the luck of impudence, and the aid of a "pony" to get safely through their recitations, and for their degree to the influence of their *house*, or the tacit understanding that the payment of their money and the serving of their time entitles them in due process to graduation. These hopeful scions manducate pennuts in the class-room, and look upon the "common branches" with hearty contempt. But question them, and you find that while they have not the most distant conception of the course of study and thought that marks a high intellectual ca-

reer, they are equally guiltless of an acquaintance with the spelling or construction of their own language, the indispensable elementary truths of science, or with history, polity, or letters of their own or preceding times. "I declare," said a smooth-checked *junior*, of nineteen, in our hearing the other day, "it makes little difference whether the fellows study or not; they all seem to graduate." He had himself prepared for college in *two years*, and then entered *two years in advance*!

Thus we have pointed to some of the evils of our existing schools and scholastic methods. They are no light matters; but deserving of reflection and action. If we speak of *causes* or *remedies*, it must be at a future time.

BOOK-MAKING.—As we turn over the pages of the few books upon our table, we are forcibly reminded of a remark made once by Dr. Channing, in relation to a volume of poems of a certain author, who shall be nameless—"Poor but pious."

Truly, we have fallen into the very lees of literature; in these times of monetary depression, the publishers are doing little or nothing. They bring out, now and then, a work, in mitigation of our intellectual famine, which they are sure would not sell at any other time—upon the principle that "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." We have several volumes of poems upon our table, in which the authors remind us of young deer whose horns are tenderly budding. Whether any thing will come of them, time will determine; and far be it from us to launch the hunter's (critic's) shaft which shall nip the hopes of promise.

Our writers of poetry are far too facile; they mistake sentimentality for ideas, and a fluidness of language, very sweet in itself, for poetry, and a narrative of events, for the delineation of passions. A poet is the crystalization of the ages; he is the diamond among gems—the pearl amid sea-shells—the amber from the secret caves of the ocean—Hesperus amid the congregated stars. To write verses is not to write poetry, any more than to speak English is to understand its elaborate subtleties—

"The well of English undefiled."

It is a glad, fearful thing to be a poet, and before such the head should be uncovered sooner than before kings. Michael Angelo was a poet in marble, and color, and in words, for he wrought at the material till the adamantine rocks were plastic as wax under the spell of the mighty soul which breathed into them the breath of life. Milton and Shakespeare have written;

Dante looks forth sadly from the ages—why should we blow our penny trumpets, and thus lose the august sounding of great anthems?

Ticknor & Fields publish the poems of *Rosa Johnson*. They are the effusions of a pure, beautiful nature—tender utterances of maternal love, intimations of deep yearningness, such as will visit the finite reaching for the infinite—a struggle, a pang, a pervading sense of something incomplete, such as all women feel, more or less, whose souls are enlarged; but she brings no oracle, nothing that will make her name an aspiration. We wish it were otherwise, for we wait and listen, and long, even with a sickness at the heart, for the clear, melodious voice of woman, heard sounding sweet as a silver lute, adown the steep of time. God grant we may hear it audibly, as we do not fail to hear it by the mental sense!

The volume of poems before us is embellished with a portrait of the author—a tender, sad face, full of loveliness, showing the woman to be in herself a finer poem than any which words will express.

Sheldon & Blakeman publish the *Sermons* of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who at the present time is electrifying the people of England, in quite a new and refreshing manner. He is evidently a man of the right stamp, earnest, sincere and pious—a man who believes in God, in Christ, and in himself, which is our map for a man to believe in—most especially the latter, for unless a man have faith in himself, and in his mission, nobody else will. As a consequence, Spurgeon appeals to his hearers in a straightforward manner. Believing them to be threatened with eternal damnation, he does not pelt them with rose leaves; on the contrary, he sometimes rises to the dignity of poetic inspiration, and thunders his appeals after the manner of a Wesley or a Whitfield. Egotistic he is, illogical it may be, declamatory even upon the verge of bombast; and yet there is a spirit and a power in these sayings of his which the people will feel and acknowledge, and which is better than a thousand finespun sermons addressed to a sleepy audience lolling upon velvet.

Mr. Spurgeon has not failed to provoke the ire of smooth-spoken divines—even the princely Kingsley cannot refrain a shaft; but if a man does a good work in the world, he must expect to wear the crown of the martyr, or he is no worker in the Lord's vineyard; but so long as the tide of public corruption is staid by his means, if he be an honest, earnest man, he will not feel the pangs of his martyrdom.

The introduction by the author to the Ameri-

can public is not a little curious, so completely does it show the quality of the man. The following is well said, and is timely, also. It is addressed to the "Brethren in the land of the West :—"

"May the old faith of the men from whose loins ye sprang be ever nourished among you. Ye are unfettered ; no State Church spreads its upas shade over your churches, and no reverence for antiquated errors checks your progress. Let a brother beseech you to maintain the faith once delivered to the saints, whole and inviolable."

ROSA BONHEUR.—A picture designed to represent the Horse Fair, by this artist, so truly remarkable in the field she has assumed, is now on exhibition at the rooms of Messrs. Williams & Stevens. Rosa Bonheur is to the domestic animal what Landseer is to the hound and stag. Each leaves all competition out of the question. A whole tragedy underlies one of the pictures of Landseer, and we suspect something like a comedy is hidden under the Horse Fair of Rosa Bonheur. We advise artists to go and learn of this woman rare lessons in foreshortening and grouping. Every horse is alive with action. The dark bay, upon the left comes down upon you with a solid poise and handsome trot, as if he had red blood in his veins. Heads of horses are in the back ground, each one as distinctive as human portraits. One could tell the qualities of every horse in the picture, from the keen black head in the distance which is very likely to throw his rider, down to the demure little sorrel in the foreground, which hardly presumes to turn up the white of its eyes at the black stallion and white filly so prominent in the center. There is life and action, and a vein of humor not to be mistaken, in the picture. The foreshortening of these animals, the natural fling of hoof and flank as they recede, is truly wonderful. At the right is a boy, bareheaded and shaggy, mounted upon a Rosinante, whose pitiful shanks would excite pity, were it not for the rollicking spirit of the rider, who has put the beast to his mettle.

Look at the grooms of this picture, and it is evident she is at home in other departments, for the figures are such as we have all seen a thousand times, and most of us have slipped a shilling into their hands for holding horses. Over all is a warm, cheery atmosphere, which showers sunlight upon the dusty way, and lights up now a bit of crimson housing, now a purple ribbon, anon a blue jacket or jaunty tassel, in a truly artistic manner.

We are told that Rosa Bonheur is a small, elegant woman, and the friend of Landseer. She is devoted to her art, and handles her subjects with a force and boldness unrivaled even in the other sex. The exhibition of her picture is opportune at this time, when an enthusiasm for art is beginning to manifest itself by the women of our country. It is to be hoped that no obstacles will be thrown in their way, in the prosecution of their studies. We have been told that some of the younger artists have shown a want of liberality in regard to the admission of women to the honors and privileges of institutions designed to aid artists—a term including both sexes. We regret that this should be the case, for we had hoped that, as a people, we were emerging from this crudeness and barbarism. We had hoped that genius would be honored as God's commission to work, and that gentle courtesy, if not manly recognition, would be extended to its aid.

HINT FOR A BISHOP.—At the recent Episcopal Convention held in this city, Bishop Potter, in the course of his annual address, urged the establishment of "ragged schools," as they are sometimes called, that the extreme poor children might be cleansed from their filth, and looked after a little more ; for if sent to public schools, they would see the world above them shrink from them, and they in turn would shrink back into themselves, and keep from those who shunned them because of their filth and wretchedness. No one will doubt the goodness of intent which underlies the suggestion, but we have had much opportunity to know the working of this system of "ragged schools," and very much doubt the wisdom of the institution in a country like ours. The Episcopal Church, it is true, by its benefactions trains up a class of young churchmen, in the same way that the Roman Catholic, by its own exclusive system of education, keeps fast hold of her own neophytes ; but, in the view of a broader democracy, we apprehend that both modes are pernicious, being calculated to breed sectarianism at the expense of republicanism.

These children of the "ragged schools" are, we believe, degraded by the system meant to befriend them. No child, however humble, is demeaned by an acceptance of the ample provisions of the public made for the education of the masses. He is there associated with his peers ; his dress may be bad, but he does not regard it, for the children of the poor are tinged with but little of that snobbishness in such matters so prevalent in those of a higher rank, in a

pecuniary point of view. They laugh at a rent; and have no feeling at the most "shocking bad hat," or no hat at all, while the sense of equality, the unmistakable progress in ideas, is a source of pride with them. The smartest boys and the most effective girls are those bred at our common schools.

Now, if these excellent men and women, who are emulous to do a good work, would but modify their benefaction, a wholesome benefit might result therefrom. Let them, as now, in their heavenly charity seek out these poor neglected children from the dens and cellars in which they congregate, and having "cleansed them from their filth," and clothed them in decent garments, place them in the public schools of the several districts to which they belong. There they would be faithfully instructed, and run no risk of being included in a caste. No degrading epithet would designate them. They would be simply young democrats, making their way up the difficult steep of learning—not "ragged scholars," to be exhibited in processions, and pointed out as marvels of redemption. It is true, these good people would lose the opportunity of an interesting show, but then the nature of the child would be more reverently and tenderly recognised, by the simple process which we suggest.

MACHIAVEL AND SPIRITUALISM.—We were reading an old copy of Machiavel when we lighted upon his theory of spiritualism, and we quote it, not that it is new, but because it is old, and serves to show how far gone our people must have been in skepticism when the modern school arose. By the way, our copy of Machiavel is in excellent preservation, the type handsome, and the style of the book by no means unhandsome, although printed in 1675, a hundred years before our Revolution:

"How it comes about I know not, but by ancient and modern example it is evident that no great accident befalls a city or province, but it is presaged by divination, or prodigy, or astrology, or some way or other; and, that I may not go far for my proof, every one knows what was foretold by Friar Giralomo Savonarola before the expedition of Charles VIII into Italy; besides which, it was reported all over Tuscany, that there were armed men seen fighting in the air over the town of Arezzo, and that the clashing of their arms in the conflict was heard by the people.

"How these things could be, is to be discoursed by persons well versed in causes of natural and supernatural events; for my part, I

VOL. V—35.

will not pretend to understand them, unless (according to the opinion of some philosophers) we may believe that the air being full of intelligences and spirits, who, foreseeing future events and commiserating the condition of mankind, give them warning by these kind of intimations, that they may the more timely provide and defend themselves against their calamities. But whatever is the cause, *experience assures us* that after such demonstrations some extraordinary thing or other does constantly happen."

The work from which we make the above extract was published in 1515. Machiavel is probably less generally understood than any writer who has made politics or the science of human government a study. He took a savage pleasure in exhibiting the intrigues of tyrants and oppressors, at a time when democratic ideas could only be indirectly presented; hence the pungency of his sarcasm. A man who had been subjected by a suspicious Government to the tortures of the rack, is likely to learn discretion in the use of words. Machiavel had a grim way of exhibiting his tyrannical proclivities, and it is not difficult to see the tendency of his scope of thought. In religion, men are fond of calling him a scoffer, because he said "he would rather go to hell than heaven, because of the better company he should find in the former. For, whereas in Paradise he should find only beggars, poor monks, hermits and apostles, in the infernal regions he should live with popes and cardinals, kings and princes."

THE IMP OF THE OFFICE.—The Greeks gave us the winged Mercury as the patron of letters and the dispenser of eloquence; but that was in the days when he who embodied beautiful or significant ideas went out in the highways, and by the Hybla of his tongue induced the people to listen. That was in the palmy days of poetry and rhetoric, when the touch of the lute called up the responsive nerve, and the flow of the human voice was more potent than the sword of the soldier. Then men had not been demoralized by hurdy-gurdies and printer's ink.

The winged Mercury, lithe, beautiful, and instinct with intelligence, contrasts strangely with the little, misshapen, black imp which, from the days of Faust, has been installed over modern letters, under the name of "printer's devil"—one of the most tricky, malicious, and incorrigible of sprites, who delights in turning ideas topsy-turvy, and making editors say what they never dreamed of saying, and holding back the very pith of what they had designed to say.

He nips eloquence in the bud, travesties pathos, and turns a joke into such melancholy as would do the heart of Jaques good, who could

"Suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs."

In saying these things of the imp of the printing office, we must confess somewhat. We are vulnerable, to our shame be it said, in the matter of chirography. The masters of the art would look at our hieroglyphics with consternation. We blush to our fingers' ends, as we glance up the page—at the signs of our ideas, which have nothing to redeem them but a certain straightness of line, which could do no less than follow our integrity of purpose.

We can easily imagine how the grotesque imp would distort himself into all possible shapes, in trying to decipher our meaning, and we could find it in our heart to pardon even his malice, under the provocation we give him. But, when we had designed to make, as in our last number, a quotation from the Bard of Avon, as clear and palpable as the nose upon one's face, which ran in this wise, and which we had thought to render plain by a most careful rounding of o's and critical crook of b's—

"Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmion,"

judge, then, of our horror to find the passage in this wise, for our hundred thousand readers to open their optics wonderingly upon :

"Whack birt that day

Which I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Clarissa*."

We saw at once the imp of the office whisking and careering from floor to rafter, after concocting that precious piece of mischief.

Then, again, we wished to say, simply enough, that Pegasus is the worst horse in the team, because, of course, he is not designed to drag and mull in the furrow, being winged like the immortals; and the imp made us say the worst "dog," instead of the beast we designed. The sin of calling *cream-laid* paper, "crown-laid," and a few atrocities of the same kind, are quite venal, after what we have cited.

A FINE SENTIMENT.—Gurowski, in his recent work, "America and Europe," utters some passages worthy of a poet. In a chapter in which he defends democracies from the charges brought against them by monarchists and aristocrats, who are the natural foes of democracy, he makes the following just remark :

"Democracies once in normal political motion—that is, when no violent, treacherous im-

pediments are thrown in their way—are neither vindictive nor aggressive, but elastic, confiding, unsuspicious, good-tempered; that is to say, aiming and wishing to enjoy life, and to let others do likewise. Democracies, in their normal state, are the everlasting youth of humanity. Democracies have never, not on a single occasion, betrayed a country. Aristocracies, not democracies, join invaders and foreign enemies. Aristocracies create anarchy, and bring final destruction. Not the plebeians, but the patri-cians of Rome, received gold from Jugurtha; and so it has always been in history."

THE BIRD OF THE WRECK.—On the 12th of September, 1857, the little Norwegian bark Ellen, Captain Johnson, was buffeting the storm and stemming the waves of an angry sea, between the Gulf Stream and the coast of Virginia, when, just as night came on, a strange bird flew across the deck and brushed against the captain's face. He still flew about the vessel, and three times came in contact with the captain's face or head. The captain, as most sailors are prone to do, considered it an *omen*, and changed the course of his vessel *three points*.

He continued on his new course till about midnight, when he suddenly heard human voices from the dark surges of the ocean crying for help. He was in the midst of the floating survivors of four or five hundred persons who, four hours before, had been swept from the decks of the steamer Central America as she sunk to "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean." Instantly, Captain Johnson brought his vessel to, and with energy, caution, and admirable seamanship, backing and filling through the remainder of the night, guided by the voices of the sufferers, for he could not see them, he succeeded in rescuing about fifty from their watery grave. Somehow or other that strange bird was made the means of saving those lives.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have numerous applications from writers in different parts of the country for employment as regular or occasional contributors to the pages of our Magazine. As we are unable, in many cases, to reply to such applications individually, we wish to say here, in a general way, that such correspondents as do not receive a reply must regard it as an indication that from some cause or other we are unable to accede to their wishes. We have a large amount on hand for the Magazine; but still we examine all matter that is sent to us, and decide upon each article according to its own merits.

Our Window.

We have wheeled our easy-chair to the window, and now let us draw aside the curtain and look out upon the world. The day is very fair, and the cool, clear air of October sends a healthful glow through our Summer-heated veins. The sun shines brightly, but with only a grateful warmth—we have no need to shrink from its whilom scorching rays. Our bird sings cheerily from his pendant cage; and the little glimpses of immediate nature which we can catch from our window are beautiful and full of peace. Above, the sky is clear and blue, and we see nothing but hidden revelations and undiscovered harmonies in its translucent depths. We shut our ears for the moment to the surging waves of life which are echoing about us, and linger with burning hearts among the higher influences which only super-earthly relations can give us. Every thing in Nature is full of harmony, and only when contemplating through her the great works of Him who guideth all things, only when looking at them with thoughtful and loving eyes, can our souls be in perfect relations with themselves and with the great Unseen.

The great tide of vehicles pours its ceaseless current by our window—the roar of many wheels, the patter of many feet, the hum of many voices, and the clanking of many an iron-shod hoof upon the pavement, all come booming to our ears in one great, combined reverberation, like the dashing of the surf upon the shore.

We bend our eyes upon the living sea, and our heart is sorrowed to mark the anxious brows.

It is morning. The merchant is hurrying to his counting-house,—the tradesman to his store,—the clerk to his desk,—the artisan to his shop, and the needlewoman to her toil. The steady step never flags; but we can see the varied emotions which fill each bosom as they hurry past. There is a great cry that seems to echo upon the air, and although the voices are never heard, yet every one's ears seem deaf to any other sound. Panic—Panic—PANIC! Like a fearful epidemic it is sweeping through the land—from North to South, from East to West—through every State, and county, and town—in every gilded palace and simple home; perhaps—for the future alone can tell—to carry in its train as much of sorrow, and privation, of misery and death, as have followed the great scourges of God—as men have called the cholera, the yellow fever, and the plague.

We wish that we possessed some great power that we might stop every living soul of this God-favored country at a given instant, and bid him turn and face this dragon. We wish that we could take every working man whom daily toil will not permit to study these questions of finance by the hand, and say, "My friend, the bills which you hold are the representative value of the house in which you live, of the railroad on which you travel, of the public buildings which adorn your city, and of the great works of internal improvement of your State; they are good so long as all these shall stand; they are equally as good as the purest California gold so long as all these remain, and are devoted to their proper uses—so long as they are entitled to the credit which they deserve; in short, *so long as these bills are retained in your hands, and are not forced back at an untimely hour for redemption.*" We wish we could say to the capitalist, "Be not afraid; open your strong box, and make a manly use of the 'talents' which fortune hath placed in your keeping. Keep open the doors of your workshops; you are doing a great injury to humanity when you close them; you are teaching labor to look with jealous and malignant eyes upon capital, when you should encourage labor, for it is that which gives you your wealth. Be liberal and indulgent with the manufacturer, the tradesman, the merchant, the publisher, and the carrier, that they, in their turn, may be liberal and indulgent with the countless multitude who look up to them for their daily bread." We wish that we could say to the officers of the great banking institutions of this country, "Take warning by what you see now going on about you, and organize a banking system whose working shall be for the Union what the 'Clearing-House' is to the banks of New York. But, now that the storm is upon you, *better that you sacrifice one half of your capitals, and reduce your stock accordingly, if it be necessary to stop this panic, than to allow it to continue a single day longer.* You wait, perhaps, for gold to come to this country in the natural equalizing of exchanges—true, it will come; but that may be too late. Come together at once, gather your securities—*go abroad and get the gold*; and, if it is necessary, bring a hundred millions, that the people may see for once that *bills are actually gold.*"

We wish we could say to the Government—say to our fellow men, the sons of toil, the anxious merchant, the troubled artisan, whom we are watching from our window—for they are in fact the Government—adopt some system by which the gold of your sub-treasuries may be brought again into its proper channels when the country needs it—as it does now.

And we wish we could say to all men, whether rich or poor—to banker and capitalist, to merchant and manufacturers, to artisan and tradesman, to workman and employé, be patient with one another, be thoughtful for one another, and remember that no one is sufficient for himself—that in the great bond of human brotherhood there is no difference; and that capital is valueless without labor, and labor is bootless without reward. We should remember, too, that God has greatly prospered us as a country and as a nation; that our crops promise to be more abundant than ever before, and that *He* has withheld nothing from us which was necessary for our comfort and support; then if privation, and hunger, and wretchedness should come upon us; if want should steal through our cities and stalk with gaunt strides through our populous manufacturing towns, we should have no one to blame but ourselves; and we cannot say that we had no warning.

Thus, looking from our window, we have been thinking upon the trying times through which we are passing. Never since 1837 has there been so much excitement, and apprehension, and feverish anxiety running through every financial vein in this country. And yet the remedy is very simple, and all would be well could every one adopt it at the instant; it lies in the plain, hopeful, and soothing word "CONFIDENCE."

—But we must look beyond even this great threatening and still accumulating cloud, far out into the world, where great events are transpiring. A month has gone by since we last wrote our window-side reflections. A month made up of fearful records. It makes our heart grow cold with sorrow merely to recount some few of the sad things which we have seen since then. The night of the 12th of September, 1857, will ever be remembered as witnessing one of the most terrible disasters upon the seas which the records of maritime misfortunes have hitherto contained.

On the 8th of September, the United States mail steamer *Central America*, commanded by Lieutenant Herndon, of the United States Navy, left Havana, bound to the port of New York, freighted with more than six hundred souls, some merchandise, and, it is supposed, about two millions of dollars in gold. Soon after leaving port she encountered one of those fearful hurricanes for which our Southern coast has long been noted, and sprung a leak, which continued to gain upon her, until on the 12th all hope of saving the ship was abandoned.

It is in moments of peril and emergency that the true sailor stands out in the heroic light which,

in days gone by, threw a halo of romance about the lives of those "who go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon the mighty waters." We have never seen more noble disinterestedness, cool heroism, calm judgment, and untiring devotion than was displayed by Captain Herndon in the last hours of his command. The circumstances are doubtless familiar to all of our readers, and it is needless for us to recapitulate them; suffice it to say, that after resorting to every expedient which could suggest itself to a skillful seaman, he gave up all hopes of saving his ship; and, encountering the brig *Marine*, which had fortunately fallen in with them, he made preparations to save his passengers. He succeeded in launching three of his boats; and, placing them under the command of trusty officers, he commenced transferring the women and children to the brig. Night came on before the task was fully accomplished, and the last boat which boarded the brig brought the news of the foundering of the steamer. From the crew of this boat, and from some few passengers who were picked up by the bark *Ellen*, the full particulars were obtained of the last fearful scene. The storm was raging violently, and the *Marine* had drifted a long way to leeward. The last boat load of women and children had left the steamer with instructions to the captain of the brig to endeavor to work up to windward nearer to the Central America if possible. Night was closing in, and Captain Herndon stood upon the paddle-box—at one moment encouraging and aiding his crew and passengers in constructing rafts, and then watching, through the gathering gloom, for the return of the absent boats. Suddenly the steamer, which had all this time been settling more and more, gave a heavy roll to leeward, and then a forward plunge, and foundered with "near five hundred souls." Many of the passengers had life-preservers, and floated long after the ship went down; and, by a strange Providence—indeed, the most miraculous thing we have ever heard of the kind—the bark *Helen* sailed through this living sea, and Captain Johnson, her commander, by a remarkable display of seamanship, "backed and filled" his vessel in a dark night through their midst; and, guided by the voices of the drowning men, succeeded in saving about forty lives. It is stated that Captain Herndon was seen after the steamer foundered, supported by a life-preserver, still bearing himself as cheerfully and bravely as when upon the deck of his ship; and that, encountering a gentleman whom he knew, he took off his watch and gave it to him, with the request that he would take it to his wife, with his "affectionate

remembrance"—saying at the same time, that "he was much exhausted by long watching and exposure, and he feared that nature might fail before help could reach them." He has never been heard from since; and, although personally unknown to us, we mourn for him as for a great and noble friend. The magnetism and commanding qualities, as well as chivalrous humanity of his nature, can best be known from the fact that *every woman and child was saved.*

Where can we point to a similar instance? His command of his crew under such trying circumstances was wonderful; and all the men on board of that steamer, whether crew or passengers, displayed a noble disinterestedness and a manly spirit which stamp them as true heroes; but we, from our window, have looked deeply and calmly into the testimonies of that last hour, and we can see the noble Herndon, self-reliant and brave, at his post of command, guiding and directing those five hundred and fifty men, and awakening in them, by the magnetic force of his own high character, the chivalrous determination which made them cry, as with one voice, amid the storm, and with the steamer sinking under their feet, "*the women and the children first.*"

We see sad things from our window sometimes; but from them we learn great lessons of humanity, and we trust that all who look with us may find some profit even from these fearful examples of the "inscrutable ways of Providence."

—The news from India looks more and more discouraging to our English friends. The barbarities practiced by the natives upon unarmed men, and innocent babes, and defenseless children, are enough to curdle our blood with horror, and to lead our thoughts to anticipate for them a fearful retribution. Delhi, the stronghold of the insurgents, still holds out, and in every quarter the mutineers seem gaining head. Lucknow, the capital city of Oude, containing a population of 300,000 Mohammedans, and garrisoned by a small number of British troops, has been taken, and every Englishman massacred. It is said that the enormities committed by the merciless natives exceed belief.

We do not like to think that the glory of our great mother country is on the wane; but we feel that this Indian war bodes her more harm than her people at present believe. England has stood for five hundred years in the foremost ranks of civilization, and has bruted the front of every great battle for political liberty and progress. True, she has not always been generous—often selfish; but take her as she was, and

as she is, she stands at the head of the nations of the earth, and every American will feel keenly her misfortunes.

—The great houses of Romanoff and Bonaparte have again met—the first time since the great Napoleon and the first Alexander bade each other adieu. Then it was Napoleon I and Alexander I, now it is Napoleon II (for he is actually the second) and Alexander II. They met at Stuttgart on the 16th of September last. What can it mean? Napoleon often regretted at St. Helena that he had not cultivated a closer friendship with Alexander. He came at last almost to feel that had he granted Russia what she desired, and formed a lasting alliance with her, it would have been better for France and better for Europe. We cannot see this matter very clearly from our window, for it is a great way off; but we think we see a French contingent at Constantinople, and we hear the voice of wailing and sorrow from India. We think we see Egypt and Northern Africa, and the control of the Mediterranean, pitted against Eastern Turkey and the control of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. We look upon all of these things from our window without jealousy and without favor—we look upon every nation and every people, including our own, only as they stand rated in the great scale of universal brotherhood. This century is fruitful of mighty changes, and every thing seems tending, through warfare and bloodshed, and misfortunes of every kind, still to the better. New necessities awaken new inventions, and a clearer light seems to dawn upon nations and upon men after every storm.

—We are tired of dwelling upon these scenes of strife, but we suppose they are necessary in the fulfillment of the great purposes of our destiny. They are very dark to us now, but we know that the time will come when they will be clear as the noonday sun.

The crowds go by beneath our window, silent and thoughtful; we wish that we could aid them; we feel as though their burdens were our burdens—their sorrows our sorrows. The black hearse rolls slowly along, with its never to be awakened passenger, and the long train of mourners follow silently. The omnibuses hurry by with their ever-changing cargoes; gay women flaunt with jaunty steps, glancing at the mirrored windows; aimless men walk lazily along the great thoroughfare, with the stamp of only earth upon their brows. We find it sad looking from our window to-day; then let us close it softly down, and draw the curtain upon the great world without.

Editor's Olio.

PICTURES OF INSANITY.—We are indebted to a lady of Utica, New York, for the following graphic and well-written description of the scenes attending the burning of the State Lunatic Asylum, in that city, in July last. She was an eye-witness of what she describes, and her narrative is full of interest as well as instruction:

A LUNATIC ASYLUM ON FIRE.—Sitting quietly at breakfast, one warm morning in the middle of July, an alarm of fire was sounded.

So common an occurrence caused little or no remark at first, particularly as no signs of it were visible from the house. Meanwhile, all the bells in the city commenced to sound their most alarming peals. An excited cry of "It's the Lunatic Asylum!" threw us into consternation. What visions were conjured up in an instant—what imaginings took possession of our souls!

Anxious to learn the truth of the report, we directed our steps to a bridge whence the fire, if such there was, could be seen to advantage. It was too true, and, borne onward by the tide, we soon reached the beautiful grounds of the Asylum.

As we neared them, the sight was magnificent in the extreme, the flames leaping and bursting through the roof of the central building, encircled the dome, and illuminated the windows of the fine Grecian front with a resplendent brilliancy.

The yard was filled with furniture, carpets, books, and goods of every description. The wings of the building were being entered by firemen, with the aid of ladders, and the air was full of flying materials of every description. Mattresses and trunks were tossed to the ground with little ceremony. Bandboxes made a headlong leap, losing their covers in the descent, and scattering to the winds precious freight of lace, ribbons and roses. Night-caps and all imaginable forms of drapery were borne upon the breeze, and fantastically gyrate to the ground. The tumultuous excitement of the crowd was an appropriate accompaniment to the scene.

What a contrast was here presented to the elsewhere quiet beauty of that Summer morning! Soft, fleecy clouds floated dreamily across the sky. The valley of the Mohawk lay in richest loveliness, and the shadows of the morning rested on the beautiful hills beyond.

What will become of the lunatics, if the fire reaches the wings?—and excitement, if possible,

grew more intense. The gallant firemen worked bravely and well. Generous citizens forgot their fears, and rushed into the face of danger and death. One perished at his own self-appointed post; and another, encased in a mass of burning beams and timber, was rescued, the surface of his body burned to a crisp, with only the breath of life sustaining him. Martyr heroes in the cause of humanity! Enduring as the hills will be their memory. To the honor of human nature be it recorded—the existence of emotions and instincts noble and generous as these!

Every heart beat with sympathy for the poor unfortunate beings in such imminent danger both from within and without. It was pitiable to see them from their grated windows. Here, a pair of long white arms were seen imploringly extended for relief; there, a face demoniacal in expression—many tortured with terrible fears, the impress of which was stamped on their countenances.

At length, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts of the firemen and others, it was deemed advisable by the superintendent to release the female patients occupying the east wing, the portion most liable to exposure from the rapidly spreading fire.

The admirable foresight and energy of the superintendent were brought to bear upon this as upon every emergency. The poor creatures were marshaled in as much order as possible under the circumstances, and, under the care of the attendants and managers of the institution, were conveyed in safety to a large and beautiful grove, a short distance from the Asylum.

Here, for a time, confusion reigned supreme. The more cunning immediately attempted flight. Flying forms were seen in every part of the grove seeking the fences, the Rubicon of their liberty. A military company was sent for from the city, to assume the guardianship of them. Gentleness, courtesy and grace marked their acquittal of the duty imposed. Every precaution possible was taken to prevent escape. All but the patients and necessary attendants were excluded from the grove, and every thing practicable was done to calm their excitement and to allay their fears. The kindness of the attending physicians was manifest, and the ready and cheerful obedience the patients yielded to their commands spoke volumes in their favor. The entire grove was encircled with ropes beyond which none unacquainted with the password were allowed to go.

Some of the patients seemed delighted with the novelty of their position, and were singing

and dancing. Some among whom fear predominated were praying. One in particular, I observed, kneeling upon the green sod, her eyes raised to heaven; she seemed totally oblivious to all outward circumstances, and entirely absorbed in her devotions. Many were stretched upon the damp ground, trembling with fright. You saw every phase of the disordered mind, from the most violent raver down to the hopeless idiot. A gray-haired woman lay upon the ground, uttering the most fearful imprecations. She was constantly calling for "Ice, ice, icebergs from the North Pole, with Dr. Kane astride of them!—cold water, cold water, to drown out the devils in hell!" Then she would break forth into a hymn, "Oh, the Lamb! oh, the Lamb! oh, the Lamb on Calvary slain;" then relapse into the most crazy, disconnected jargon—"Where's the difference whether you have two heads to your feet, or two feet to your head." She varied her entertainment, occasionally, by throwing blocks of wood and stones at random among the patients; but a word from a physician or an attendant would calm her for the time.

One poor creature sprang toward a woman who held a baby in her arms; seized it and ran; it was with difficulty taken from her. She then clutched a little girl standing near—"That's my little Mary"—the poor child was terribly frightened, for it was some time before she would release her hold. She wept continually, and trembled violently, evidently very much under the influence of fear. She repeated constantly, "It wasn't in the agreement that I should be burnt up. Let me go to my own; let me find my own." She seemed very sick, and could walk only by paroxysms. She would appear quite exhausted, and then her eye would assume its frenzied expression; she would run violently for a few steps, and then sink down again. I have since learned that she was insane from the loss of a child, or children, and her one thought is of recovering them. She held my hand tight between her own for a long time, and would not allow me to leave her.

The heat of the day was intense, but the grove afforded a cool shelter. Mattresses were brought by the attendants and placed under the trees on which many of the patients quietly reposed. Cold water was in great demand—it was freely passed, and the comfort of the patients in every possible way cared for.

A large tub of water was brought and placed beneath a tree, from which to replenish cups and pitchers. It had been there but a few moments when a mad, wicked-looking woman

sprang into it shrieking, "I'm baptized—I'm baptized!" Another shouted in return, "What's the use of baptism with so many devils let loose?"

A perfect concert of shrieks and hisses was kept up for a few moments at this time; it seemed as though they were vying with each other to see who should produce most discord. Unearthly howls, guttural groans, sharp hisses, and fierce, unweird sounds, filled the air; it realized more than one's imaginings of "Bedlam let loose."

It was remarkable to see amid it all the control evinced by the attendants, or by any one who assumed it without showing any fear or trepidation; wonderful to observe the powerful agency of the eye as an instrument of subjection in the treatment of the insane. They were soon quelled for the time; and again and again, upon commencing anew, were they quieted down.

Most of them seemed to forget the burning of the building in the novelty of other sights around them. But one excited woman never took her eyes from it. "Put out that fire!" she screamed in a tone of command (she had a strong nasal twang). "The Irish, with the Pope at their head, fired it. What did you let them do it for? I've got legions and legions of friends out at Buffalo and Michigan, and great wealth among them, and you shouldn't have let the Irish come it over the Yankees. The Irish did it, I tell you."

I wondered if that woman's tongue never wearied; it certainly was in perpetual motion, and the sons of Erin would never have charged her with having kissed the "blarney stone."

It was refreshing to turn from these violent manifestations to other and less painful phases of this fearful disease.

Under any form, lunacy is sad—inexpressibly sad and touching, drawing fully upon all the sympathies of our common nature. This day it was pleasant—yes, an inexpressible relief—to turn to those who were quiet.

A highly imaginative lady was entertaining a group of listeners with a marvelous account of her being swallowed by a whale, and all, she said, because her brothers quarreled about the property.

One of the most gentlemanly and delicate-minded of our citizens was walking among them, rendering valuable aid and assistance, when a mild-looking, middle-aged woman said to him, in the quietest imaginable manner, "Will you give me that kiss, now?" Slightly embarrassed for an instant, he replied with tact, "Oh! this is almost too public a place, madam." I

learned that spiritualism was the cause of her derangement. Possibly, the institution of free love might have had something to do with it.

One patient, seated under a tree, amused herself for hours in weaving ferns and straws in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and decorating herself with them. Alas! poor Ophelia! we wondered if her antecedents bore any similitude to those of the daughter of Polonius. We almost expected to hear her exclaim—"Ah! woe is me to have seen what I have seen. He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone!"

Near her was seated a fine looking, handsomely dressed woman, who said, in a sweet voice, "I have always known that I never should leave this Asylum except in some supernatural way, and now I have escaped as by fire."

One who excited our deepest interest was a beautiful young girl of not more than eighteen years, who was tied in a sitting posture to a tree, and her hands, also, fastened together; she made no resistance, and appeared not in the least incommoded by the restraint of her position; she seemed happy as a bird, awaying herself to and fro, for she was not tightly bound, and seemed to amuse herself by watching the shadows as they moved and played upon the grass about her. Imagination could conceive of no lovelier picture than she presented. All the beautiful comparisons of which we had ever heard or read failed to convey an idea of the exquisite purity, softness and beauty of her complexion. The whiteness and regularity of her teeth, the clear blue of her eyes, the soft brown of the hair, and, withal, the happy, bright and sweet expression of her whole countenance fascinated our gaze. Nothing in her appearance betokened insanity. It was easier to imagine that she might drive others crazy, than to be convinced that she was so herself. We learned, however, that she was subject to most violent paroxysms, and that to insure her own safety it was necessary to secure her in the manner we have mentioned. It was difficult to realize that she was ever other than the gentle, lovely being she appeared to us.

Pages of interesting detail might be written concerning the events of that memorable day. Suffice it for the present that the fire, soon after midday, was checked. The wings were almost entirely saved; and, long before the evening, carriages were sent, the patients conveyed to comfortable quarters again, and all composed for the night.

The contemplation of insanity! What a commentary on human weakness! Oh! the amount of mental agony experienced by many of these

unhappy ones before the tottering of reason on her throne. Oh! the inexpressible anguish as they themselves see the dark cloud, at first no larger than a man's hand, approach nearer and nearer till it finally envelopes them, shutting from their vision even the sweet light of hope, which, coming to all, comes not to them. God's pity rest upon them, and, in the end, render to them double for all the evil days of their pilgrimage on earth.

How great the impulse to cast ourselves upon One mighty to save, and pray to be delivered from this great evil!

We thank God that we have a home in our midst for the amelioration and cure of this terrible disease; that we have noble-hearted men devoting their time and talents and best energies to the study of the different phases of this fearful, yet most interesting malady.

New modes of treatment are being constantly discovered and applied, most wonderful improvements upon the old, and it is cheering to think of the large proportion of those sent to our institution who are returned to their friends "in their right minds."

Are we sufficiently thankful for the gift of reason? Poverty, bodily ill health, may be ours, but let us not repine if we still possess that emanation from the divine—unclouded reason.

A LEGAL PUZZLE.—An Eastern paper publishes the following nut for lawyers to crack:

1. Suppose it could be shown that Judge Taney is of African origin—has negro blood in his veins; then, according to Judge Taney's law, he cannot be a citizen of the United States, is not a legal judge of a United States Court, and his decision for that reason is void. But

2. If Judge Taney's law be set aside for that or any other reason, then Judge Taney may be a citizen of the United States, notwithstanding his negro blood—is a legal judge of a United States Court, and his decision is valid and binding. In other words, if for such a reason Judge Taney's law is good for nothing, it is good; and if it is good, it is good for nothing. How it about that?

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND who sends us the following note, with the accompanying lines on the death of an infant, will accept our thanks. His (or her) praise of our Magazine is a little extravagant, but we accept it for its hearty sincerity. Whether the writer intended the "lines" to have a special application we know not, but they were read with tears before they went to the hands of the printer. They will now go

abroad to find a response, perhaps, in the hearts of thousands :

NEW YORK, Sept. 30, 1857.

Editor of Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly :

Sir—No heart has pulsed more joyfully at the success of your twofold Magazine than mine. Teeming with the riches of classic lore, without the prosaic dullness which is the main characteristic of other periodicals, it must yet achieve an eminence far beyond its rivals, old or young. Its illustrations, though tongueless, speak in the understood accents of art, and lead the reader not less than with the genius of a Raphael to the realization of its mute descriptions. Even its deep-toned anathema against the world of varied error around us has less the object of justice than mercy and reformation. It is evidently destined to progress with the rapid strides of the country of its love, till, at no distant day, it becomes the magazine of the American heart.

I inclose a contribution for its columns, which I trust you will accept.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Mourner ! arrest that falling tear,
'Tis arrogance in Heaven's sight
To weep for one which love sent here,
And mercy moved from mortal blight ;
Thus Nature must uphold her cause,
Though woe rebel against her laws.

Why shouldst thou grieve, or even dew
Thy darling's grave with sorrow's test,
When but the mortal dust you view
That formed an absent angel's crest?
The spark that gives thy pity vent
Burns brighter in God's armament !

Yet from the fount that bathes the light
Of vision 'neath thy pallid brow,
Upon the grave which seals his blight
Thou mayest shed its waters now ;
It were not lavished, for thine eyes
Have lost their solitary prize.

The Saviour could with diamonds bright
Have decked poor Lazarus' grave,
Yet He, in wisdom's holier light,
Preferred the taintless tears he gave,
And shed them o'er the friend he loved
Till life in him His pity proved.

Oh ! view with thy all glowing love
The beautiful star-studded sky,
And think beyond where planets move
The treasure of thy heart is nigh ;
For each of those bright stars that shine
Shall perish ere that child of thine.

And, though the light of heaven dethrone
The pallid empress of the night,
Faith's deathless vision may be thrown
Beyond the glorious arch of light,
Till—trav'ling paths by angels trod—
It views thy absent child with God !

ANOTHER BIRD OF THE WRECK.—We have recorded already, in another paragraph, how a bird was the means of saving some fifty of the drowning passengers from the unfortunate steamer *Central America*. We give here a

pleasant instance of a bird being saved from the wreck of the same steamer by the womanly pity and love of its lady owner. Mrs. Birch was the wife of one of the band of minstrels returning from California in the *Central America*. The incident is related in her own words, as follows :

"Before I left the steamer, my husband provided me with a life-preserver, which I put on. I went into my state-room for a cloak, followed by Mr. Birch, and I saw my canary bird in its cage. It was singing as merrily as it ever did. On the spur of the moment, I took the little thing from its prison and placed it in the bosom of my dress. My husband remonstrated with me, hurrying me to leave the vessel, and telling me not to waste time on so trifling an object. When I was lowered into the boat, I thought the bird would have been killed by the rope, or else drowned by the waves which broke over us ; but he escaped, and when I reached the Marine he was placed in a cage. The little fellow bears no marks of his late hardships, save that his feathers are disarranged from the effects of the bath."

AN OLD VESSEL.—The bark *William Ann* was lately placed on the balance-dock, in this city, for repairs. Her history and venerable age entitle her to some special notice. She was formerly an English frigate, and is now one hundred years old. She still retains her original timbers, which are of white oak, and are perfectly sound ; her planking is sixty years old, and is as nearly perfect as when first put on. She is the vessel that carried General Wolfe to Quebec.

THE FAMILY OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.—Mr. Dickens and his friends, who undertook to raise a fund for the benefit of the family of the late Douglas Jerrold, have terminated their benevolent labors, having raised £2,000, clear of all expenses, which will be expended in the purchase of a Government annuity for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, with remainder to the survivor.

SPAIN AND MEXICO.—The difficulty between Spain and Mexico is likely to be brought to an amicable termination, as both Governments have accepted the mediation of France and England ; we may, therefore, conclude that the "ever-faithful Island of Cuba" is in no immediate danger, and that no serious warfare is likely to disturb the peace of this continent. The internal affairs of Mexico are yet in a very troubled and unsettled state.

THE EPPING HUNT.*

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"On Monday they began to hunt."

[Chevy Chase.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapt his leather thigh,
And sang the burthen of the song,
"This day a stag must die."
For all the livelong day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourish'd "Thoughts
On Hunting" in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poets' wit hath ever writ
In dog-rel verse of hounds.

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving Cheap
To go and hunt the deer!

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not chicken-hearted he, although
'Twas whisper'd of his eggs!

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. Rideout's fee,
And Surgeon Hunter's bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of luster superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was Warren-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As once upon a stag;
Thus well equipt, he gaily skipt
At once upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein
A crown he nimbly flung,
For holding of the horse—why, no—
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own,
Would only be a brag;
His neighbor Fig and he went halves,
Like centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray
Unknown to brother cit;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Although it was a til.

A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to show,
And quickly "rearing up within
The way he ought to go."

The Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'm Cross,
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor,
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss;

Wherever she set down her oris,
Thereby he put a cross.

Now, Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had chang'd his mind
Meanwhile upon the case;
And, meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase.

For why, his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood
May break a bit of bone.

"Now, be his wife a plague for life!
A coward sure is he!"

Then, Huggins turned his horse's head,
And crossed the Bridge of Lea.

Thence, slowly on through Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Though followers of a Fix.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclin'd,
And, minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-ear'd jacks, some knacker's hacks,
(However odd it sounds),
Let out that day to hunt, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it,
And some, while they inclined to Hunt,
Betook themselves to Cob-it.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here roll'd along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And, lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slay'd for all the nine!

Yet marvel not at any load,
That any horse might drag,
When all that morn at once were drawn
Together by a stag!

Now, when they saw John Huggins go
At such a sober pace,
"Hallo!" cried they; "come, trot away—
You'll never see the chase!"

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answers quite as blunt;
It will be time enough to trot
When I begin to hunt!"

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And, letting go the reins, of course,
Prepared for heavy set.

And, lo! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jorlal elf;

* The illustrations of this poem are fac similes of the original designs by George Cruikshank.

Here shall the muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.
A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint, laid on by health,
With master reynard's brush;
A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learned it from;
His age about threescore and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.
In merriest key, I trow, was he,
So many guests to boast;
So certain congregations meet,

And elevate the host.
"Now welcome, lads," quoth he, "and prads,
You're all in glorious luck;
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.
Fair Mead's the place where Bob and Tom
In red already ride;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse
You soon may go a *stride*."
So off they scamper'd, man and horse.
As time and temper press'd—
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest.



Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair mead of mob.
Idlers to wit—no guardians some,
Of tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers, in heavy carts and vans
Spectators, up in trees.
Butchers, on backs of butcher's hacks,
That shambled to and fro!
Bakers, intent upon a buck
Neglectful of the *dough*!
Change Alley bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climb'd a wall!
'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
Stag-nation in their trade.
Now, Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood;
And, lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.
In shape like half a bearse—though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *deer deceased*!

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison doors were opened wide,
And Robin bounded out!
His antler'd head shone blue and red,
Bedeck'd with ribbons fine;
Like other bucks that come to list
The hawbucks in the line.
One curious gaze of wild amaze
He turned and shortly took;
Then gently ran adown the mead,
And bounded o'er the brook.
But now old Robin's foes were set,
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.
And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows—
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?
Towler and Jowler, howlers all—
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack follow'd suit.
No spur he lack'd, fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!



Away, away ! he scudded, like
A ship before the gale ;
Now flew to " hills we know not of,"
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Now, Huggins, standing far aloof,
Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass, like high and low
And Jack pursuing game !

Good Lord ! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl ;
A score within the purling brook
Enjoy'd their " early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in show'rs ;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers !

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show ;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *statue quo*.

" O, dear ! O, dear !" now might you hear,
" I've surely broke a bone ;"

" My head is sore"—with many more
Such speeches from the *throun*.

Howbeit, their wallings never mov'd
The wide Satanic clan,
Who grinn'd, as once the devil grinn'd
To see the fall of man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses " throwing off"
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the courts among ;
Before those barristers, the dogs,
Proceed to " giving tongue."
Another squadron charging now,

Went off at furious pitch—
A perfect Tan O'Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did indorse,
And, like a poet, seemed to ride
Upon a winged horse—

A whipper in ? no whipper in ;
A huntsman ? no such soul ;
A connoisseur, or amateur ?
Why yes—a horse patrol.

A member of police, for whom
The county found a nag,
And, like Acteon in the tale,
He found himself in stag !

Away they went, then, dog and deer,
And hunters all away ;
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they !

Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-ho'd* !

About twoscore there were, not more,
That galloped in the race ;
The rest, alas ! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase !

But even those that galloped on
Were fewer every minute ;
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt ;
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and " ran a muck"
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense ;
What else could be premised of blades
That never learned to fence ?

But Roundings, Tom, and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay,

O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap years in a day !
And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed ;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.
No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bit.
Trees raced along—all Essex fled
Beneath him as he saled ;
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate !
" Hold hard ! hold hard ! you'll lame the dogs ;"
Quoth Huggins, " so I do—
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you !"

Good Lord ! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side,
That he was drawing out !
And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook ;
Till bump'd and gall'd—yet not where Gall
For bumps did ever look !
And, rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride,
With every kick he gave a prick
Deep in the horse's side !
But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs ;
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze !
Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn ;



And, like a bird, was singing out
While sitting on a thorn !
Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign ;
" Possession is nine points," but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine
Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in !
Now, had a Papist seen his sport
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Although no horse he had to cross,
He might have cross'd himself.
Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair ;
A jolly wight there was that rode
Upon a sorry mare !
A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone ;
For down upon her knees she went
To many a stock and stone !
Now, seeing Huggins' nag adrift,

This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolv'd, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage !
Though felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own !
And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair ;
For he seem'd willing, horse and all,
To go before the mare !
So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away ;
While Huggins mounted on the mare,
Done brown upon a bay !
And off they set, in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim ;
The farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him !
Alas ! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive ;
A dab was he, as dabs should be,
All leaping and alive !

And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof—
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!
Whereas the mare, although her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopp'd short,
As stiff as any log!
Whilst Huggins in the stirrup stood,
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—"to see
The gate his hart had gane."
And lo! the dim and distant hunt
Diminished in a trice;

The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seem'd dwindling into mice;
And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark—
Though still the forest murmur'd back
An echo of the bark
But, sad at soul, John Huggins turned—
No comfort could he find,
Whilst thus the "Hunting Chorus" sped,
To stay five bars behind.
For though by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.



And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray.

Now many a sign at Woodford town
Its invitation tells;
But Huggins, full of ills, of course,
Betook him to the Wells,
Where Rounding tried to cheer him up,
With many a merry laugh;
But Huggins thought of neighbor Fig,
And called for half-and-half.

Yet, spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss;
To drown a care like his required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door;
The mounted mob were all returned—
The Epping hunt was o'er!

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only "beasts of draught."

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken men discuss'd
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast.
And how at bay he stood,
Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could;

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunn'd a beast whose very horns
They knew could handle knives!

One told how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly gray!
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray.

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jump'd up with sudden glee;
"A goodly gray! why, then, I say
That gray belongs to me!

"Let me endorse again my horse,
Deliver'd safe and sound;
And gladly I will give the man
A bottle and a pound!"

The wine was drunk—the money paid,
Though not without remorse,
To pay another man so much
For riding on his horse.

And let the chase again take place
For many a long, long year,
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping deer!



FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE effect of the present financial crisis is not observable in our shop windows, nor the fashion and dress which we see in Broadway; and, although men are losing confidence in their fellow men, and banks, and stocks, yet when their patrons are women they hope to succeed in business, notwithstanding the hard times. Shopping in the city is a regular business, and many women would suffer for want of sufficient exercise, if they were deprived of this their favorite employment. This they have been educated for; and without this sustenance, their vanity and ideas would soon be consigned to oblivion. Shopping must necessarily be done by women, and it is all important that we avail ourselves of what knowledge we can that we may curtail our expenses without looking meanly dressed.

A new and elegant basque, called the "Guisotte," is among the novelties for the street. It is mostly made in cloth; the skirt is circular, and has but one seam, which is at the side. The corsage is high, and closed in front with buttons. The sleeves are deep and flowing. The skirts are slightly trailing at the back, and are draped in medium-sized plaits, still worn very full and much trimmed. Bonnets are worn a very little larger, or more projecting over the top of the head.

Crinoline skirts are worn quite as broadly hooped as ever; but, as the season of Winter approaches, the make of them has become modified. The skeleton skirt, as it has been familiarly called, is not sufficiently firm to bear the pressure of the heavier garments of the season, and others of various approved patterns are now substituted.

We have noticed particularly those manufactured by Douglas & Sherwood, No. 343 Broadway, as combining the desirable features of elasticity and warmth. The movable bustle is very convenient, and imparts an elegant contour.

We see netted Shetland shawls are more than ever in vogue, and for theaters, concerts and lectures are very graceful. Chenille and plush shawls are also in great demand. The walking boot called the "Victoria" is in the same form of those worn by gentlemen, and is admirably adapted to this purpose. The "Louis XV," with high narrow heels, are worn for dress.

We are indebted for our fashion plate this month to "Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine."

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVING.—FRENCH WALKING COSTUME.—This costume is the model of one recently made for the Empress Eugenie, and playfully called by her "The Flembler Uniform," in allusion to its uniformity of color, and the spot which was the scene of its first display. A complete walking dress of the same color is the highest *ton* now in Paris, and is preferred in dark shades, with a bonnet contrasting in hue, but preserving the harmony of the design. In the present instance, the skirt and basquine are of dark lilac taffetas, approaching to a slate color, with that peculiarly rich and delicate shading which is inseparable from costly Lyons silk. The skirt is plain, but very full, and extends a third below the basquine, which is laced together at regular intervals by velvet or silk cords two-thirds of its entire depth; the silk skirt only is observed through this lacing, thus preserving the uniformity of color in the dress. The waist is very short, and two large flat buttons are fastened at the junction of the side-seams with the waist behind. The sleeves are plain at the top, and flow over a full undersleeve of fine cambric, confined at the wrist with needlework cuffs; they, also, are laced on the front side and back, to match the basque. The bonnet is composed of pale pink imperial silk, drawn plain over the foundation, and projects over the face considerably more than we have been accustomed to see. The forehead is also shaded by a fall of black lace in points, which retreats at the sides, and extends round the curtain. The only ornament is a plume of ostrich feathers, a shade darker than the silk, whose graceful black tips sweep the shoulder.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.—A correspondent in Maine sends us the following:

"Mr. White decides to spell this name with three e's and two a's, even against the known authority of Shakspeare himself, upon the ground that it was so spelled by Shakspeare's contemporaries, many of whom were 'in habits of constant intercourse with him who made it illustrious.' The reason given for adopting the mode of spelling of those contemporaries, instead of Shakspeare's own mode, is that 'when Robert Cook, King-at-Arms, because John Shaksper had become a man of substance and consideration, and had married into the gentle blood of the Ardens, gave him armorial bearings, the herald saw and seized the opportunity which the name afforded for punning blazonry; and giving the worthy bailiff the right to bear a spear or on a bend *saule*, he changed him and his descendants from Shakspera to Shakespeares from

that time forward.' Now, it is to be observed, that William Shakspeare, the dramatist, was ~~not~~ a descendant of that John *Shaking-his-spear*, but that it was 'during his (William's) lifetime' that the change in the name of the other was made. Then is it not fair to infer—nay, does it not necessarily follow, from all the circumstances of the case—that 'when he (William) went to London, he did not entirely lay aside the habit of his early youth,' because he saw not fit to change *his* name upon a mere pun upon *another's* name? I so consider."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away among the Alleghenies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a Summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities and many a cultivated farm, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to Heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—The season now closed at the Academy of Music has been very successful, both to the manager and the public. We have had a large share of Verdi, a good account of Bellini, a little of Rossini, and a taste of the ever fresh, ever welcome Mozart. Don Giovanni was given with the best cast it has ever had in this country, except the Sontag troupe, which was the first effort of the present enterprising manager of the opera company to establish Italian opera in New York. We hope his efforts will meet with the success they deserve; and if the season just closed be an indication, there can scarcely be a doubt of it. We may perhaps give a more extended notice of the works performed in our next issue.

CHINESE WAR.—The Chinese war drags its slow length along, and there seems no prospect of a speedy termination. An American frigate is reported to have burned a piratical village in the Island of Formosa; but further than this there is little of interest in the last advices from the region of the Celestial Empire.

Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly.

VOL. V.].....DECEMBER 1857.....[No. 6.



ROBIN HOOD.

No page in history affords more sickening examples of brutality than that which records the Norman conquest. From the year 1065, when William the Bastard, in violation of the sacred laws of hospitality, detained his confiding visitor, King Harold, nor would set him free until he had betrayed him into a nominal release of his country into the wily Norman's hands, to the treacherous murder of Wat Tyler, by the hand of young Richard II, in 1381, the tale is one continual succession of murder, deceit, and cruel oppression.

The brutalities of some of the Roman Emperors are horrid to contemplate; but while they
Vol. V—36.

did not compare with those of the Normans, they were also dependent on the nature of the man who happened to be at the head of the Government. Those who massacred their enemies were exceptions to the general rule of Roman policy, which was to absorb, not to exterminate, the nations which they conquered.

Much palliation is to be found for them, also, in the manners of the age—in the fact that many of them commenced their careers as common soldiers, and were raised to the throne in consequence of their achievements of personal prowess, or their aptness for sensual extravagance and barbaric splendor. The mild precepts of the Christian religion had not softened their harsh natures, and the elegant philosophy and voluptuous refinement of Greece had too far decayed to leave any but a bad influence on their savage tastes. But the Normans, affecting the highest civilization known to Christendom, proudly calling themselves the soul of chivalry and the defenders of the weak against the strong, fighting in the name of God and for the reformation of humanity, and taking their patents from the

head of the Holy Church, had no such excuse—and no such extenuation of their sins can be pleaded.

A band of lawless adventurers, removed but by two or three generations from an ancestry of outlawed pirates, choosing for their leader one who had nothing but his good sword and his bad name, they swarmed over the straits and took possession of the island of England under a pretext so baseless as might have revealed to Cortez and Pizarro a perfidy infinitely below their own. They met the astonished Saxons in battle, and when they could not beat them, obtained a truce, and murdered them during its continuance. They hired emissaries to foment



BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD—"AMONG THE LILY FLOWER."

the dissensions that unfortunately existed in their midst. They entered cities under the guise of friendship, and burned them down, after having sacked the houses, and murdered or violated the inhabitants. The nobility they cajoled and assassinated; the priests they deceived and murdered; the common people they oppressed and enslaved.

Fighting under the immediate patronage of Rome, and using freely all its terrible machinery of excommunications and taxes, they invaded the sanctuaries which it held most sacred, and stabbed, at the foot of the altar, its most exemplary and its highest servants. The exponents and defenders of the aristocratic or feudal system, they nevertheless oppressed and destroyed those who were their equals in rank, and their superiors in nobility. None were too high to be the victims of their tyranny, none too humble to minister to their avarice and their lust. No law, human or divine, restrained their encroachments; no home was safe from their devastations; no heart but was embittered by their accursed presence. The most brutal laws, and

the most barbarous policy ever known to the civilized world, were enforced with merciless energy against the unfortunate and helpless Saxons.

In direct though not in total contrast to them were the people whom they came to "conquer and save." The Saxons had barely recovered from another invasion which had nearly blotted out their national existence. They were, like all the nations of that period, rude and warlike, merciless in victory, unsubdued by defeat. But being a commercial nation, and being addicted to the arts of peace as well as of war, they had a high idea of the sacredness of a pledged word, and an affectionate reverence for their clergy, who were, as a general thing, worthy of the regard in which they were held.

Their kings were often polished and learned, and always magnanimous and brave. They knew nothing of the arts and subtleties of diplomacy, and the whole nobility of the nation were more than once surprised and disappointed by the direct violations of pledges and promises solemnly given by the Normans. Their lands

were taken from them, their castles and houses pillaged, their cities burned and sacked, their wives and children murdered or dishonored, and themselves either horribly mutilated or reduced to servitude on the very soil which was theirs by right of birth and possession, and by every other muniment of title. The Norman policy was to extinguish, not to absorb the Saxons. In accordance with this idea, they either banished or killed those who resisted, and enslaved the weak, the cowardly and the poor, who could neither resist nor fly.

But among the conquered nation there were many who still preserved their identity, and struggled for freedom to the very last. Insurrections, sometimes partially successful, sometimes immediately suppressed, were constantly springing up, particularly in the northern part of the island, in the region between the Trent and the Tweed rivers. Particularly deserving of record is the band of men who, under the famous Horoward, held the Camp of Ely against the Normans for many months, until finally betrayed by a couple of priests.



ROBIN GIVING ALMS TO AN OLD WOMAN.

Upon the death of their chieftain, his high-spirited followers preferred death to the ignominious life which they found out, too late, was destined for them by the invaders, and fled to the mountains and forests, there to enjoy, among many and terrible privations, the freedom without which luxury and ease would have been to them insupportable.

The whole country north of the Trent was filled with these men, who, securely hid in caves, or protected by morasses, lived together, depriving themselves of the joys of domestic life, supporting life by killing the king's deer and robbing his messengers. They cared not to spill blood. Their chief hostility was not against the knights, with whom they often had the sympathy that brave men always have with each other, but to the Church, to whose pride and oppression a great part of their miseries was due.

The sensual, immoral and bigoted priesthood, which the Norman conquest inflicted on the island of England, was the hand-in-hand companion of the ferocious invaders. They incited many of the oppressive acts of the soldiery, and committed, with their own hands, some of the most wanton outrages. The weight of the Roman pontiff was now thrown on the side of the tyrants. They begged endowments for their in-

stitutions, and imposed the most exorbitant taxes, under color of promoting the cause of christianity. They levied St. Peter's farthing until it was nearer a pound; they preached and ranted until they succeeded in getting up the crusades; they excommunicated all those who did not implicitly obey them; and, at the same time, laughed in the face of the Pope when he tried to coerce them by the same means.

The tremendous power which the Church at that time possessed, can scarcely, at the present day, be imagined; and the uses to which they put that power are equally shameful and incredible.

The Church of the Norman nobility, and its minions, then, were the special objects of popular hatred, and the feeling is traceable at the present day. The masses were very devout, and superstitiously attached to the rites of the Catholic Church. But the particular persons who, under the Norman rule, administered the sacred offices, were, in their eyes, no more than sacrilegious robbers, who took possession of whatever they could lay their hands upon; and, on the most flimsy pretences, assassinated or banished all the Saxon prelates, to whom the people had a sincere and devoted attachment. The Saxons who retreated to the forests to preserve their lives were particularly hostile to the

grasping gentry of the Church, and robbed them of their ill-gotten gains wherever they could find them. These patriots were termed, by the haughty Normans, outlaws, and they were hunted down like wild beasts, it being no crime to kill them wherever they could be found.

The last notable insurrection of the Saxons against their oppressors was in 1265, and was headed by Simon de Montfort, who thus, though not a Saxon, commenced that series of struggles among the masses for constitutional freedom which has continued to the present day, and which will never cease, until passing through the clogs and obstacles of the feudal system, the English people shall have attained that high estate of personal liberty to which every man is entitled at his birth. The name of Simon de Montfort heads the list whereon we find the names of Oliver Cromwell and Lord Brougham. The insurrection of 1265 arose in consequence of the direct violation, by Edward II, of the provisions of Magna Charta, and ended the same year in the melancholy battle of Everham.

Robin Hood was, undoubtedly, a fugitive from that memorable fight. He was of Saxon

origin, though a ballad of later date than his own times exists, which makes him the son of a daughter of Richard, Earl of Huntingdon, by a Saxon youth of great beauty and boldness, who had come to serve the Earl for "meat and fee." The concluding stanzas of the ballad appear to be enforcing on the attention of the people a fact which had not been generally known. But it is nearly a century later than the other and more authentic song which relates the birth of Robin Hood :

"And many aye singe o' grass, o' grass,
And many aye singe o' corn ;
And many aye singe o' Robin Hood,
Kens little where he was born.

"It was nae in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower ;
But it was in the gude green wood,
Amang the lily flower."

[Thierry Cong de l'Ang. Vol iv, p. 362. App.

The unbounded admiration of the people for Robin Hood probably prompted them to invest him with those honors and titles which, after the first hostility resulting from the conquest had been overcome, appeared to them splendid



KING EDWARD APPEARING TO ROBIN IN THE FOREST, DISGUISED AS A MONK.



KING EDWARD PRESENTING ROBIN TO HIS COURT.

and enviable. He lived in Sherwood Forest, and was chief of

"A hundred and ten good yeomen,
All standing along in a row,"

who were the terror of the sheriffs and monks for miles around, and dearly beloved by the farmers, the laborers, the widows and orphans. They were on the best of terms with all those who needed their protection, and never molested any but the rich and grasping, whom they rightly deemed to have robbed them of their inheritance. They were splendid archers, and far excelled in that national art the trained soldiers of the king. Neither deer nor man was safe from their clothyard shafts if within sight, while many a stout yeoman came off second best in the quarter-staff play, and many a fine knight had his armor pricked by their cunning of fence.

Several of the band, who were more celebrated than the rest, have been carefully handed down with their bold leader. The principal character is Little John, whose affection for his master forms one of the most delightful features of the

whole history of the band. He was seven feet high, and enormously strong. He was as crafty as a fox, as bold as a lion, as fleet as a deer, and faithful to his master and his cause. Friar Tuck was the priest of the band, and performed, in addition to his sacred duties, those of butler, fighting man, robber, or jovial companion, as occasion demanded. Mutch, the miller's son, and Scathelock, Robin's own son-in-law, were leaders in many a daring expedition.

They all led a merry, rollicking life. They never shed blood except in self-defense; and, having no wish to amass riches for themselves, gave to the poor all their superfluous booty. They ran about the country playing the most impudent pranks, rescuing each other, carrying on their perilous trade, or carousing and singing all day long.

Their prowess at the hand-to-hand skirmish was only equaled by their abilities at the well-spread table. Friar Tuck was invariably the leader in their entertainments to strangers, and many is the fat abbot or the cadaverous monk that has felt his eyes grow moist, his brain spin, and

his knees tremble beneath him, while trying to keep pace with the profuse hospitality of this roystering son of the Church. The sheriffs or vicounts of the counties were the objects of their constant hatred, and the Sheriff of Nottingham, it is said, died of the vexation they caused him. He tried to induce some of his friends to betray Robin Hood, but without success. "I would rather die," said a poor woman to Robin once, "than not do any thing I could to save thee; for who has fed and clothed me and my little ones, if it be not thou and Little John?"

Robin Hood himself was a good and devout Christian. Among his followers were some Saxon priests who preferred, like himself, to be free rather than live in disgraceful safety. Three masses were said every day, and the service once began nothing could induce the bold and conscientious warrior to leave the place until the last syllable was spoken. He often incurred great danger on account of his obstinacy on this point, but always trusted to the good faith of our "dere Ladye" to keep him from harm.

"A good manor than had Robyn,
In lande where that he were;
Eeny day or he wolde dyne,
Three masses wolde he here.

"The one in the worship of the fader,
The other of the Holy Goost—
The thyrd was of our dere Ladye,
That he loved of all others the most.

"Robyn loved our dere Ladye,
For doute of dedely synne,
Wolde he never do company harm,
That any woman was in."

"His devotion to the Virgin, and respect for the female sex, pervade the whole body of the traditions as constantly, and not less beautifully, than does his friendship for Little John." His munificence was unbounded; he gave to the poor what he took from the rich, and he only took from the rich that which belonged to the poor. He lent to a sorrowful knight, whose lands were about to disappear in the all-devouring maw of the Church, four hundred pounds, with no security, except "our dere Ladye," that he would return the money in a year and a day. The knight was true to his promise; and, moreover, did our hero so good service in the way of rescues and material aid that he never regretted having trusted Sir Richard of the Lea. The adventures growing out of their fortunate meeting occupy the principal portion of a long poem, in eight "syttis" or cantos, called "A lytell Geste of Robyn Hood."

At length, King Edward determined to capture the bold outlaw, and went and abode at Nottingham for that purpose; but did not so

much as catch a glimpse of him during the six months he was there. At last, he disguised himself as a monk; and, with a few retainers, went and put himself in Robin Hood's power. Discovering himself, he offered him a free pardon and twenty marks a year if he and his band would enter his service. A proposal so gallantly made could not, in that age of romance and chivalry, be refused; and, accordingly, the whole band followed the priest-king into Nottingham, and frightened the sheriff half out of his senses.

Robin staid at the king's court until all his companions had left him, with the exception of Little John and Scathelock, and began to pine for his greenwood home and his little chapel in merry Barnesdale. He obtained a seven days' leave from the king, and bled him back to Sherwood Forest. In the exuberance of his joy, he took his bugle horn from his side and made the woods echo with his old signal; when, to his surprise and delight,

"A hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
Came running all of a row."

The temptation was too great, and he yielded. Once more the greenwood rang to the sound of his bugle horn, and resounded with the shouts of his merry followers. The green was about him, and the lilac above, and he was once more the jolly ranger of the forest. The king, enraged at his disobedience, sent a favorite knight, with a hundred men, to take him. Robin and his band sent part of them back, and said masses over the rest.

Soon after this, he was taken ill, and went to the nunnery of Kirkleys, where the prioress was his kinswoman, to have some blood let. The treacherous woman opened a vein in his arm, and locked him in a room to bleed to death. His death is touchingly described in a beautiful ballad; which, at the same time, illustrates three leading traits in his character—his friendship for Little John, Robin's own peculiar devotion to the Virgin, and his generous regard for the female sex:

"He then bethought him of his bugle horn,
Which hung low down to his knees;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

"Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree:
'I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily.'

"Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley Hall,
He broke locks two or three,

"Until he came bold Robin to,
When he fell on his knee:



ROBIN'S RETURN TO THE FOREST.

'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
'Master, I beg of thee.'

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
'Little John, thou begs of me?'

'It is to burn fair Kirkley Hall,
'And all their nunnery.'

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I'll not grant thee,
For I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my life,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where that arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod at my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say, when I am dead—
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

"These words they readily promised him,

Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleya."

Thus died, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, the gallant, the brave, the jovial Robin Hood. To the common people, he was very dear. He seemed, in their eyes, "a sort of particular Providence, which scattered some grains of equity amid all that monstrous mass of wrong." His fame was embalmed in their memories for many years; and even in the fifteenth century, the churches were closed, and all business was suspended, among both Normans and Saxons, on Robin Hood's day, in order that they might partake in the games which few remembered to be commemorative of the ancient hostility of the two races.

His life forms a beautiful episode in the history of the times. Surrounded by rapacity and oppression, he was liberal, true-hearted and a devoted Christian. He took what was originally his own, but had been stolen from him; and he distributed among the plundered, the booty taken from the plunderers. He dealt fairly and honorably by all who trusted in him; he was

lenient to his detractors, and merciful to those who thirsted for his blood. The affections of a fond people have, in hundreds of songs, defended his name from the shortlived aspersions of brutal sheriffs and avaricious abbots. While barbarous Latin records the sycophantic praises of the fawning and unscrupulous churchman, which are read with disgust and distrust, the deeds of Robin Hood are handed down to us in pure and melodious Saxon, and were sung for ages, with implicit confidence, by a poetical and believing people.

Robin Hood and his merry men form a beautiful picture, as, turning for a moment from the unvarying succession of rapine, and murder, and extermination, of barbarous laws and broken oaths, of the merciless rule of a blasphemous Church and a lawless Government, we observe their innocence, their humanity, their good faith, and their true though rude piety.

Let us take a parting glance at them. It is a bright, warm Summer morning. The golden light has just begun to paint the eastern sky, when from a sheltered cave, or from his couch of moss, springs an athletic form, and Robin

Hood blows a piercing blast on his golden bugle horn. In a moment the beautiful wood, but now so still, seems alive with forms. The birds sing joyously, and a hundred voices greet each other with the morning's good wishes. The laughing archers, shaking off the drowsiness of their last night's revel, eagerly vie with each other in paying their respects to their leader, and a hundred plumed hats are doffed, and a hundred Lincoln green doublets bend before the genial yet commanding face of their beloved captain. With laugh and song, they break their fast, and then dispose themselves according to their inclinations.

The brown deer is quickly dressed, and its luscious haunches depend from the surrounding trees; the plethoric wine-casks are rolled to their snug hiding-places; and heaps of silver and gold plate are carefully cleansed and laid away to await the next sumptuous repast. For last night Robin Hood and his merry men had a famous carousal. The Bishop of Hereford had, by some chance, good or ill, fallen into their hands, with a train of armed men, and four heavily laden sumpter mules, which were bear-



ROBIN SHOOTING HIS LAST ARROW



ROBIN AND FRIAR TUCK GETTING THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD DRUNK.

ing some of the treasures of the Church to a distant town. The bishop was sorely frightened, but the foresters, delighted with their prize, treated him in the most magnificent manner. Venison, hare, quail, and woodcock, flanked with the choicest wines of sunny France, and the strongest of English ale, formed their noble repast.

The viands and the wine were served in the bishop's own golden and gemmed vessels, which caused him many a rueful smile and ghastly grin. Robin plied him with songs, and jokes, and stories, while Friar Tuck set him a jolly example of honoring the rosy god. His retainers were kept busy at the other end of the lawn, on which the feast was spread, by the rest of the company, while Robin and Little John, and the Friar devoted themselves to the Bishop. Before long the potent influence of the wine and the society drove the last wrinkle out of the brow of the well-feasted churchman, and he struck his palm into that of Friar Tuck, and swore he was the jolliest and merriest boon companion in Christendom; thereupon the three

foresters sprang up and guiding the reeling bishop to a horse, placed him on its back, with his face turned toward the animal's tail, and bound him tightly on. They then set both horse and rider on the highway, and drove them at full speed toward Nottingham, following them with laughs, and gibes, and shouts, until compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to desist from the pursuit. Returning, they continued their feast, and kept the merry greenwood ringing with peals of laughter until the stars had long twinkled in the heavens.

Our view of them is the next morning; but they are as bright and sprightly as though none but the pure beverage of our great progenitor had passed their lips, and they distribute themselves merrily to their chosen tasks. Some go out on the highway and rifle the haughty Norman's baggage, or drop a piece of gold into the hand of the famished beggar. Others visit the poor and lend them the necessary aid which keeps them from starving and freezing, getting for all return their sincere blessings and their hearty good-will and coöperation.

Some bring down, with unerring aim, the gallant bucks of the forest, and trudge merrily home with the day's provision on their backs. Others go far away in search of new adventures to excite the admiration of their companions, or the gratitude of some willing recipient of their favors. All are merry, and happy, and free, and eat the wild game of the forests, and breathe the pure air of heaven with light hearts, while their Norman oppressors, trembling at the dreaded name of Robin Hood, shut themselves up in huge castles, or tell their beads in damp, dark cells, and concoct new schemes and devise new plans for increasing their gains, and extending their arbitrary power. Which is the better lot?

Which of the two classes of men is the better entitled to the admiration of posterity? Which the better fulfilled its destiny and lived the better life? Is it that class from whom have descended the absurd laws, the aristocratic institutions, both of Church and State, the lying and cheating diplomacy, the oppressive and exterminating foreign policy of the present British

nation? Or is it that class from whom have descended their commerce, their manufactures, their learning, their poetry, their dissenters, and that pure but stern religious feeling that founded our own free American colonies; the most honorable, the most liberal and most enlightened people the world has ever seen.

This may seem too great commendation of Robin Hood and his practices. But we have only attempted to rescue his name from the undeserved notoriety it has obtained in latter days. It has been common to speak of Robin Hood as the "gentlest of thieves," but still a thief, as though the pleasant way he had of joking the victim he plundered were the only virtues he possessed. This is a great mistake. Robin Hood was a Saxon, and a fair representative of the better class of the Saxons of that age. Shortly after his death, his countrymen, following the instinct which their former habits and the insular position of England implanted in them, interested themselves in commerce and trade. Political honors were denied them; their blood was not sufficiently pure to mingle with that



ROBIN TIES THE TIPSY BISHOP TO HIS HORSE, AND WHIPS HIM INTO NOTTINGHAM.



ROBIN'S GRAVE.

of the Norman ; but they were restless and enterprising, and were bound to advance in some way or other.

They, therefore, commenced that system of commerce and laid the foundation of that national prosperity which laid them open to the taunt of Napoleon, while it furnished the means of conquering him. They constituted, as the common people always must, the strength of the nation, and endured the contempt while they supported the extravagance of their Norman rulers. They compelled a respect from the nobility, which was always grudgingly given ; and made England, in language, customs, laws, and every thing but foreign policy, nine parts Saxon to one part Norman ; while at the same time the nobility have always found it convenient to decoy the artisan and trader, whom they did not scruple to rob of their hard earnings when it suited their purpose to do so. In the process of time, however, these grew into wealth and consequent power ; and, by uniting for mutual protection, produced that third class, which grew to be formidable to State and Church, and, at length, to undermine the power of both, and to establish that supremacy of the people, which, in our day—in our country, at least—constitutes the only legitimate power.

Robin Hood's practices would not now be commended any more than Dick Turpin's or Bill Sikes' ; but the spirit that actuated him, and the independence that he strove for, were the spirit and the independence of the commercial classes of England ; and the contempt in which he was

held was the same in which the Lord Dreddlingtons and the Sir Leicester Dedlocks now hold the traders on whom they live. But the contempt of the one class, and the abhorrence of the other, are every day becoming less and less ; and the two races, long since made one in history, are fast assimilating in fact.

SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT Nature, for herself, his soul hath made
A mirror clear in which to view herself,
And flash on us some glimpses of her face,
Seen through the thin transparency of words.
From what an eminence of God-like calm,
He contemplates the struggles of his kind,
And plays, as on a chess-board of the world,
With easy grace, alike with kings or pawns !
He sounds our being in its deepest deeps—
Soars, like an eagle, to its highest heights ;
Or floats like sunlight on the Summer wave,
Seizing the bubbles of our lightest mood,
Camelion-souled, reflecting every hue.
See visions of the fancy, thin as dreams,
Thronging—congealed by chemistry of thought,
And fixed for ever, as in adamant,
Outliving entities of blood and brain—
Those proud familiars of our homes and hearts,
With goodness beautified or curses damned !
His heart a rich Æolian lyre, whose strings
Now yield soft music to the zephyr's play,
Or throb with passion like a demon stung,
Or top the tempest with the wall of woe.
He is the mighty minstrel of the world !
The soul his instrument, his spirit-touch
Runs o'er the gamut of all human things,
Striking from each key its peculiar note,
And, blending all in noblest melody,
Sends it to thrill the universal heart.
In Shakespeare Nature culminates in man.



THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE.

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE OF GREAT MEADOWS.

WASHINGTON, worn with anxiety and fatigue, transferred his pack to the shoulders of the Indian; but when the latter officiously proposed to carry his gun also, the favor was declined. They saw growing reasons to apprehend an ambushade, and watched their guide narrowly. Washington and Gist were neither of them men to be easily alarmed; but when they found the Indian doggedly pursuing his way, regardless of their wishes, they were convinced that nothing short of their scalps would content him. Arriving at length at one of those natural meadows to be found in the vicinity of streams and beaver-dams, the traitorous guide turned suddenly round and fired at them. There was but a moment of dismay, when the two, finding the ball had missed its aim, seized upon the Indian. Gist declares he would have killed him instantly, had not Washington, the humane youth, forbidden the act, and contented himself with disarming him, and compelling him to kindle a fire, that they might rest awhile, the one sleeping while the other watched.

Feeling, however, the need of ridding themselves of the traitor, they affected to consider the incident of firing the gun as a signal of the Indian's to warn the people of his cabin of their approach; and proposed that, as he said he was very near it, he (the Indian) should return home

for supplies, while they would rest in the little meadow, and follow his trail at daybreak. Gist pursued his retreating footsteps for half a mile; and then, returning to Washington, they moved on rapidly in another direction—and thus was this peril averted.

By continuous and hard travel they at length reached the Alleghany River, which they had hoped to find a bridge of ice; on the contrary, great quantities of ice were driving down the turbid waters, which were swollen by the rains, and a passage was impossible except by a raft. The two looked up and down the raging stream, and upon the overhanging woods, deep with snow, and filled with hostile men and beasts, and they must have felt their situation well-nigh desperate. They had but one hatchet between them.

Without loss of time, they went resolutely to their task; all day they cut, and hacked, and spliced, and the night overtook them before their work was complete. They did not slack till the raft was done and launched upon the river, hoping to cross at once, and then make their way through the woods again. But the raft soon became jammed between masses of ice, and, with all their efforts, it could not be moved. At length, Washington planted his pole, and committed his whole weight and strength to the effort, in the hope that the obstruction might float past. The accumulated ice, borne upon the rapid current of the river, swept by, and the young man was twitched overboard into the



CROSSING THE ALLEGHANY.

turbulent and frozen stream. But, "like a young lion from the swelling of Jordan," he sprang to the surface and leaped upon the raft.

It now became evident that nothing further could be done with the raft, and they made their way to a small island, where they remained all night, at the imminent risk of freezing to death; and, indeed, the older blood of Mr. Gist could not so well withstand the cold as that of the more fervid Washington, who seems to have nearly escaped harm, while his faithful companion had both hands and feet frozen. In the morning, the river was hard as marble, and they crossed to the shore on the ice.

Arriving at Turtle Creek, they were hospitably entertained by Mr. Frazier, who had been driven from Venango by Captain Joncaire, and since settled upon this branch of the Monongahela. They heard of several atrocities practiced by the Indian allies of the French, which convinced Washington still more of the importance of conciliating these children of the woods, if only for the sake of protecting the frontier inhabitants. Accordingly, upon being told that an Indian princess, who had come to the command of her tribe after the cruel murder of her husband by the whites, desired to meet him in council, he turned aside from his direct route, that he might pay his respects to Queen Aliquippa—for thus was she called. This woodland queen had her lodge at the forks of the Monongahela and Yohiogany Rivers, and received her guest with some state, standing in the midst of her people, with her young son upon her right hand. She made an affecting speech, in which she recounted the injuries she had received from the whites, and the cruel death of her husband. Washington, always humane and courteous, replied in a conciliatory manner; and, having made her some presents, took his leave.

They now recrossed the Alleghenies to Will's Creek (Cumberland River), and thence Washington made his way to Williamsburg, where he arrived on the 16th of January, from an arduous journey through an inhospitable region, covered with frost and snow, after an absence of about eleven weeks.

I have given a somewhat full account of this expedition, because it was one of great importance in itself, and because it affords, thus early in the life of Washington, evidence of that sobriety and forecast, and of those mental, moral and physical resources, which, in after life, made Washington, taken as a whole, the most remarkable man that ever lived; remarkable, not for his virtues and patriotism alone, but for a sound sense, a wisdom, and a clearness of understanding, which can find no parallel in ancient or modern history. No one has ever questioned his integrity; no one has ever doubted his courage; but the world is not yet round enough in its harmonies to fully appreciate that fullness of mind, which shone with no borrowed luster, and sought no factitious aid. His character did not blaze out like a sudden conflagration—it was a warm, steady light, emanating from a strong, solid, healthful growth; and this mission of his to the French commander, whose dangers and difficulties were so courageously met, and whose intricate diplomacies were penetrated by his clear, wise, young head, shows how early he must have made himself felt in the community, and how much he was needed by the times. He is now less than twenty-two years of age.

There was hence no longer excuse for hesitation on the part of the Colonies. The report of Major Washington exhibited fully the hostile intentions of the French, and the Ohio Company at once put themselves into a position of de-

fense. They set about building a fort at the forks; that is, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, at the place designated by the young envoy. Virginia, also, adopted measures to protect the frontier inhabitants from the atrocities of savage warfare, without waiting the movements of the English Government.

In the meanwhile, the letters and report of Washington were at once laid before the Board of Trade, in London, and proposals of aid and unity of purpose were exchanged between the Colonies. Indeed, the French and their Indian allies would have been much more effectively and strenuously opposed had not the movements of the Colonies been rendered complex by the growing spirit of independence in the people, and their determined resolve to hold all possible power in their own hands. Hence, they were in frequent collisions with their Governors, who, being appointed by the Crown, were on the alert to extend their prerogatives, and render themselves independent of the people.

A meeting of all the Governors of the Colonies, to devise measures for mutual protection, was proposed by South Carolina, but was not carried into effect on account of mutual jealousies. In the meanwhile, the great, far-seeing Franklin was endeavoring to bring about a confederation of all the Colonies, who should send delegates to Albany, New York, and the whole state of public mind was in a ferment of conflicting opinions. Hatred of the French induced them to one common object, while the people themselves were likewise tending almost unconsciously to a confederation. This tendency was closely watched, and bitterly and keenly opposed by the officials of Great Britain, as being an infringement upon royal prerogatives.

The Six Nations and their allies seem to have been the only parties which watched the movements of the French with a single eye, and they did not fail to reprove the tardiness of the Colonies. "You act like women," they said; "you have no fortifications, no armies, no boats, while the French dot the land from the mouth of the Great River to Montreal with forts, and whiten the Lakes with their bateaux."

Washington was ordered to raise recruits, with a commission of Lieutenant-Colonel conferred upon him. But, be it remembered, the country was poor; men, however humble, do not willingly leave their families to the mercy of a savage foe, at the call of country. It was a gloomy period, most especially in Virginia, which promised to be the seat of war.

Early in the Spring, Washington was on his

way to the forks, but he had hardly reached Will's Creek when he was informed that the French were in the field. The fort at the forks was still incomplete when Contrecoeur came down from Venango, and called upon the little band to surrender. Ensign Ward, who was in command, hesitated on the ground that he was but a subaltern, and could not act without his superior officer. But the French commander would admit of no delay, and they, on the 17th of April, were permitted to withdraw; thus had the French taken another step in furtherance of war. The Half-King, Tanacharison, sent a belt at once to Washington, urging his appearance in the West.

The season was still cold; the Indians and the soldiers were but poorly supplied, they had neither forts nor tents, and the whole frontier lay at the mercy of their savage foe. The French had at once taken possession of the forks and commenced their defenses upon the spot, naming the fort Du Quesne, in honor of the Governor of Canada. It is now within the limits of the city of Pittsburgh.

Washington writes a sad account of the condition of his men at this time—destitute of the common comforts of shoes, stockings, shirts and coats. It must be borne in mind that the colonial system, on the part of the English Government, was such as to repel the enterprise and industry of the people, who, having no market for their produce, had little motive for effort. More than this, they were absolutely forbidden the cultivation of many essential articles in order that the productive industry of the people of Great Britain might supply the demand; accordingly, without money and without credit, the colonist stood little chance of any thing better than absolute destitution.

Washington, young as he was, saw the need of prompt coöperation on the part of the Colonies, and took the responsibility of writing at once to the Governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania to inform them of the perilous condition of the frontier, and the hostile movements of the French, of whose intentions there could be no further doubt, since they had opened the war by seizing the English fort at the forks.

The House of Burgesses, of Virginia, voted to raise ten thousand pounds to meet the exigencies of the army; but, with an eye to the interests of the people, from whom the money was to be raised, appointed a committee to superintend its disbursement, greatly to the discomfort of good Governor Dinwiddie, who saw therein the "republican way of thinking" of these people, and predicted, with the forecast of a prophet, that "it

will be difficult to bring them to order." Poor man! he is evidently driven to his wit's end, but holds to the helm and keeps his reckoning as best he may.

In the meanwhile, intelligence was received of the movements of the French, who were constantly receiving additions to their numbers, and whose scouts dogged the movements of the Colonies at every turn. It will be seen that the responsibility of repelling the French had been taken almost exclusively by Virginia, whose movements were critically watched by the other Colonies. Great want of unanimity prevailed among them; some believing it impolitic to make any demonstration without the sanction of the mother country, as by so doing the treaty of Aix la Chapelle became violated, and the two great nations of Europe would be irretrievably involved in war. Be that as it would, the blow had been already struck by the taking of Fort Du Quesne, and the safety of the frontiers demanded immediate action.

The command of the Virginia forces had been offered to Washington, who had declined the responsibility on the ground of his youth and inexperience—a plea which circumstances rendered of no avail, for Colonel Fry, an English gentleman of much merit, fell ill at Will's Creek, where he was obliged to remain, while young Washington pushed onward, at the head of a hundred and sixty men. It was no easy task to make a passage for heavy artillery through a mountainous country, and they were often unable to make more than four miles a day, and that at the expense of great labor and calculation.

They were met on their way by English traders, retreating nearer to the settlements with their helpless women and children, who described the French as constantly being reënforced upon the Ohio by additions from Canada. He also learned that a Frenchman, by the name of La Force, a creature in the employ of Captain Joncaire—who had given him such trouble on the occasion of his visit to the French commandant, by trying to detach his Indian allies from his aid—was now prowling about with a few followers, evidently in the capacity of a spy.

To add to the perplexities of his position, much difficulty existed between the troops enlisted under the Provincial Government and those holding commissions from the king—the former receiving much less pay than the latter. Indeed, although the royal officers were obliged to find their own provisions, their pay being liberal, they lived much better than those of the provincial line, who were compelled to subsist

upon salt provisions and water. This was considered as unjust and degrading, and Washington found great difficulty in dissuading the officers from throwing up their commissions. He himself sympathized in the feelings of his companions, and took occasion to remonstrate warmly with the Governor in regard to it. He saw that where emolument was not to be gained men must at least have some motive of honorable ambition to attach them to the service; whereas, under existing regulations, the severest toil devolved upon the provincials, who not only received less in pay, but ranked, also, as inferior in grade. Washington writes:

"For my own part, it is a matter almost indifferent to me whether I serve for full pay, or as a generous volunteer; indeed, did my circumstances correspond with my inclinations, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter, for the motives that have led me here are pure and noble. I had no view of acquisition but that of honor, by serving faithfully my king and country."

Noble youth! Thus does he write at twenty-two, in the midst of a camp, in the heart of a wilderness, beset with perils, surrounded by disaffected men and jealous officials—when a man does not stop to pick for fine phrases and elegant sentiments, but must out with what is nearest him, and most urgent in the quality of his mind. Yet mark the nobleness of the record.

Reaching the Yohiogany River, some delay was occasioned from the necessity of constructing a bridge for the passage of horses, artillery, etc., and Washington employed the period in examining the country and searching for a ford in the river. He found it hemmed in by mountains and impeded by rapids, which totally forbade the transportation of heavy arms. He had hardly returned to the main body, when a message from the faithful Tanacharison warned him of the approach of the French, intending "to strike the first English they shall see." The same evening, he learned the enemy was fording the river below.

Washington now took position in an open space, called the Great Meadows; and, having cleared away obstructions, and posted his men, the enthusiastic youth, regarding the whole with a look of complacency, declared it to be "a charming place for an encounter."

During the night an alarm was given, and the sentries fired; but nothing of moment occurred till the coming light revealed the cause of alarm to have arisen by the desertion of six of their number.

Mr. Gist, the friendly pioneer, arrived in

camp; and reported that La Force, with about fifty men, had visited his place the day before, and he had found tracks of them within five miles of the camp. Indian runners confirmed the intelligence, with other still more important, showing that the whole body of the enemy was not far distant.

Believing this the force whose scouts had been hovering about him for several days, Washington resolved to ascertain their intentions without further delay; for his little army was suffering from cold and hunger, and desertions were not unrequent. Accordingly, taking a picked company, he determined to visit the lodge of their Indian ally. The rain was falling in torrents, the night was dark, and they must make their way in single file as best they could. But the young leader was not unfamiliar with night, and darkness, and cold, and tempest. At sunrise they reached the camp of the Half-King, where they were warmly welcomed. They at

once resolved to ferret out the ambush of the enemy.

Washington, with his trusty followers, took the right, and the Indian warriors the left, and thus they proceeded in perfect silence. Advancing from the overhanging woods and rocks, a gleam of their arms aroused the French to a consciousness of danger. Instantly the enemy sprang to their arms, and volley after volley awakened those ancient solitudes to the din of arms. The old rocks reëchoed to the sound, and the scared denizens of the woods fled before the wild uproar. Well might Nature shrink aghast, for this is the prelude to that great drama which is to convulse all Europe, and which, in its course, will rob France of all her American possessions, nor die away till the brightest gem in the crown of England shall fall from its setting, ceasing only when man shall have taken the highest and noblest stand as yet recognized by our humanity!



WASHINGTON'S FIRST BATTLE.

At length, a deep silence settles upon the scene, and, as the smoke soars away over the mountains, young Washington stands firm and unharmed, although he had been exposed to the hottest of the fire. Twenty-two men were taken prisoners after this engagement, who were sent on to Gov. Dinwiddie. The most important event, however, of the action was the death of Jumonville, the French commander, together with ten of his men.

It has been the policy of the French to cast

all possible odium upon young Washington, because of the death of Jumonville, whom their writers have represented in all the glowing colors of poetry and romance, and invested with the sanctities of the martyr. They have done this because they wished to throw the responsibility of the broken treaty upon the English, and therefore chose to represent a man who was prowling about the frontier with a party of hostile Indians, and a thousand armed men at his heels, as the bearer of a summons; and that,

too, after they had ejected the English traders from the vicinity of the Lakes and the Ohio—had taken forcible possession of the fort at the forks—had sent forces from New Orleans to meet those from Canada in the Valley of the Ohio, and had used every endeavor to induce the Indians to take up arms against the English.

Jumonville was no victim, but an official acting in accordance with the wishes of his superiors, who, when detected in his ambushade, uses no parley, but flies at once to arms. His death was one of the contingencies of that war which his nation had invited, and no more to be regretted than that of any brave man who dies in the performance of what he conceives to be a duty. The conduct of Washington, on the contrary, always humane, but no less firm than brave, was such as the contingencies of war had forced upon him, involving duties not to be mistaken.

While these movements were taking place, Col. Fry expired at Will's Creek, having taken no part in the expedition. Washington, upon whom the whole command now devolved, fell back upon the entrenchments at Great Meadows, which he fortified and named Fort Necessity, in memory of the privations and sufferings of the troops. Here, seeking shelter from hostile Indians and French, resorted the families upon the frontier, bringing with them such effects as they well could, and augmenting the difficulties and anxieties of the young commander, by the insufficient supply of provisions for such a multitude. Hither also came Queen Alaquippa and her son, Tanacharison, and other persons of distinction.

Shortly after, three hundred men from Will's Creek augmented the little army, and with them came Dr. Craik, an excellent man, who from this time forth will be the trusty friend of Washington. There is a motley assemblage, it is true, around the young commander; but he contrives, nevertheless, to preserve not only military discipline, but good order and decorum, in this assemblage of bold men, half wild women and children, and savage warriors, for daily did the youthful Washington assemble about him soldiers, Indians, and all persons of the camp, and read before them the solemn and impressive prayers of that religion which he never failed to honor.

On the 10th of May, the fort received a company from South Carolina, under the command of Captain Mackay. It will be remembered that Washington held his commission under the provincial regulations, while Captain Mackay's emanated from the Crown—hence, the latter could

not willingly acknowledge him as his superior. Accordingly, a separate camp was set up, and a round of punctilios commenced, as wearisome in themselves as they must have been annoying to Washington. It is by no means probable that men who had fought under their favorite young leader would willingly see him yield precedence to another. Still, this division of interests and of forces—Captain Mackay declining to receive the countersign or accept guards from Washington—must have obstructed the common interest very greatly. This camp under the royal commission, and this other under the provincial, each brave, independent and self-willed, is a significant feature of the times. Subsequently, Washington commenced the laborious task of constructing a road to Redstone Creek, for military purposes, and it is no wonder that the hardy provincials murmured to see the "king's soldiers" looking idly on while they and their leader bore the burden and heat of the day—toiling and working onward while the "independent company" of South Carolina was left in charge of Fort Necessity. They had cleared but about thirteen miles, Washington working with the men, when finding the French forces greatly augmented in the vicinity, and fearing a surprise, Washington thought it advisable to fall back upon Fort Necessity, at the Great Meadows.

Reaching this point, he found the royal troops had done nothing to increase its strength, while there was every prospect of an immediate attack. Washington and his trusty Virginians commenced, without delay, putting it into a state of defense, while the "king's soldiers" looked on. To add still further to his perilous condition, their Indian allies, disgusted at the conduct of the South Carolina troops, seeing also that famine was daily threatening the little army, and dreading the consequence of so many disasters, suddenly deserted him. It was indeed a moment of trial, and of peril, also.

On the 3d of July, while Washington and his men were at work in the trenches, a sentinel was driven in, wounded and bleeding, and scouts informed them that the enemy, in full force, was at hand. Washington formed his line of battle outside the fort, reserving that as a final resort. They were near a small, clear stream of water, nearly in the center of the Meadows, with wooded hills sweeping gently in the distance. Presently, a firing commenced from one of these eminences, but at such a distance that Washington justly regarded it as a stratagem to draw his men from their position, and he ordered them to reserve their fire till they could



THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

see the face of the foe. This desultory firing was kept up throughout the day. Before night, a heavy rain began to fall; the men fell back to the trenches, worn and jaded by a day of perpetual vigilance. About eight at night, the French demanded a parley, and proposed terms of capitulation.

Washington felt it would be little less than madness to contend further; their entrenchments were by no means to be relied upon—men do not fight well upon an empty stomach, nor is a pouring rain favorable to courage. He more than suspected that the French had expended their ammunition, but he was not in a condition to avail himself of the contingency. Impetuous and brave, even at this early age he possessed a rare discretion. He saw the pale, worn faces of his brave Virginians, who had never failed him, and he knew now they would follow him to the death; but he saw it was in vain. To contend longer was to expend life to little purpose. As we at this day look from our century, and behold the youth struggling unaided, obliged to decide almost without council, and remember that he is tenacious of glory, as great minds will be, we can trace back to this era the germ of the accomplished soldier no less than the unselfish man.

After some hesitation, Washington consented to what was inevitable. They were destitute of the common necessities of life, and the munitions of war. There was no unanimity of action, except among his own Virginians, who were exhausted with toil and weakened by privations. On the 4th day of July, Fort Mifflin was surrendered to the French, the Americans marching out honorably with their effects, and bearing their colors. Thus was the basin of the Ohio abandoned once more to the French, and the

English standard waved nowhere west of the Alleghanies.

[To be continued.]

GOD AND THYSELF.

BY MARY FORREST.

LIVE no lie of circumspection,
Binding thy rich soulhood down
To a painful genuflexion,
And a smile upon a frown !
Stand up high and straight within thee,
With a brave heart, true and strong ;
Bear thy burdens as thine honors
Through the surging cynic throng.
Proudly, for thy sense of truthness—
Meekly, for thy trust in God—
Calmly, for the richer fullness
Found beneath the bitter rod !
Hate what God hath written hateful
In great letters on thy soul ;
Always minding to read rightly
Every sign upon the scroll.
Love what Christ hath shown thee lovely,
Cherish all the angels bring ;
Not affecting one pulsation
For the fitness of the thing !
Worship as the Spirit moves thee,
Wear no gyves upon thy faith ;
When the heavens are open to thee,
Hear what the Revealer saith.
Take it for thy creed and passport,
Seal it on thine inmost soul ;
Gird thee for its high achievement—
Round thy life into a whole !
THOU and God ! Sublime relation,
Drifting through eternities,
Whelming human speculation,
Merging earthly vanities !
Rock of Strength for human weakness,
Light behind the sullen dark—
Love of Love in full completeness,
Haven for thy storm-tossed bark !
New York, November, 1857.



THE CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

FATHER and mother, brothers, all are here :
 Beneath the homestead roof again we meet—
 Alas ! since last we met 'tis many a year
 Of Winter's cold and Summer's fervid heat.
 From many climes, from lands across the sea,
 By winding rivers and o'er ocean's foam,
 We come to gather round the Christmas tree,
 And warm our hearts beneath the light of home !

I have been with you, brothers, day by day,
 Watching your footsteps from the distant land—
 In spirit have I traced you on your way,
 A widely parted, but united band.
 The chain of brotherhood which does us join
 Is something dearer than the world can lend :
 We will not change it for a baser coin,
 But keep it bright and perfect to the end.

We have been with you, parents, many a time,
 Though far diverging all our paths might be ;
 United by a sympathy sublime,
 We still have met across the trackless sea ;
 Each from his different dwelling-place has felt
 The ties of home within his bosom yearn,
 And in his distant solitude has knelt
 And prayed that Heaven would hasten his return.

From Mexico, and California's plain—
 From Oregon's as yet unpeopled shore—
 Beyond the Andes' mighty reaching chain—
 From where is heard the Rio Plata's roar—
 From England's kingdom, with its sea-girt isles—
 From San Domingo's withering domain—
 From fair Brasil, where Nature ever smiles—
 From Africa and colonies of Spain—
 We come across the mountain and the main,
 To meet beneath our homestead roof again.

Around the Christmas board together now,
 We see the changes Time to each has brought :
 Children when last we met, with manly brow
 Can tell us how with destiny they wrought,
 And grew in life and in the world of thought.
 There is no vacant chair—we all are here,
 All who in childhood gathered round the board,
 And two familiar faces more appear
 To grace the circle Christmas has restored.

Let us, my kindred, in this happy hour,
 Remember Him whose mercies we have shared,
 Acknowledging the goodness and the power
 That thus for all our wanderings has cared.
 We know not what the future has in store,
 For that to us is all unseen and dim ;
 But life will leave us little to deplore
 If we do humbly put our trust in Him.

And now, with thankful but with merry hearts,
 Let us the blessings granted us improve ;
 Let us forget that life has had its smarts,
 And only think of Christmas and of love.
New York, December, 1857.

TO A VIOLET

FOUND IN THE WOOD ON AN OCTOBER DAY.

BY J. A. M.

THY graceful azure flame,
 Sweet flower, how gladly did I greet to-day,
 Heart-stricken with the pathos of decay
 From all things round that came.
 How strange and yet how fair a sight it stood,
 Amid the phantom leaves beside it strowed !

No sky of softest blue,
 With all a mother's fervid gaze, bent there ;
 The chilling splendor of this Autumn air
 Was most thy nature knew ;
 And yet no flower, when Summer dews were shed,
 Seemed more the impress of an angel's tread.

No blissful bee or bird,
 On waves of tender singing, tranced thy bloom ;
 The wind's voice, chideful with the note of doom,
 Alone around thee stirred ;
 And yet, such seeming gladness fills thy life,
 As if with every vernal kindling rife !

Brave flower ! in thee I trace
 A radiant typing of the true heart's prime,
 That lingers through the blame and flame of time,
 And keeps its glow and grace,
 Serenely heedful on their errand here,
 To bless with beauty and delight with cheer !
Utica, N. Y., October, 1857.

MY THIRTY YEARS OUT OF THE SENATE;
OR, A HISTORY OF THE WORKINGS OF AMERICAN
POLITICIANS FOR THIRTY YEARS, &c.*

LETTER LXII.

A VERY PRIVATE LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING TO
PRESIDENT FOLK.

HEAD OF SALT RIVER, † Dec. 18, 1848.

DEAR COLONEL—It all come out jest exactly as I told you 'twould in my last dispatch a few days before the 'lection. The earthquakes and harrycanes was awful. Some of our friends was throwd up sky high, and haint been seen nor heard of since; some was swallowed up in the ground and buried alive; and all of us was shipwrecked and splashed overboard, and left to the mercy of the wind and the tide. I was lucky enough to get a-straddle of a plank, and made out to keep my head above water. I drifted about awhile, kind of confused like, and couldn't hardly tell whether I was on the ocean or on a lake, or where I was.

At last I floated along into a river, and then I concluded, of course, I was bound down Niagara, and should have to plunge head and ears over the big falls. I seemed to be floating along down the middle of the river, and away off before me and away behind me I could see a good many others going the same way; and, away in close to the shore, on both sides of the river, there seemed to be a good many going the other way—that is, as I thought, going up stream. I was kept along in this way till I come to a narrow place in the river, which I learnt afterward was called the half-way narrows. Here the current grew more rapid, and I floated along very fast; but I was so near the shore I could see folks on both sides and hear 'em speak.

Presently I met a man on one side of the river, footing it along the shore, and towing a one-masted boat after him, as I thought, upstream. At first, by his stooping walk and bald head, I thought he was too old a man to be doing such hard kind of work; but when he come nearer, I see he had flaxy hair and a young and almost boyish looking face. He went straight ahead, with a line over his shoulder, drawing the boat

after him, and singing a merry kind of a song, which I couldn't make out, only one varse of it, which seemed to be this:

"Life is real, life is earnest;
Things are jest what they do seem;
Down Salt River thou returnest,
Oh, my Tribune, 'tis no dream."

When I saw who it was I was amazingly puzzled. I'd heard a good many songs that had more truth than poetry in 'em, but this one seemed to have more poetry than truth. Any how, if this was really Salt River, that we had heard so much tell of, I couldn't seem to make out how I should be sailing down stream so fast, and the Tribune-man be tugging up stream so hard. This didn't agree with the election returns at all. Something has got twisted round; things is *not* jest what they seem. While I was bothering my head about it, I looked over on t'other side of the river, and there was another man with a line over his shoulder, towing a larger and heavier boat up stream, as I thought. He was a tall, officer-looking man, with large whiskers, and stood up straight, and walked strong, as though he didn't care for nobody. He, too, seemed to be singing a very merry song. All I could hear of it was just this varse:

"Old Uncle Sam was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for Taylor and me."

As he passed by me I see the name on the starn of the boat was New York Courier and Enquirer. I was in a great puzzlement; these Whig chaps was all so merry; and yet, if this was really Salt River, it seemed to me they was going the wrong way, according to the 'lection, and I couldn't tell what to make of it. As I was near enough to hail the Courier man, I thought I would call to him and see if I could get any light on the subject. So, says I—

"Hullo, Colonel!"

He stopped and turned round, and answered, "Hullo."

Says I, "I ask your pardon, Colonel, but I'm a stranger in these parts, and a stranger to you, but I know you by your boat. Will you be so kind as to tell me where I'm bound to? For I'm kind of lost."

"Oh, certainly," says he, "with the greatest pleasure, my dear Sir. You are bound straight up to the head of Salt River; you can't miss your way, for there isn't a single path that turns out between here and there."

"Well now," says I, "Colonel, you or I must be under some strange mistake. Don't you see I'm floating down on the current? Ain't the

† EDITORIAL NOTE.—On the election of General Taylor to the Presidency, November, 1848, the Whigs, who had been sojourning for four years in Salt River Territory, came down the river in full force and high spirits, while the Democrats moved quietly up and took possession, and went to work and tried to organize the Territory in order to get it admitted as a State. Major Downing, in this letter, describes Salt River and the philosophy of its navigation more accurately and satisfactorily than has ever been done by any other author.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.



NAVIGATING SALT RIVER.

river running down this way, and carrying me along with it?"

At that he laughed outright, and says he, "I see you are nothing but a fresh-water sailor, and don't know any thing about the navigation of Salt River."

"Well, how should I," says I; "for I never was in these waters before?"

"Well," says he, "*Salt River runs up stream*; jest bear that in your mind, and you'll find it all plain sailing."

"But that can't be possible," says I; "you, nor I, nor nobody else, ever knew a river to run up stream."

"You may depend upon it," says he, "*Salt River runs up stream*; and I suppose that is the only river in America that does run up stream."

By this time I had floated so far by that I couldn't hear any thing more he said. But it wasn't long before I was satisfied the Colonel was right; for, as the current carried me along back into the country, the land kept growing higher and higher, and at last I found myself quite up among the mountains; and, when I come to the head of the river, the current run my plank right plump ashore.

I found a good many of our friends already here before me, and I understand a great many more are on the way. Our annexin' friend, General Cass, hasn't got here yet; but he's expected now every day. This is a pretty good sort of a country up here, after all, and has a

good many advantages. But I haven't time to give you much account of it to-day; I'll try to describe it more another time. I've spent considerable time examining and exploring this curious river, and I think I've learnt more about it than anybody that's been up here afore. It's different from all the other rivers that I ever see. It has no springs or streams running into it to feed it, but feeds itself from its own waters. All the center of the river is a strong current, running up stream till it gets to the head of the river; and then it divides and turns off each way, and works along down in eddies and currents by each bank of the river till it gets to the mouth; and then it turns round regular into the center current agin, and up it comes.

This shows the reason why anybody that happens to get into the current of Salt River has to go clear to the head of it before he can stop. It shows the reason, too, why anybody that sets out to go down with a boat, or a raft, or any thing, has to lead it along the shore by a line: for, if it happens to get out a little too far from shore, and get ketch'd in the center current, it's gone goose with it; it has to go clear back to the head of the river, and take another start. This, of course, makes the navigation of Salt River, on the passage out, very hard and difficult.

Now, I'll tell you what I advise you by all means to do. You know Congress is in a great taking to pass a bill for the improvement of the

navigation of lakes and rivers, and they are afraid they can't do it this session because you'll put your veto upon it. Now, you jest strike a bargain with 'em; and tell 'em if they'll put in a million of dollars into the bill to improve the navigation of Salt River, and let General Cass have the laying of it out, you'll sign the bill. If we could get that bill through, it would be of immense importance to us and our friends for a good many years to come.

We can't, of course, look for you up here till after the 4th of March; but I shall be getting every thing ready for you as fast as I can. I've got a notion in my head, however, that you might hold on there at Washington some years longer yet; and be in a situation to do our friends more good, may be, than you could up here. I see they are looking round all over the country for men to make up a Cabinet for General Taylor; and they seem to be going upon the rule that them that did the most toward electing him must have the first chance in the Cabinet. Now, going upon that rule, the first chance belongs to you, of course; for there isn't no other man in the country that did a quarter so much toward electing him as you did. In fact, if it hadn't been for you, he never would a' been elected at all; and if he doesn't give you the first place in his Cabinet, if you'll take it, he'll be the ungratefulest man that ever lived. I think it would be best, all things considered, for you to take a place at the head of the Cabinet.

As for dear old Mr. Richie, I s'pose you can spare him now as well as any time; and, as the weather is warm and pleasant yet, and comfortable for making the voyage, why not start him right along? I hope you'll be careful to see him well ropped up and supplied with a plenty of blankets, in case there should be a change of weather before he gets here. Tell him he needn't be a bit afraid; he'll find good comfortable quarters here, and nothing to trouble him, for I've been all round here, and there isn't no bears, nor wolves, nor Federalists, nor any thing of that sort. I don't think I ever see a country clearer of Federalists in my life; and every man I've talked with here is in favor of the resolutions of '98.

I remain your friend and pioneer,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

LETTER LXIII.

MAJOR DOWNING ADVISES MR. RITCHIE TO KEEP COOL, AND NOT FIGHT SO HARD AGAINST THE WIDU ADMINISTRATION.

MASON AND DIXON'S SIDE OF SALT RIVER, }
August 11, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. RICHIE—You don't know how glad I be to see how you have spunked up since my last letter to you. You are raly giving it

to the "corrupt and imbecile Administration" pell-mell. I should think every "dolt," and every "butcher," and every "Nero" among 'em must have a bung'd eye by this time. You do give it to 'em, right and left, about right. Uncle Joshua says you are the *Tom Hyer* of our party, and can whip anybody the Feds can bring into the ring. But now I begin to feel uneasy for fear you'll overdo yourself, and break down, and then we shan't have nobody to take care of us. Don't you remember the story of the tame elephant that was used to help launch vessels? One time they put him to launch a vessel that was too heavy for him. After he tried once or twice, and couldn't start it, the keeper called out: "Take away this lazy beast, and bring another." At that the poor elephant roused up, and put his head to the vessel again, and pushed and strained himself so hard that he fell down and died. Now, I don't want you to do so. When I writ that letter to you, two or three weeks ago, to rouse you up a little, I didn't mean to make you so furious that you should run your head agin the Administration so hard as to break your neck, or strain yourself so much as to fall down dead. Nor I didn't mean that you should kill off all the Administration, smack smooth, as dead as herrings, in two months. I meant to give you two or three years to do it in. Any time before the next election would do. If you should kill 'em all right off, before we have time to choose anybody to take their places, you would have all the Government on your own shoulders; and I'm afraid it would be too much for you. So I think you had better try to cool down a little; it an't prudence to keep so hot all the time. That is, I mean on your own account, for fear you should overdo yourself and break down. And then, again, there is such a thing as drawing too long a bow to hit the thing you shoot at. Major Longbow used to be quite unlucky in that way. You can make folks believe a middlin'-sized fish story, if you tell it well; but if you try to back it up with a tarnel great cock-and-bull story, they'll go right back again, and swear they don't believe the fish story. It's dangerous loadin' guns too heavy; for then there's no knowing which will get the worst of it, him that stands before the muzzle or him that stands behind the brith. So I hope you will try to cool down a little; for I'm satisfied, since my last letter, you are firing away your ammunition too fast. And, besides, I don't think it's right for you, at your time of life, to be fightin' so hard. Nor I don't think it's necessary nuther; for things is brightenin' up all over the country. Our party is all coming together again, and go-

ing to carry all afore 'em. It's true the flocks and herds of our party has been dreadfully broke up and scattered about. The oxens didn't know their owners, and the sheeps hadn't no shepherds, and the Taylor wolves has been prowlin' about the country, and carried off a great many of 'em. But, from what I hear all over the country now, I am satisfied they are all comin' together again, and on a new platform; and that platform is, *Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River*. Mr. John Van Buren is shoo-shoolin' all over the Northern States, and drivin' of 'em up and headin' of 'em all as fast as he can toward Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River. Mr. Calhoun, in the Southern States, is whistlin' round his springy rattan, making the hair and skin fly, and headin' 'em all up toward Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River. And Colonel Benton is cracking his long whip all over the great Western country, and headin' 'em all across the prayries toward Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River. And General Cass stands, you know, where he always stood, on Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River, with a handful of salt in one hand and a nub of corn in t'other, and lookin' all round, and calling of 'em to come to him and he'll feed 'em. So, you see, we have every thing to encourage us. Things looks bright ahead. It won't be long before all the scattered flocks and herds of our party will be got together on this new platform, on Mason and Dixon's side of Salt River; and then we'll have things all our own way, and General Taylor and the Wilmot Proviso may go to grass.

So I remain your faithful friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

LETTER LXIV.

SHOWING THE POLLY OF THE UNPROFITABLE QUARRELS OF
UNCLE SAM'S SONS, AND THE EFFECT OF A HIGH FENCE
ON MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

MASON AND DIXON'S SIDE OF SALT RIVER, }
October 25, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. RICHIE—To-morrow Uncle Joshua, our delegate to Congress from Salt River Territory, starts for Washington. As I haint writ to you for some time, I thought I would send a few lines by him to let you know how matters are getting along up here. We are talking pretty sharp about forming a State Government, and some are for doing it right off, and sending Senators and Representatives to this Congress. But the majority was in favor of only sending a delegate now, and waiting to see what Congress will do with the other Territories that are sprouting up round; for, as things now look, we couldn't seem to tell whether a State on Mason and Dixon's side of the river would

be allowed to come in. So we called a meeting to choose a delegate, and to fix up the instructions for him to follow when he gets there.

After the meeting come to order, and Colonel Jones was appointed cheerman, Uncle Joshua got up and said the common practice of choosing a representative or delegate first, and then tying his hands afterward with instructions, he didn't think was hardly a fair shake. He thought the instructions ought to be agreed upon first; then if the representative had a mind to tie his own hands he couldn't blame nobody else for it. The meeting seemed to take the idea at once, and agreed to go right to work upon the instructions first.

The cheerman said: "It was evident from the newspapers, and the way things looked at Washington, and all over the country, that this was agoing to be a hot Congress. There was trouble a brewin' about the Wilmot Proviso, and about admitting California as a State; and then that monster, nullification, that everybody thought General Jackson had killed, years and years ago, wasn't by no means dead yet. He seemed to be more alive than ever, and showed ten times as many heads now as he did in Old Hickory's time. He was a hard animal to handle then, as my worthy friend there on my right can testify, for he had a hand in it. (Here the cheerman pointed to me, and made everybody look at me).

"I say," says he, "if Old Hickory and Major Downing had their hands full to master nullification, when he was only a young critter and hadn't but one head, the country may well tremble and ask what is to be done with him now that he has growed up so large and tuff, and shows so many heads."

At that Bill Johnson jumped up, as quick as a flash, and says he, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Cheerman, jest send old Rough and Ready arter him, and I'll resk him if he had twenty heads. If he wouldn't scatter and run as fast as Santa Anna did at Bony Vista, I'll pay the toddy."

"Well," said the cheerman, "that an't the question before the meeting. The question is, what instructions shall we give our delegate about the Wilmot Proviso, and the State of California, and nullification, and such like troublesome consarns. Gentlemen will please to speak their minds on the subject."

When Colonel Jones set down, the whole meeting turned and looked toward Uncle Joshua; for they think he knows more about these matters than anybody else in the territory; and, besides, he's a considerable speaker when you once get him started. They kept looking and nodding to him, and at last Uncle Joshua got up.

"Mr. Cheerman," says Uncle Joshua, says he, "if you know jest how things work in one case, you can pretty commonly tell pretty near how the same things will work in another case; for I've always observed in my lifetime, that when things worked jest so in one case, them same things would most always work jest so in another case. Now, when I was a boy I knew a case a good deal like this 'ere case you've been speakin' about. And if I should tell you and this meeting how things worked out in that case, may be you could judge better how things will work in this 'ere case, and then you can instruct your delegate accordingly. The case, Mr. Cheerman, was this:

"Old Mr. Sam West, a very clever, respectable old gentleman—everybody used to call him Uncle Sam—he was a very stirrin', thrivin' man, and a good farmer; he owned a very large farm, and picked up a good deal of property. His oldest son, Jonathan, lived on the northern half of the farm; and his other son, John, lived on the southern half; and they both of 'em had large families growing up around 'em before the old gentleman died. One day, some time before he died, he spoke to his two sons, and said: 'Boys, I can't be with you much longer. I shall leave the farm and all the property to you and your children. The farm is under a good way now, and there's a plenty of land for you and your children, and your grandchildren, and great grandchildren; and I charge you to always keep the families together on the farm, and live in peace, and help each other along. There's no knowing what sort of neighbors you may get round you; therefore, cling together and take care of each other.' The sons promised that they would mind him, and wrote it down in a book, and showed it to the old gentleman, who said he was satisfied, and could die in peace.

"Well, after the old gentleman was dead and gone, the sons continued to thrive, and prosper, and grow rich. Their large families had enough to eat, drink and wear, and a plenty of fat turkeys for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, and every thing they wanted. The two brothers carried on the farm, as brothers should do, in peace and harmony, and helped each other along. What one didn't raise, t'other did, and between 'em they always had enough of every thing. There was only one thing that they ever had any jarring about, and that was *thistles*. John's half of the farm was covered all over with thistles. And from some cause or other, John had a strange fancy for thistles, and would never allow 'em to be dug up or rooted out of

his half of the farm. But Jonathan hated the very idea of a thistle; he couldn't bear 'em no how. There used to be some on his part of the farm when it was new, but he kept mowing of 'em down, and diggin' of 'em up, and rootin' of 'em out, till there wasn't one left. Jonathan used to talk to John, and try to get him to do the same. He told him it was a disgrace to a farm to have thistles on it. But John declared they was the glory of a farm, and no farm could be perfect without thistles. Jonathan said that besides scratching and hurting everybody that come near 'em, they would run the road all out, so that it wouldn't produce nothing; and if John kept all them thistles on his farm, he would die a poor man at last. John said he wasn't afraid of that; his land was rich enough to produce all he wanted with the thistles on it; and he was sure they gave a higher character and dignity to his family, for they was a sign to everybody that passed along the road that the family lived on a good rich farm, that supported 'em without their having to work for it. Things went along in this way for some time. John's children all grew up to be very fond of thistles, and Jonathan's all hated thistles; and if the cousins ever had any sparring or quarreling, it was most always about thistles.

"At last a squabble broke out between some of John's family and the family of the Silverbuckles. The Silverbuckle family lived on a very large, rich old farm, lying south-west of John's. But as the land where they jined hadn't been cleared up, and the line hadn't been fairly run out, and no marks set up, the boys on each side got into a dispute about the line. The Silverbuckles said the Sams were getting on to their land. [They called 'em all Sams, because they were the descendants of old Uncle Sam.] So a whole gang of the Silverbuckles went down and ordered the Sams off, and told 'em to keep on their own land. The Sams said they was on their own land, and they wouldn't stir an inch back. The quarrel grew so hot that they soon come to blows. John heard the rumpus, and seeing that his boys were in great danger of getting an awful lickin', he called to Jonathan to send over his boys to help lick the Silverbuckles.

"Well, now, brother," said Jonathan, "I think your boys have been very foolish to get into this scrape, and I guess they've been more to blame than the Silverbuckles. But still, as you've got into the difficulty, we'll take hold and help you out of it."

"So Jonathan called his boys out, and they went over to help John's; and all the Sams

went at the Silverbuckles and licked 'em like a sack. They drove 'em back and followed 'em half way over the Silverbuckle farm, thrashing of 'em from house to house, and from field to field, wherever they met them. At last the Silverbuckles give up, and owned themselves licked, and begged the Sams to quit and go home.

"Well, the Sams said they was ready enough to do that, but they warnt agoing to have all this trouble for nothin'; and they should demand the gold-apple field to pay them for their trouble. This was a very valuable field on the north-west end of the Silverbuckle farm, and took its name from an orchard on it that bore very rich gold-colored apples. Them Silverbuckles sot very high by this field, and declared they couldn't part with it no how. But the Sams said they must have it, and they wouldn't stir an inch home till they had a deed of it. The Silverbuckles said they wouldn't give a deed. They acknowledged the Sams was the strongest, and could take it by force, if they'd a mind to; but they declared it would be an everlastin' shame and disgrace for them to do it.

"Oh, the Sams said, 'we an't no robbers, to take a thing by force. We have no idea of taking gold-apple field without your consent. We calculate to make a fair bargain of it; and we'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars for it.'

"The Silverbuckles said no, they wouldn't give a deed.

"Well, then,' said the Sams, 'you may take your choice—give the deed or take another lickin' all round, for one or t'other you must do.'

"The Silverbuckles; with bunged eyes and bloody noses, felt as if they was half dead already, and thought they couldn't stand another lickin' no how, so they give up and signed the deed voluntarily.

"So the hot quarrel between the Sams and the Silverbuckles was ended; gold-apple field became the lawful property of the Sams, who pocketed the deeds, shook hands with the Silverbuckles, agreed to be good friends, and bid them good-by. The poor Silverbuckles, glad to get rid of the Sams, went to work to heal up their wounds and bruises, and repair the damages done to their farm.

"The Sams went home in high glee about their gold-apple field, and sot down and talked the matter over; what a fine addition it was to the old farm, and what pleasant garden spots it would make for their children and children's children to live on. And some of Jonathan's boys, who were always wide awake, started right off over to the field, and went to diggin' on it. And

when they come home, they brought bags full of rich gold-colored apples. And when some of John's boys begun to stir round, and talk about going over to dig and build on the apple field, Jonathan spoke to John, and said:

"Now, brother, I'm entirely willing your boys should go over on to the apple field, and dig as much as they are a mind to, and build, and plant, and sow, and reap; but, before they go, there is one thing that we must have a fair understanding about—and that is, they can't never have no thistles there, for I've made up my mind that there shan't never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field."

"At that, John flared right up, and said he never would stand that; for gold-apple field belonged to him as much as it did to Jonathan, and his boys had as good a right to dig there, and build there, as Jonathan's boys had; and, if his boys chose to have thistles there, they had a right to have thistles there, and they should have thistles there. Jonathan declared again that he had made up his mind 'that there shan't never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field.'

"While they were disputing about it, one of Jonathan's boys, that had been over on the field a good deal, and knew all about it, come along; and, hearing the dispute, said:

"Father, there needn't be no trouble about that, for thistles can't never grow there; it an't the right kind of land for thistles, and you couldn't never make a thistle grow there if you should try as long as you live."

"So much the better," said Jonathan, 'and I'm determined the whole world shall know there an't no thistles there, and shan't never be any there; and I'll write it in large letters on a board, and set it up on a post by the side of the road where everybody goes along; and the writing shall be, *There shan't never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field.*'

"You will, will you?" says John.

"Y'es, I will," says Jonathan.

"Well, then," says John, 'I'll tell you what 'tis, brother, if it is the last words I have to speak, if you do that thing I'll split the farm right in tu, and build up a high fence between us, and I'll never have any thing more to do with you the longest day I live.'

"I can't help that," said Jonathan; 'my mind is made up, and the world shall know that there shan't never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field.'

"And while their blood was up, Jonathan went to work and put up his sign-board, all writ out in large letters. At that, John turned as



"GOOD-BY, JONATHAN, I'VE DONE WITH YOU FOREVER."

red as fire, and called his boys and went to work and run a great high fence across the farm, between him and Jonathan, so that they had to get up on a ladder to look over it. And when 'twas done, John went up on the ladder and looked over, and called out as loud as he could call, 'Good by, Jonathan, I've done with you forever.' 'I can't help that,' said Jonathan, 'there shan't never be no thistles allowed to grow on gold-apple field.'

"After this the families lived entirely separate, and got along the best way they could, but with much less comfort than they used to have. Some things that Jonathan raised he had as much agin as he knew what to do with, and it rotted on the ground. And some other things that he didn't raise, and wanted very much, was rotting on John's ground: And jest so 'twas with John on t'other side of the fence. Things went on in this way a few years, and they didn't know much about how each other got along. At last one day Jonathan heard John up top of the ladder, calling out most bitterly, 'Brother Jonathan, brother Jonathan, do come; the Silverbuckles are here, lickin my boys half to death, thrashin' of 'em with thistles, and scratchin' their eyes

out. Do come and bring your boys over and help drive 'em away.'

"'But you've done with us forever,' said Jonathan; 'and besides, it's too much of a job to get over that fence. I don't see but you'll have to fight your battles out the best way you can. Remember, I always told you that you better weed out them thistles. If you had followed my advice they wouldn't now be scratchin' your boys' eyes out; but, instead of that, your boys might now be over along with my boys diggin' in gold-apple field.'

"'Gold-apple field be hanged!' said John, 'I wish I never had heard of it, and then this fence wouldn't a been here to prevent your coming over to help us.'

"The upshot of the matter was, that John's boys all got a dreadful lickin', which they didn't get over for a long time, and the Silverbuckles carried off as much plunder as they had a mind to, and made John

give 'em a deed of a strip of his land.

"Some time after this, while Jonathan's boys were busy diggin' on gold apple-field, the Silverbuckles, who had always been wrathly about that field, agreed with the Goldthread family, who lived south of 'em, and with the families of the Boheas and the Shushons, who lived over t'other side of the pond, to go together and give Jonathan's boys a lickin' and rob the orchards. So down they went, in whole flocks and swarms, and the first thing Jonathan's boys knew they were having it, rough and tumble, and were getting the worst of it. Jonathan heard the outcry, and run puffing and sweating down to the high fence, and looked through a crack, and called out to John, 'Brother John, brother John, the Silverbuckles, and the Goldthreads, and the Boheas, and the Shushons are swarming over on gold-apple field, and fell afoul of my boys, and I'm afraid they'll half kill 'em. Do jest send your boys over to help drive 'em away.'

"John put his finger up to the side of his nose, and says he:

"'Brother Jonathan, I'll tell you what 'tis, my boys are out of the scrape now, and I reckon they better keep out of it.' And, besides, they've

had one all-fired thrashin' lately, and I reckon that's their part.'

"The upshot of the matter this time was, that Jonathan's boys got an awful drubbin', and had their orchards all robbed, and the Silverbuckles, and the Goldthreads, and the Boheas, and the Shushons went off with the plunder.

"Not long after this, Jonathan was walking one day along by the high fence, thinkin' and ruminatin', and he thought he would look through the crack and speak to John. And, as he put his face to the crack, John was that minute putting his face to it to speak to Jonathan, and their noses almost hit each other.

"Hullo," said John, 'is that you, brother Jonathan? How do you all do to-day? I should like to shake hands with you, but I can't get my hand through this crack, so you must take the will for the deed.'

"Well, it seems to be a pity," said Jonathan, 'that this fence should stop our shaking hands. Don't you think it would be as well if it was out of the way, and we should agree to be friends again, and help each other along as we need to?'

"That's jist what I've been thinkin' of," said John.

"I guess we should both fare the better for it," said Jonathan.

"I reckon we should," said John.

"Well, the upshot of the matter this time was, that the next day the boys on both sides were at work tearing down the high fence.

"And now, Mr. Cheerman," said Uncle Joshua, lowering his voice, "seeing how things did work in one case, and, judging from that, how they would work in another case, I move that our delegate to Congress shall be instructed—

"*Firstly*, to vote against Jonathan's putting up the sign-board. But, if it is put up,

"*Secondly*, to vote against John's putting up the high fence. But, if the fence is put up,



PEEPING THROUGH THE FENCE ON MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

"*Thirdly*, to vote for pulling it down again as quick as possible, without waiting for both sides to get a lickin' first."

Here Bill Johnson jumped up, and slapped his hand down on the bench so hard that it made the house ring again, and says he: "I second that motion, Mr. Cheerman; and I move that Uncle Joshua Downing shall be our delegate to Congress."

No sooner said than done; the instructions and the delegate was all carried to once by a unanimous vote.

So I remain your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

[To be continued.]

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

WHEN General Wayne took command of the expedition destined to act against the Indians of the North-West, he was fully aware of the difficulties which lay in his way, and the almost insurmountable obstacles to be overcome. The enemy against whom he had now to contend, pursued a vastly different mode of warfare from that with whom he had recently fought, and vigilance, subtilty, and cunning, were of far

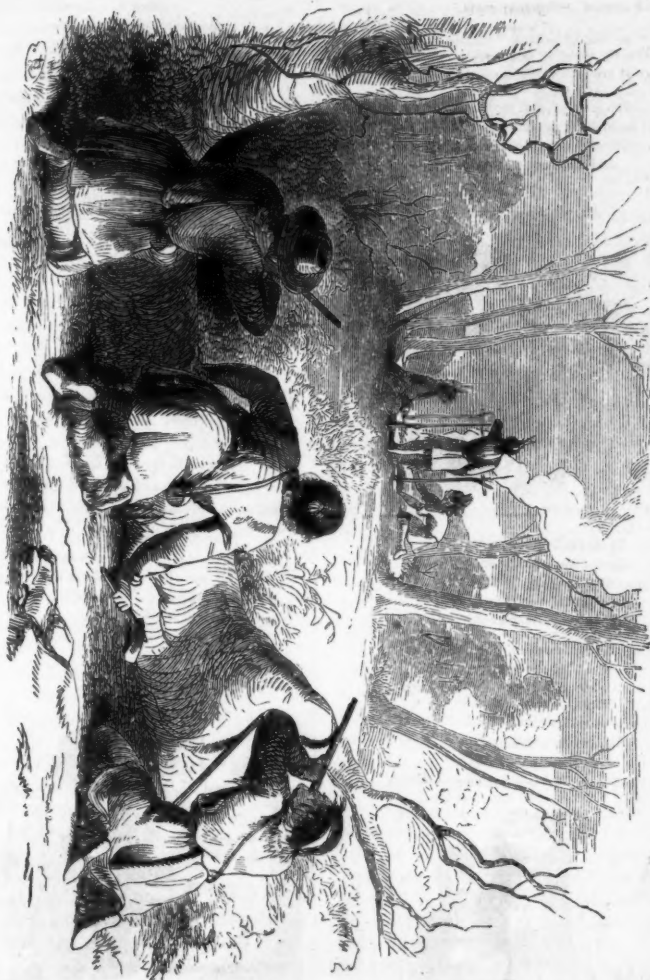
greater need in the commander of such an expedition, than the orthodox skill of a military chief. It was highly necessary to be constantly upon the alert to prevent surprise, and, to guard against the machinations of his crafty foe, he organized several corps of spies, composed of some of the most efficient and experienced woodmen and Indian hunters which the frontiers afforded. The command of these companies was given to such as were distinguished for their intrepidity and coolness in danger. Among others who merited and obtained this honor, was Captain William Wells, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians while a child, and brought up under their tutelage until he arrived at maturity. He had been engaged in the action with St. Clair, and commanded a select body of the enemy, who were stationed opposite the artillery, and did fearful execution among the cannoners. Feeling assured, after that event, that the whites would take a bloody revenge, and anticipating their ultimate success in the contest, he left the Indians and joined Wayne's army. His knowledge of the country, of the Indian language, and, above all, of their habits and mode of fighting, pointing him out as an efficient and valuable scout. Among his men was one by the name of Henry Miller, who likewise had served an apprenticeship with the Indians, but had escaped, leaving his younger brother Christopher—who refused to fly—in their hands. The corps of Captain Wells performed many deeds of valor and bravery during the campaign, which raised them high in the estimation of the commander, and excited against him the implacable animosity of the Indians.

On one occasion, he was directed by Wayne to bring in an Indian prisoner. Selecting a few of his band, he started on his perilous duty. Cautiously and secretly they proceeded through the Indian country, hoping to surprise a straggling party, but met none with whom they could cope, until they reached the Auglaise River, on the banks of which they discovered Indian *sign*. Searching carefully in the neighborhood, they came upon a party of three Indians, who were gathered about a small fire, cooking venison. They had judiciously selected their camp, having located it on the apex of a small knoll, or mound, which was cleared of underbrush, and gave them a free and uninterrupted view of the woods around them, thus rendering it difficult to approach without being discovered. Wells, Miller, and McClellan, carefully reconnoitered their position, and, in doing so, discovered a fallen tree on one side of their camp, which afforded the only cover within rifle distance of

them. It was a delicate affair to gain the shelter of its branches without being seen, which would have frustrated their design. Wells determined to attempt it, however, and, dismounting and tying their horses, they commenced to creep on all fours in a zigzag direction, taking advantage of every inequality of ground, every shrub and rock, to shelter and conceal their approach. In this manner, after much exertion, they reached the tree, and for the time were covered by its branches. Here they arranged their plan, and prepared for its execution. One of the Indians was on his hands and knees, mending the fire; another was seated opposite to him, engaged in conversation with the third, who was standing in front of the fire, and between the others. All appeared to be in the best spirits, in anticipation of their meal, and little dreamed of the proximity of danger.

It was arranged that Wells and Miller were to shoot the two on either side of the fire, while McClellan, who was as fleet of foot as a deer, was to charge through the smoke and capture the center one, ere he had time to recover from his first surprise. Resting their rifles on the trunk of the tree, they aimed at the hearts of their foes, and in a moment more two reports awoke the echoes of the surrounding forest, and McClellan was bounding at his utmost speed toward the camp. Two of the redskins fell dead, while the third, discovering the rapid approach of the intrepid white hunter, dropped his rifle, which he had not time to use, and fled toward the river, which, at the point where he approached it, had banks twenty feet in height. McClellan was at his heels, however, followed by the others of the party; there was no opportunity to double, and the Indian was forced to leap off into the mud and water below. Here he stuck fast, floundering and trying to get out. McClellan, discovering his situation, sprang upon him, and, as the other drew his knife, he raised his tomahawk and threatened him with instant death unless he surrendered. The rest of the party appearing on the bank above, the Indian found his escape hopeless, and yielded himself a prisoner. After considerable exertion, they managed to drag both out of the mire, and bound their prize, who proved sulky, and refused to speak either in the English or Indian tongue. In washing the mud off his person, they discovered that he was a *white man*, but they could learn nothing of his history, as he still refused to speak. Miller, thinking it might be his brother, whom he had left among the Indians, rode up along side of him and called him by his Indian name. The effect was instantane-

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF CHRISTOPHER MILLER.



ous. He started, turned toward his brother, and eagerly demanded, in the Indian tongue, how he came to know his name. The other easily explained the mystery, and the brothers were locked in each other's arms the next moment. Their prisoner was, indeed, Christopher Miller, who, by one of those providential occurrences by which the white man seems to be protected from danger, while the red man is fated to extinction, had escaped instant death, at the hands, perhaps, of his own brother. Had his situation in camp been different; had he been on either side of the fire, instead of in the cen-

ter of the group, his death had been inevitable. After scalping the two dead Indians, the party returned to head-quarters with their prisoner, and he was ordered to be confined in the guard-house by Wayne, who interrogated him in regard to the intentions of the Indians. He remained for some time sulky and reserved, notwithstanding the efforts of Captain Wells and his brother Henry to induce him to abandon the Indian, and return to civilized life. Upon being released unconditionally, he acquiesced, and, joining Wells' company, served faithfully during the rest of the campaign.

"GONE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE HELL."

Gone!

Yes, my little boy is gone—
The great grief of my life has come
And left me shorn
Of every hope and dream of home
And manhood's morn.

Sad!—

Ah, yes, 'twas very sad



To sit the livelong night,
By the dim-burning light,
Watching the fearful strife
Of an infant young and weak,
Yet holy and very meek,
Clinging to life.

Mad!—

Yes, enough to drive one mad,
To watch that little breath,
By the dim-burning light,
All the long, weary night,
Fighting with death—
And to think that I, well and strong,
Watchful, and cool, and brave,
Who have battled the world so long,



And bruted the face of wrong,
Grew, like a very slave
Afloat on life's whelming wave,
Powerless to save.

Hope!

Ah, how I clung to hope—
Struggling against despair,
In the long agony of prayer—
Watching that little breath;
Striving with love to cope,
And every human art
Which came to a father's heart,
With death.

In vain!

Ah, yes, it was all in vain:
The bitter cup for me was brimmed,
And drinking it all life seemed dimmed;
And fain
Would I cherish all my pain,
The agony of heart and brain,
Could I but hope to trace
The gleam of smiling life again
Upon that little face.

He died—

Last Sunday eve he died!
The Sabbath-tolling bell
Was ringing his little knell,
And I, in my great despair,
Struggled with grief and prayer—
With grief that no tongue can tell,
So bitter and hard to bear.
Then, like a heavenly balm,
There came to my soul a calm:
It came like a sorrowing knell,
And, kissing my little dead,
I meekly bowed my head,
And in my sorrow said,
"It is well!"



To rest!

We have laid him away to rest.
The flowers were very rare,
Meet for a child so fair,
Bedewed with the tears of prayer:

Blessed—

Ah, blessed as flowers were never blessed
And with earth's last kisses pressed
Upon his breast.
I know that they will fade,
Will wither and decay,
And that all things are made

With us to pass away ;
And I know,
Walking life's desert track,
However my heart may yearn
With human woe,
Wishing that he were back,
He will never more return.
But above
An angel-child does wait,
With patient love,
Watching at heaven's gate—
Watching my earthly fate,
To me unseen and dim—
*Till I, or soon or late,
May come to him !*



SUBLIMITY OF ASTRONOMY.

"An devout astronomer is mad." [Young.

THERE is no contemplation better adapted to awaken devout ideas than that of the heavenly bodies ; no branch of natural science which bears clearer testimony to the power and wisdom of God than astronomy. The heart of the ancient world, with all the prevailing ignorance of the true nature and motions of the heavenly orbs, was religiously impressed by their survey. There is a passage in one of those admirable philosophical treatises of Cicero—composed in the decline of life, as a solace under domestic bereavement and patriotic concern at the impending convulsions of the State—in which, quoting from some lost work of Aristotle, he treats the topic in a manner which almost puts to shame the teachings of Christian wisdom :

"Nobly does Aristotle observe that, if there were beings who had always lived under ground, in convenient, nay, magnificent dwellings, adorned with statues, and pictures, and every thing which belongs to prosperous life, but who had never come above ground ; who had heard, however, by fame and report, of the being and power of the gods ; if at a certain time, the portals of the earth being thrown open, they had been able to emerge from those hidden abodes to the regions inhabited by us ; when, suddenly, they had seen the earth, the seas, and the sky ; had perceived the vastness of the clouds, and the

force of the winds ; had contemplated the sun, his magnitude and his beauty, and, still more, his effectual power—that it is he who makes the day by the diffusion of his light through the whole sky ; and, when night had darkened the earth, should then behold the whole heavens studded and adorned with stars, and the various lights of the waxing and waning moon, the risings and the settings of all these heavenly bodies, and their courses fixed and immutable in all eternity ; when, I say, they should see these things, truly they would believe that there are gods, and that these, so great things, are their works."

There is much by day to engage the attention of the observatory ; the sun, his apparent motions, his dimensions, the spots on his disk (to us the faint indications of movements of unimagined grandeur in his luminous atmosphere), a solar eclipse, a transit of the inferior planets, the mysteries of the spectrum—all phenomena of vast importance and interest. But night is the astronomer's accepted time ; he goes to his delightful labors when the busy world goes to its rest. A dark pall spreads over the resorts of active life ; terrestrial objects, hill and valley, and rock and stream, and the abodes of men disappear ; but the curtain is drawn up which concealed the heavenly hosts. There they shine, and there they move, as they moved and shone to the eyes of Newton and Galileo, of Kepler and Copernicus, of Ptolemy and Hipparchus ; yea, as they moved and shone when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. All has changed on earth, but the glorious heavens remain unchanged. The plow passes over the site of mighty cities, the homes of powerful nations are desolate, the languages they spoke are forgotten ; but the stars that shone for them are shining for us ; the same eclipses run their steady cycle ; the same equinoxes call out the flowers of Spring, and send the husbandman to the harvest ; the sun pauses at either tropic as he did when his course began ; and sun and moon, and planet and satellite, and star, and constellation, and galaxy, still bear witness to the power, the wisdom, and the love which placed them in the heavens and upholds them there.

[EDWARD EVERETT.

The preceding eloquent passages, from one of the most distinguished orators of our time, call to mind the wonderful fact demonstrated by the illustrious La Place, that the diurnal rotation of the earth has not varied the one hundredth part of a second in the last two thousand years !

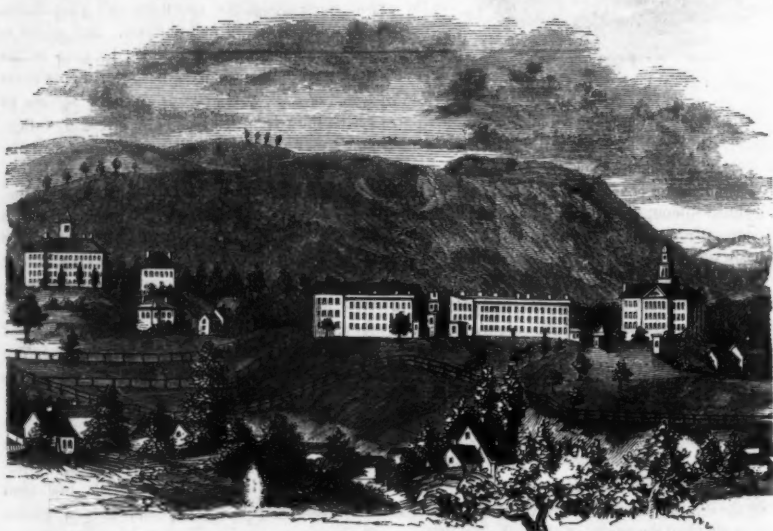
OUR COLLEGES.*

It is often asserted that to be "Jack of all trades is to be good at none," a proverb which is neutralized in the experience of "the universal Yankee nation," whose multifarious resources have become not the less a proverb. Our people, even under the best opportunities, keep an eye to the windward to see what a prosperous gale may bring them, and tack and fill with wondrous address, adapting themselves with ease to any new contingency, and doing the new work, in a workman-like manner, quite to the confusion of those who have made the very thing their speciality.

This many-sidedness, however, which is the germ of a full, national growth of our humanity, is acquired at a great expenditure of life. Necessity has hitherto made it expedient for the Yankee to "turn his hand" to a multitude of

ways and means to live; and not only to live, but to gratify the never-satisfied nature of the true Yankee. The consequence is, he lights the taper of life at both ends, and when he sinks down he is utterly consumed. Nothing can help him. He dies from mental and physical exhaustion. No Yankee, not one of them, ever died from rust, but from the wear and tear of an organization never suffered to rest.

He has found the secret of power, and he can afford to lose that charlatan excellence in a single department, which eventually converts a man into a chattel. He escapes one-sidedness and grows as a whole, not as a part. It is only the narrow-minded who say that excellence can be obtained in only one Chinese-like expression of life; even the slenderly endowed should use all the faculties, while those more munificently organized may keep as many irons in the fire as they will, without hazard of burning them.



WILLIAMS' COLLEGE.

We were led to these remarks in observing the life of Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams' College. A stout soldier in his day, a valiant man and a good Christian, we doubt not, for an ungodly man would hardly, on the eve of battle, sit down to make his will, and, in doing so, provide wisely for the best growth of human culture, in the country for which he had fought many a hard fight. Yet such a man was Ephraim Williams, who deserves to be held in

grateful remembrance. The student, as he looks out upon the beautiful hills which environ his alma mater, should bear this in mind, and so learn to feel the sacredness of his inheritance as a freeman, in a country made free by the toil and blood of a race of men greater than the world has ever elsewhere produced, in that they combined with their love for freedom, a veneration for law; and thus the meanest among them was at heart a Christian, a philanthropist, and patriot.

Ephraim Williams was born in 1715, and, like

* We are indebted to the publishers of the *Cyclopedia of American Literature* for the cuts of our article.

most of New England boys, was accustomed to follow the sea; at a period, also, when so many arbitrary restrictions on the part of England rendered it next to an impossibility for a colonist to grow rich, even by the profuse sweat of the brow. At the time when George Washington was an infant in his mother's lap, Ephraim's cheery "heave-ho" upon the shrouds of his vessel echoed along Boston harbor. There is no doubt the young man was often annoyed at his lack of book knowledge; for, though public schools were everywhere established in New England, such was the stress upon human energies to obtain "a living," where so much coercion existed, and so many and atrocious checks placed upon colonial enterprise and industry, that our youth were early in life subjected to severe, unremitting toil, quite at the expense of much mental culture.

We hear little or nothing of Mr. Williams till the first French war called into activity the young men of the country in the renowned expedition against the stronghold of Louisburg, Nova Scotia, which was taken by the colonists—by the yeomen and sailors of New England—on the 17th of June, 1745. Ephraim Williams figured largely in this campaign, and won a reputation which endeared him to his country, and called his courage and experience into further use in the second French war.

By this time, Washington was performing arduous labors in the West. Mere youth as he was, he achieved the work of a hero, and exhibited the sagacity of an experienced soldier. It was determined by New England to prosecute the war in the East by attacking the French in their Northern forts, and to intercept Disseau in his Western route. Ephraim Williams, now a man of forty—brave, experienced, and thoughtful—was appointed to the command of a regiment, and ordered to join Johnston's troops upon the New York frontier.

Arriving at Albany, the self-possessed soldier made his will, by which he bequeathed his property in Massachusetts—a grant of two hundred acres of land in the town of Hoosac, which had been awarded him by the Government in return for public services—as a foundation "for the support of a free school in a township west of Fort Massachusetts; said township, when incorporated, to be called Williamstown."

A very modest condition to a princely bequest, and one more proof added to thousands of others showing how deeply important the thinking men of that early day regarded the education of the masses. Having done this manly duty, Ephraim Williams went onward to lay down his

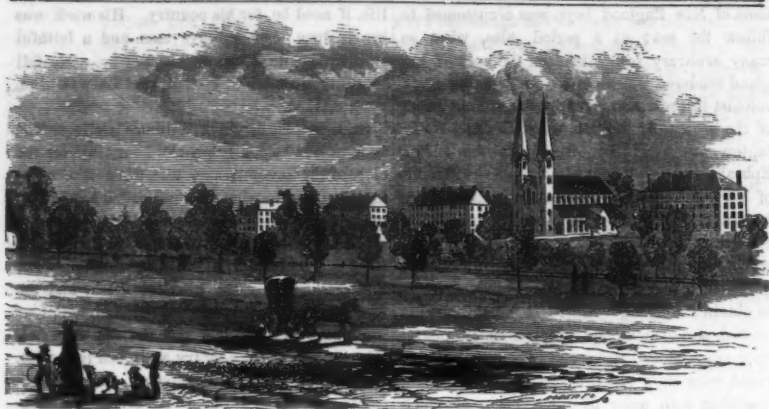
life, if need be, for his country. His work was nearly done; but a brave man and a faithful worker has no dread of his destiny. He fell mortally wounded at the battle of Lake George, Sept. 8, 1755.

Such was the origin of Williams' College. The bequest was variously provided for till after the close of the Revolutionary war, when it seems to have resulted in what was first called a grammar school and free school, with a collegiate course of studies. In 1793, the whole was incorporated in what is now known as Williams' College. The first president was the Rev. Job Fitch, and the first commencement took place in 1795, with four graduates. Truly, this was the day of small things; but, as the country advanced in wealth, the number of students increased, and the institution now ranks as one of the best in the country. The present incumbent, Dr. Mark Hopkins, has been a favorite with the public and students for twenty years, and seems well adapted to advance the well-being of the college. Its museum is enriched by two colossal bas-reliefs from Nineveh, presented by the distinguished traveler, Layard.

William Cullen Bryant was educated at Williams' College.

Until the year 1820, what is now the State was known only as the District of Maine—being included in the Massachusetts charter. Maine is probably nearer allied, from this cause, to Massachusetts than to any other State in the Union. She also retains, in a remarkable degree, old English modes of expression, obsolete elsewhere, yet the veritable reflex of the language of Shakespeare and Milton. This quaintness of language, the offspring of a pure English, and an intelligent stock also, is the result of an isolated position, superadded to a deep-rooted dislike of foreigners, which is a characteristic of the minds of the people. This peculiarity of thought and diction has been happily seized upon by the author of the "Jack Downing Letters," which give the features of the locality, and which will perpetuate their memory now that a larger intercourse with the rest of the world is rapidly rendering the State undistinguished.

Bowdoin College owes its name and place to a munificent bequest from the Hon. James Bowdoin, and was incorporated in 1794 by the Legislature of Massachusetts; but did not go into operation till seven years after, under the superintendence of the Rev. Joseph McKean, the first president. Massachusetts Hall, the first of the series of buildings which constitute the college, was but partially completed when the good president, a faithful, indefatigable man, moved



BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

into one of the rooms with his little family—the students occupying the upper rooms, which still showed symptoms of beams and rafters. The recitations of Virgil were not unfrequently mingled with the simmering of the kettle, and literary declamations with the interlude of womanly tones, “on hospitable thoughts intent.” Professor Abbot was no less simple in life and devoted to the institution than the president; and, as the young men of Maine, at that time, were in earnest, and ready to sacrifice much for the sake of acquiring knowledge, we hear of no discontent or disorder under the primitive methods of an infant institution.

The instruction was thorough, and of a solid character. At the rap of the president’s cane upon the ballustrade, the students hurried devoutly down the rickety stairs to listen to the morning and evening services of the excellent and pious man, who was a father, as it were, to the little household.

The early demise of President McKeen led to the election of the Rev. Jesse Appleton, of New Hampshire, as second president. He was a man of profound piety, whose learning, diligence, and suavity of manners peculiarly fitted him for the position. His theological lectures are to this day regarded as models of fine writing, and among the very best exponents of the views of Trinitarian believers. Personally, he was of a commanding presence, and great manly beauty, with an eye of tropical depth and softness, and a heart full of kindness and generous sympathies.

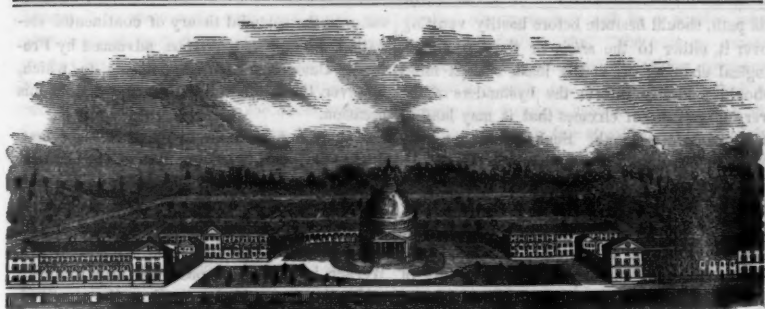
President Appleton died in 1819, and was succeeded by Rev. William Allen, who had just been removed from the Presidency of Dartmouth College by the termination of the great lawsuit

between the College and the State. After several years, Mr. Allen resigned his position and removed to Massachusetts.

The present incumbent is the Rev. Leonard Woods. The college is one of the best in the country, and few institutions boast of a locality of equal beauty, commanding a fine view of Androscoggin River, with gleams of Merrymeeting Bay in the distance, and a sweep of pine groves belonging to the grounds, whose low murmurs invite to peace and incite to studious contemplations. The classes are large, and the college has a strong hold upon the affections of the people of the State. Improvements might undoubtedly be made in the system of instruction, and it is our faith that girls ought to be admitted to its classes, under appropriate regulations; time, however, is preparing the way for what we suggest, and further remark would be superfluous.

Perhaps no college can exhibit upon its list so large a number of operative scholars as Bowdoin. Whether this has been at the sacrifice of needful attention to the interests of the institution we are unable to say. Dr. Parker Cleaveland has held the chair of Natural Philosophy for more than half a century. His work upon mineralogy and geology is one of the best extant, and is used as a text-book, not only in America, but in Europe. He is a great favorite, and the graduates talk over the harmless eccentricities of the good man with the fondness with which people talk of a beloved friend. We wish we had more of these genial, earnest-minded teachers in the country.

Few institutions show so many pupils who have subsequently achieved a celebrity as Bowdoin.



UNION COLLEGE.

The roar of the Revolutionary contest had hardly died away ere efforts were made to establish a college in Schenectady, New York. The place is not unknown to history—being the campaign ground of the famous half-breed, Brant, and having been the arena of a cruel massacre during the French war, when sixty of her inhabitants were cruelly murdered and the town fired, thus driving helpless women and children forth from their dwellings, at midnight, to encounter the merciless savage and the rigors of a wintry storm.

The college was incorporated in 1795, and owes much of its prosperity to the munificence and efforts of General Philip Schuyler. The first president was the Rev. John Blair Smith, a man of rare eloquence as a preacher, of untiring zeal in his efforts to do good in his day and generation.

The celebrated Dr. Nott fills the presidential chair at this time, having done so for fifty-three years, and is one of the most remarkable men of the times—laborious, practical and learned, while his personal influence has been of the most salutary kind upon the students. It has been said that more than fifty patents have been granted him, for inventions of different kinds, for the purpose of economizing heat and fuel. Dr. Nott is at present upward of eighty years of age, and a fine specimen of what Shakespeare describes as the reward of a life of temperance:

“Strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty Winter,
Frosty, but kindly.”

The present Episcopal Bishop of New York was a graduate of Union College. Its profes-

sors rank high as men of learning, devoted to their task. Indeed, under the supervision of Dr. Nott, we can easily conceive that no drones would long find a harbor under any system of which he had the control.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.

SECOND SERIES—1887.

(Concluded from the November number.)

GEOLOGY AND GEOGONY.

THAT COMTE was in the right in representing geology, in company with all other sciences this side of mathematics, astronomy and physics, as being yet in a highly rudimentary and imperfect state, is, we think, shown in the character of the thoughts advanced, geology-wise, before the recent meeting of the American Association. Geological theory has, evidently, not yet crystallized; it is rather of that order of miscellaneous intellectual deposit to which we may properly apply the term “*drift*.” It does not at present tend to unity, nor, apparently, to finality; but rather, one would think, to multifariousness and discrepancy.

And just here, perhaps, we detect the root of the matter. If this science be—and it is—still very deficient in the fruits of observation, which are facts, then its most labored theories may be but approximations toward the truth—or worse, may be absolutely departures from truth. While, therefore, the general mind will endeavor to trace out the bearings of facts revealed by the study of the earth's crust upon the origin and destiny of our planet, and may to some extent be pardoned for so doing; while the mind, geologically trained and stored, must be strongly tempted to the same course; yet the latter, surely, knowing how incomplete research and knowledge lie, like an unfathomed gulf, across

its path, should hesitate before hastily vaulting over it, either to the *origin* or the *law* of geological change; or, at the least, such a mind should modestly inform the bystanders of the very large ratio of chances that it may land in a fog-bank or a slough. Such appears not, however, to have been the precaution of our cisatlantic geologists at their late gathering. Their theories, we judge, fairly outmeasured their facts; of course, they could not *outweigh* them, and so it is safe to say they did not. In a society springing directly from a fraternity of geologists, it is but natural that a large share of effort should still be directed to the wanted field; but it were a pity if the members should feel themselves under the necessity of annually vindicating their legitimacy, and casting honor upon their parentage. To be plain, American geology does *not* require of every follower of her's, that he shall give birth to a theory of the development of the world, its mountains, or its rock formations; nor, if he undertakes that labor, does she impose the condition that he shall produce a theory wholly unlike those of his predecessors. The effort to do this, however, is becoming but too apparent.

Says Professor Hitchcock, in his "Elementary Geology," speaking of the tendencies of this science in the last century, "One important effect of *excessive theorizing* was to produce an almost universal skepticism in unprejudiced philosophical minds in respect to all geological hypotheses and to make them feel the importance of *amazing facts*;" and he adds that out of a conviction of this necessity sprang the London Geological Society, a portion of whose motto, drawn from the precepts of Lord Bacon, declared their intention to "conquer Nature, not by disputing an adversary, but by labor; and not to indulge in beautiful and probable speculation, but endeavor to attain certainty in their knowledge." These thoughts are sound and wholesome. They may safely be commended to any who may be unduly ambitious of the paternity of theories of cosmogony.

That the geologists of this country have added very largely both to the fundamental accumulation of facts touching their science, and to the right understanding of such facts, is too well known to require any voucher from us. The names of Mather, of Tuomey, of Silliman, of the two Rogers, of Dana, and many more of that ilk, belong to the world. But we question whether the reputation of American geology was fully sustained at the late meeting; and we cannot help suspecting that some of the hypotheses of that occasion found their exciting

cause in the splendid theory of continental elevation, as due to *contraction*, advanced by Professor Dana last year—hypotheses to which, however, the latter well nigh succumbed on this occasion.

It may not be amiss to recall the fact that, during the year preceding that of the declaration of American independence, or thereabout, two rival theories were broached in Europe, in the wake of one or other of which all subsequent attempts have really been found to run. Werner, in Saxony, proposed the view that "all rocks, the unstratified as well as the stratified, were deposited by water," the veins crossing the strata not being due to injection, but to a secondary deposit from water into fissures taking place in the previous formations. Hutton, of Scotland, supposed that "the stratified rocks forming the present continents were derived from the ruins of former continents; that these, having been abraded, washed into the ocean, and deposited, were subsequently elevated;" while into rifts occurring in them, veins or immense masses of unstratified rock were injected in a molten state; and that by heat, also, many of the neighboring rocks were *metamorphosed*, and made to assume a crystalline condition. Such are, in brief, the Wernerian and Huttonian—or, as from their suppositively mythological leanings they have been aptly termed, the *Neptunian* and *Plutonian*—theories of the origin of the existing rock-formations. The proofs of past and present igneous action among the agencies giving character to the rocks, have heretofore seemed so numerous and strong that the Neptunian theory has been steadily losing ground since the times of its founder; and the Plutonian had almost become established on its abdicated throne, so that every school-boy was now ready to tell you that the crust of the earth inclosed a core of molten or liquid rock, and that the comparison of thickness of crust to contents was just about that of the egg-shell to the meat within, when— *presto !*—all that is in danger of being changed. The geologists are of a sudden hydropathically inclined again. They have a mind to prefer the *lymph* of the old Saxon to the *fire* of his Scottish antagonist. They extinguish the cyclopean furnaces that erewhile forged and projected our continents for us, and now would they lift out the infant world, dripping and fresh, from her baptism in a green and limitless flood. They would remove the devouring Gehenna that yawned down beneath our feet, but then they will, in its place, suspend the fatal mists over our heads, whose descending drops are to transport our continents once more into the sea; for

Nature is a stubbornly consistent dame, and whatever rain hath done, rain may do. True, we find Professor Ramsay, Director of the Geological Survey in Great Britain, referring, in the early part of the session, to the azoic rocks in Canada, and a similar formation in Wales, as containing jasper, trap and gneiss pebbles, and so being "doubtless formed from the ruins of old continents;" but on the next day, he takes (if we may be guilty of a geological *bull*) decided Neptunian ground, and applauds the views of Professor T. S. Hunt, who makes even the metamorphosed (or metamorphic) rocks to have been changed to their crystalline condition, not by the effect of heat, as formerly supposed, but by the agency of water holding in solution small quantities of carbonate of soda—this water being, probably, but not necessarily, warm.

Mr. Hunt set out with a statement of that important result of modern research—namely, that certain crystalline rocks, the product of metamorphic action, although regarded by geologists of the last generation as primitive or unstratified, are really identical with many of the sedimentary rocks due to an agglomeration of pebbles and sand; although these latter had, until recently, been regarded as of much later origin. The change in the texture of the former, he thought, could not be due to a heat sufficient to produce fusion, as that would have destroyed certain compounds, as graphite, found in the rocks; nor could it have been due to the agency of hot water, as that would have dissolved and vitrified the silica of the contained quartz pebbles. Hence, the theory of the action of alkaline water, the soda of which, the author claimed, was capable of instituting in the rock materials the series of changes ending in the crystalline condition.

To the same intent was another paper presented by Mr. Hunt, in which he traced a parallelism between the rocks of the Laurentian and the Silurian systems, the former of which are considered as by many ages the more recent. In both he found, in many cases, an absence of iron, this metal being accumulated at the same time in near strata. Its removal from the one to the other had been accomplished during the growth and decay of vegetables which had abstracted it from their soil. Hence, the older series of rocks, like the later, presented evidence of the action of organic bodies; and the chemical conditions attending their formation, including the agency of plants, had been the same through ages extremely remote. Professor Hall accorded. He thought "the rocks of the several geological ages were deposited under

similar circumstances, and in a similar manner;" and further, that "there is no evidence whatever of a primary igneous nucleus (primary, unstratified rock, not due to deposit, such as granite was formerly held to be), or crust of the earth, upon which the stratified rocks were deposited; and that it was time for geologists to drop all assumptions and confine their teachings to known facts and phenomena." It is easy to see that if even the lowest rocks were thus deposited, there could not well be a molten core beneath them; the primitive globe must have been *aqueous*, not *incandescent*; and what then becomes of the nebular hypothesis?

Mr. Hall carried the new idea still further. He had become convinced that the Appalachian or Alleghany range of mountains was the result of deposit, not elevation—the deposit occurring from a powerful oceanic current setting toward the south-west, over the eastern side of the embryonic American continent. There had been no special or violent upheaval; but slow, silent oscillations of the continents, at times gradually elevated, at others, in like manner, depressed. Even the plication, or folding, of layers of rock, he conceived, could be explained by uneven settling of the deposited masses under the superincumbent weight.

It is evident that in the fields of science, as well as in war or Wall street, men admire boldness: the Professor's theory "brought down the house." One ardent convert volunteered to show whence the materials, another how the folding could be done, while a third felicitated himself on being carried back quite to the "Wernerian seas," the theory of fire never having been satisfactory to him. One is more than half reminded, in reading such enthusiasm, of the facility of the Dutch magistrate, who assured the plaintiff's lawyer, at the end of his speech, that there was "enough said," he had won his case; but who, when the defendant's lawyer had concluded, righteously reversed his decision, and accorded to the latter the same cheering assurance. Is there no danger that our *secess* may, at some distant period, and under metamorphic agencies of some kind, be transmuted into a "mutual admiration society?" Is there, in certain sources, never food for criticism, but only for assent?

We read with more unmixed satisfaction certain facts and thoughts advanced respecting the celebrated development-theory of plant and animal life prominently broached by the author of "Vestiges of Creation;" and that because the facts, though few and simple, have a directness and point of application to the question at issue

from which there is no escape. According to the benevolent author of the "Vestiges," men are but outgrown monkeys—monkeys an upward product from lower brutes; these, in like manner, an offshoot from animalcules, and these last from plants; so that the whole living mundane creation consists of but so many links in a constantly progressive type, whose original was, in some way, evolved by the action of sunlight from the rocks and rills and air! Now, Professor Ramsay found by classifying the *genera* of fossil plants and animals discovered in Great Britain, in the different strata, from the lowest Paleozoic to the bottom of the alluvial deposits, that no such order or succession as the development theory calls for, was presented. In certain ages a vast number of species were found to have existed, very few of which passed into the next. Of 1,646 *genera* found in the coal period, only thirty-seven pass into the permian; while of 157 in the latter, not one enters the succeeding formation. Thus there are "breaks" and irregularities in the succession of life. Some fossils are found in strata widely remote; others, even of simple form, come up through nearly or quite the entire series; just as, in spite of theories of development, microscopic plants and animals coexist with the oak and with man at the present day; and what is more, without giving any promise of a progressive transmutation into higher types of being.

Again, the latest discoveries of geologists lead them, as we have seen, to the conclusion that the operations of life had part in the formation even of the azoic or non-fossiliferous rocks; the remains of the *fauna* and *flora* of those distant periods having perished by comminution or transformation. Professor Dana exhibited some trilobites and other shells which have just been added to the few organic remains of the Pottsdam sandstone—the lowest rock in which fossils have yet been found. But still more: when the Association had adjourned, a party of the members visited a spot near the mouth of the Beauharnois Canal, at which numerous fossil tracks have just been discovered, and tracks which, whether those of turtles or of the long-finned fishes recently found by Dr. Wyman in Demarara, are, in either case, those of *vertebrate animals*; that is, of one form of the *highest* of four types which constitute the animate world! As these tracks are here found in the Pottsdam sandstone, it is plain that, so far back as we have any remains of life whatever, we have now proof of the coexistence of the highest types of life with the lowest. Hence the development theory is stripped of its false "facts;" and, be-

coming thus a mere supposition, incapable in the nature of things of proof, it is banished from the categories of positive science, and of probable truth. We cheerfully bid adieu to the monkeys and tadpoles. Of these, with that bestial adaptedness of theirs to circumstances termed "instinct," or even with the known feeble shades of reason possessed by some of them, man, with his soul, is neither progeny nor cousin-german. For, as Professor Guyot well said: "No change in conditions can make a new species; this can only be the result of a creative act." And while we admit a possible progress for man, who alone bears the evidences of such possibility in all the lineaments of his being, we shall presume that he has already "progressed" so far as to have discovered that his inability to comprehend Creation and Deity are no disproof of the assumption that Creation and Deity are among the grand facts of existence.

Professor Cook read a paper of much interest on the proofs of a sinking of the coast of New Jersey and adjoining States. Along the southern coast of the former State, in various places, thousands of acres are found covered with stumps which are quite below the tide-level, and often below the surface of the marshes themselves. Ground which, within the memory of the living, was timbered or cultivated upland, is now reduced to tide-meadow. At Dennisville, the marshes have been *mined* for timber during fifty years; on one of the logs thence raised the narrator had counted one thousand rings, and on a second lying under it five hundred. Similar instances have been known on distant parts of the coast, as at Cape Cod, and as far north as the Bay of Fundy. The amount of subsidence is found to be greater than can be accounted for on the supposition of an increase in the height of the tides, the latter being known by measures taken at other points. In many places the fall of water at mills which were visited below by the tide had greatly diminished. One mill had lost from twelve to fifteen inches of its fall within twenty-five years; and at another, built one hundred years ago, the tides now come half way up the dam. Professor Guyot thought these facts of great interest, especially since geologists had so esteemed the subsidence of a few inches per century occurring on the coast of Sweden. They have a bearing on the question of the formation of continents, showing that "we do *not*, as we have claimed, live on *terra firma*, and that the ocean is the only constant."

We regret the want of space to do justice to Colonel Whittlesey's paper on the fluctuations of level in the North American lakes. Of these

he found one to be a rise and fall through long and irregular periods of time, but in no case observed amounting, as the popular belief would have it, to exactly or very nearly *seven* years. The longest observed period was nineteen years, and the greatest rise in the different lakes differs, ranging from four to twelve feet, which is not usually reached in any two of the lakes at the same time. These changes of level he terms the *secular fluctuations*; but they are modified by the *annual fluctuations*, just as a tide-wave may be momentarily modified at any point by wind-waves raised upon its surface. Both these variations must be explained by the varying seasons, and the changing amounts of rain, acting over a vast area, and through tortuous channels of rivers and lakes, which prevent their effect from occurring simultaneously at remote points. The most singular, however, are the third class, or *irregular fluctuations*, in which, "in clear, calm weather, when the surface of the lake is perfectly placid, a succession of short swells arise upon the water and roll to the shore," to which, also, they are always parallel. No cause for this phenomenon is known.

The same gentleman advanced a theory of the formation of coal beds, which has at least the merit of courage. He considers the accumulations of coal to be but the mineral *carbon* existing, like iron ore, in the solid state, or as perhaps due to a consolidation of (mineral) *bitumen*, flowing into certain localities from springs, as we often observe it at the present day, and entering into and preserving the *lignites* (fossil stems, branches, etc., of plants, found in our coal mines), in the same manner as wood is permeated and petrified by the lime of calcareous waters. In short, he denies the *vegetable origin* of the coal beds, *in toto*, considering the numerous vegetable masses which the latter always show as having been accidentally entangled and preserved in the bituminous formation, as fossils were in the ordinary rocks. Every novelty will, of course, *draw* for a time; but the advocates of the mineral origin of coal seem to reckon without a very tender regard for known facts. There is no need for an infiltration of liquid bitumen to fossilize wood as a carbonaceous mass, for all the carbon required is already there; and any attendant upon tar-kilns could assure the enterprising colonel that all the bitumen needed to impregnate and consolidate the mass is there also. It is only necessary, then, to have a vast accumulation of vegetable matter, covered by water, or still better, by a superincumbent weight of rock or alluvium, and exposed to a high heat, which shall drive off its

gases without the admission of oxygen enough to fire the solid or liquid residue, to have all the conditions necessary to the formation of the coal mine. The single fact that coal has always the same ashes, and in the same amount, which we should expect from so much carbon in the form of wood, is conclusive of the question of its origin. Besides, *bitumen*, with the *paraffine*, *coal-tar*, *coal-oil*, etc., which enter into it, have every affinity with the turpentine and resins of wood—none whatever with any known mineral body. Indeed, as Mr. T. S. Hunt remarked, it is to the vegetable world that we must look for the bitumen which Colonel Whitteley resorts to in order to show a mineral origin of coal.

We are still more surprised, however, that a gentleman should rise in a scientific convention and make, uncorrected, statements such as Judge Osborne is reported to have made. We might pass over his point, that "the plant is not the origin of carbon," as no sensible man claims, or needs to, that plants do more than abstract and aggregate the carbon found in gaseous combination in the air. But when the judge tells us that plants differ from coal in that the former "never contain sulphur," we begin to suspect the speaker of a better acquaintance with legal forms than with scientific truths. Is it not true that decaying vegetables give out vapors which blacken white paint; and what is the blackening agent, if it be not sulphur? It is known that vegetable albumen and gluten contain sulphur; and these compounds are very abundant in plants. So, likewise, of several pungent, vegetable oils. Animal tissues yield sulphur; and this they can, as a rule, obtain only from the plants on which they feed. But, again, the Judge tells us, that "*if* coal were vegetable in its nature, it ought, therefore, to assist in the formation of plants now," which is simply a palpable absurdity. Plants cannot absorb solid coal, no matter how administered, nor could they grow thereby, if they did. Their economy requires, as abundant experiment and observation have shown, that carbon, in order to be prepared for assimilation by them, must have combined with oxygen, and float in air or water in the gaseous product known as *carbonic acid*. If Mr. Osborne will only *burn* the coal, thus extracting from it heat and motive power for his own conveniences, he will follow the deep-laid and benign order of Nature; and he will then find that the apparently worthless gases and ash resulting from the combustion, which are only the coal in other forms, will constitute a pabulum on which plants will seize with avidity, and on which they will thrive

quite to his mind's content. In other words, coal, in the proper form, *does* nourish plants; though this neither proves nor disproves its vegetable origin.

Professor Pierce laid before the association a discovery, which he claims to have made, relative to the causes which have determined the form of the continents. Let the reader conceive a common terrestrial globe placed before him, its axis at an inclination of $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ with the artificial horizon, so that the polar circles are tangent to the latter. Then, causing the globe to revolve slowly, it will appear that the general direction of the coast-lines will, in going down upon the one side or in rising at the other, coincide with the line of the artificial horizon. This is obvious at a glance in reference to the main eastern coast lines of North America and Africa, which if extended in their north-easterly direction would graze the arctic circle; while the coasts of Florida, Labrador, and the western coast of North America would graze the same circle on the other side. Into one or the other category fall, in like manner, the eastern and western coasts of South America, Africa, Italy, Hindostan, the Red and Black Seas, etc. So far observation and generalization, which are curious; and now for the inference deduced from them, which is even more interesting: "These lines," Professor Pierce said, "would seem to indicate some connection between the sun and their formation. The temperature of the side of the earth exposed to the sun is very different from that of the other. Probably this difference was sufficient when the earth was hardening into the solid state to make the upper side melted, while the lower one would be solid. There would be going round the earth, therefore, a frozen line, which would be nearly a tangential line to the polar circles while the sun was between the tropics. It might be expected, therefore, that it would produce tendencies to form continents along these lines. And as soon as the earth hardened along these lines, the separation must take place there, and they would be the natural lines of continents. Afterward, there would not be any tendency to change, because the bottoms of the oceans would always be kept coolest by the circulation of water, and the tops of the continents by the circulation of air." Add to these facts the further ones of a slight shrinking of the volume of our planet at its *aphelion*, and a corresponding expansion at its *perihelion*, owing to changing degrees of heat and gravitative action, together with the fact that the lines of separation of day and night—i. e., of heat and cold—must travel daily for two

months in Summer, and again for two months in Winter, in such a position as to coincide in passing with the lines of upheaval, and we have the method, in Mr. Pierce's opinion, in which the sun acted to determine the form of the continents.

As consequences, it might be inferred that the great line of the Pacific would be one of the first to form; that the American is the older of the two continents; and that, owing to the set of the Gulf Stream toward the shores of the Eastern continent, that which is now Europe would be the last to congeal, and would naturally be the most broken surface, as the last strip of ice forming on a pond is the most rough. Is not the analogy last named, however, rather fanciful than solid? More important deductions are, that the inclination of the earth's axis was the same in the early periods of its formation as it is now; that solar heat was the agent which, on the "*second day*," caused the dry land to appear; and, as Professor Guyot added, that the present continents are the only ones that have ever existed, the first lines of separation of land and water having remained unchanged—a conclusion not necessarily in conflict, as we should have before stated, with the Plutonic theory.

Controversy respecting priority in scientific discoveries is one of the oldest *facts* in science, and one of the most constant. We are not surprised, therefore, at a rival claim to the theory above stated. Dr. C. F. Winslow published, in 1853, a work entitled "*Cosmography*," in which he set forth that the sun was the cause of *elevation* of the continents, but without saying any thing of their *form*, or of the relations of coast lines to the polar circles, and thence to the inclination of the earth's axis—things which constitute the gist of Pierce's discovery. This book was before the country; and certain papers relating to the same general topic, and specially to volcanic action, were read before the Association in 1856, when Mr. Pierce was present. We are aware of the great liability that, by *contemporaries*, injustice may be done a discoverer, even though posterity in time set his merits in their true light. We would not willingly do injustice to a man already smarting under a sense of having been made the victim of plagiarism. But, from a careful perusal of the controversy, we cannot discover that Professor Pierce could, in the nature of the case, be indebted to Dr. Winslow for aught more than a suggestion of the possibility of discovery in connection with this subject; and that he is so indebted we may presume to be highly probable. For not only does Dr. Winslow speak of the sun

as merely elevating the continents, but he supposes this effect to take place by means of a "central and radiating solar force;" which force, however, is not gravitation, but its opposite, repulsion. That is, the proximity of the sun increases the repulsive energies acting between the molecules of the fluid nucleus of the earth, and these upheave the continents. But no such repulsive energies can well exist in harmony with what is known of gravitation; or, if they do, it must puzzle the profoundest scientist to show how they could be called into play by the influence of the sun, which is one of attraction, not of repulsion. Dr. Winslow's idea, then, is at best a *speculation*; and, unfortunately, one at variance with established physical laws. But Professor Pierce's idea is an actual discovery of, at least, a plausible analogy; and, perhaps, a remote, profound, and interesting cosmical fact. Every such fact must have had its antecedents—its causes. The forms of continents are no more things of accident than the fact that there are continents at all. But the reason for their forms had not hitherto been successfully sought out, perhaps seldom thought of; because, as Rousseau wisely said, "it requires a great deal of philosophy to observe things which are always before our eyes."

Upon one point, however, prominently put forward by the friends of Professor Pierce in this controversy, we confess we do not look with the same degree of complaisance. It is the assumption that Dr. Winslow could not have made this discovery; because, forsooth, he is "innocent of the calculus"—that is, not a mathematician. The same may be said of Michael Faraday, and yet that man does not live to whom theoretical and practical science owes more than to the great electrician. The arrogance of mathematicians receives its fitting comment in some of their "demonstrations." It was a mathematician who proved, to his own complete satisfaction—and, we suppose, by the calculus—that steamships could not profitably navigate the ocean. It was a mathematician—Professor W. Thomson—who proved, as plainly as that $x^2y=0$, that, owing to the conversion of a submarine telegraph cable into an elongated "Leyden jar," by the inductive action of the surrounding water, the resistance to the electrical current in a wire of given size would increase as the square of the length of wire; and hence, that unless the wire were made very large, such telegraph could not be worked with "commercial success." And it was a mere physicist—Professor W. Whitehouse—who, by experiment, showed that the retardation of the current was not as the square of

the length of wire, but in a ratio very slightly exceeding that of the simple length; and who thus blew the mathematician's cobweb demonstrations to the winds! Much as in physical science we owe to mathematics, and our indebtedness to this "instrument" of the mind is almost unlimited, yet the value of each several result to which it leads us is wholly dependent on the correctness of the physical observations and conceptions from which, as a basis, it proceeds. This shows that physical observation is always the first and most important link in the chain of scientific deduction. The power to perceive the relation of cause to effect must go before the mathematical test. And in the present instance especially, there is no numerical or other demonstration, possible or pretended. There is simply the setting of a globe before one's eyes, observing certain coincidences as they present themselves, and drawing certain hypothetical conclusions therefrom. The former any school-boy could have done; and the latter, any *savant*, though never so "innocent of the calculus." The claim that the discovery in question must belong to Professor Pierce, because he is a mathematician, is only less preposterous than the voluntary championship of Dr. Winslow's rights by a certain "Oliver," of the "City of Notions"—a relation palpably growing out of the fact that Professor Pierce had suffered himself to sit upon a committee investigating certain claims of "spiritualism," and to report adversely thereto. Well, one may quite as well laugh as mourn over the crotchets of the "men of parts." "It's good to be merry and wise."

PHYSIOLOGY.

Professor Agassiz was, unfortunately, absent from the late scientific gathering. This may partly explain the fact that the view which represents man as a collection of several collateral species, instead of as a single or unitary type, received on that occasion no accessions of fact or argument. The honor which justly attaches to the genius, labors, and disinterestedness of Agassiz forms the strongest reason why his advocacy of a doctrine essentially tending to inhumanity and the lowering of the moral standard of the world is to be deeply deplored. This year, the advocates of human unity were heard. Professor Dana considered the essential idea of a *species* to be that it corresponds to a "specific amount or condition of concentrated force." It is *so much and such quality of life-power*; and, if not thwarted, it will work out a special result, be that an elm, a lion, a violet, or a man. The organic individual, he believed, is involved in the germ-cell; this possesses powers of development to a

completed result, and thus it corresponds to a measurable quota of force, although we have no unit to measure it. It is a simple and necessary consequence from this view, that the force or type evolving individuals of different species cannot be interchanged, nor essentially modified. "Least of all should we expect that the law of permanence, which is so rigid among plants and the lower animals, should have its main exceptions in man," as it must if man is of different species, and can yet intermix indefinitely, and without losing the power of reproduction. In no other race is this so. Why, then, in the race *homo*? While the limits of species are not overpassed, however, there is still great room for variation; and, as Professor Guyot remarked, man should be more variable than any other animal, because his will is free, and his habits changeable; we will add, because in no other created existence is so wide a range of adaptability contemplated.

The writer is happy to meet with a support so clear, and with views so closely harmonizing with thoughts advanced by him in articles preliminary to a view of the Phrenology of Nations, which appeared in the American Phrenological Journal for April and subsequent months of the present year. In these articles, the ground was taken that, as no difference can be discovered, under the microscope, between the germ-cells which result in various species of plants or of animals—the germ of an ostrich or of a wolf being, at a certain stage, quite undistinguishable from that of a man—while yet the germ of the ostrich never, by any mistake or possibility, eventuates in producing a man, nor the reverse; therefore, there resides in each germ, of each species, a specific or unitary *type-force*, which is and constitutes the whole *essential possibility* of development, growth, and faculty for that particular individual. A few extracts will show the consequences of this view: "Man is a unit. He is a harmonious product, wrought out by a single force. Of this product, mind and body are but two different phases. * * Or rather, the human soul either is, or accurately represents, the force which organizes, shapes, and gives character to the body." "If there be thus a developing force which creates the form of the living being, then it will follow that, for each tribe, genus, or species in the vegetable or animal kingdom, there must be its own distinct and peculiar *type-force*. And hence it will follow, again, that the bounds between the different species, genera, and tribes must, in all cases, be inherent and immutable; that they can never be overpassed." As a further consequence, it was

deduced that man is necessarily a single species, and that he could never have been evolved or developed upward from lower existences; but, like each of the latter, owes his typical developing force and characters to the plan and style of being had in view in the act of his creation. Philosophic friends! do you discover the practical consequence of this view? It is this: the Hottentot, the Indian, the Negro, the New Zealander, is our brother; the ape, the monkey, the orang, is *not*. If these be truths, are they not important? They are alike denied by many. We ask you to choose between the affirmative and the negative of this question. The same decision which cuts off the Negro or the Bushman from human ties and sympathies, breaks down all lines of absolute separation in the world of animate existence, and introduces *you*, Sir, and *you*, Madam, into that broader and more catholic family, which, if it begins in Jesus, and Plato, and Milton, ends in the slimy train of reptiles, creeping things, and things unnamable that form the lower links of the chain of life! Are you prepared for the relationship? Can you avoid it, if you suffer to be broken down the belief in the essential oneness and immutability of the type we call man?

But, if the types of species are unchangeable, and the individual now can come only through parentage by its like, as the first individuals could come only by an act of direct creation, is the popularly held law of the necessity of *dual* parentage, also tenable? Concerning the invariable necessity of a maternal parent there can be no question. Is the paternal element equally essential? or is its existence a work of supererogation in Nature, a thing of indifference, a luxury or a whim in the physiological economy? We are bold to confess our acquaintance with a *certain half* of the human race which will object to any such doctrine, "teetotally!" But the poor benedicts among the insects and the plants can neither indite controversial articles touching this matter, nor vote their indignant dissent; and so the philosophers have it all their own way with them. A notion prevailed in ancient times which has been recently quite disallowed, that maternal parentage, without any intervention of the masculine principle, may occur; and to this phenomenon has been given the name of *parthenogenesis*, or *virgin-birth*. But Mr. Berthold Seeman (if the name be right), of the Linnæan Society, of London, threatens to bring us back to the discarded notion of the ancients. As regards insects, he thinks the matter may be set at rest, one observer not having found a single male among a large number

of species of moths. So Spallanzani thinks he has found the pistillate flower of hemp bearing seeds without aid from the pollen of the staminate flower; and that renowned individual, Mr. John Smith, declares as much of a plant found in New Holland. A pistillate plant in Germany constantly produces fruit, although not a staminate plant of the kind is known to exist in the country. Nine such instances in diocious plants (*double-housed* or *divorced*; those in which the stamiferous and pistilliferous flowers grow on separate plants) are now made out. And these are not mere cases of reproduction by *gemination* (budding or cleaving), because the plant springing from seed thus raised is sometimes itself staminate.

With reference to the fact of contact of pollen in instances of this kind, however, it is very difficult to establish a negative. Do we *know* that no such contact or interchange has occurred? If we do, a new supposition arises; may not hermaphroditism obtain in certain insects or other humbler animal types, and in certain flowers? May not the dual and opposite offices be performed by appropriate organizations closely connected, or actually combined, in the same individual? If dual parentage be the rule, as it is known to be, in all but one in millions of instances, how comes it to be dispensable in that one? If it be not essential and demanded in that one instance, then why in any instance? In fine, inquisitive Mr. Seeman, "make the case your own!" Do you not see that by doctrines such as you put forth, you are encouraging certain "inconvenient questions," which have, within a few years, been much agitated among one half of our species? If you should fall into the hands of that numerous and extremely "respectable" body of judges and jurors who have set and passed upon the heresy of these latter times, ye!ept Bloomerism, we would not be answerable for the results. Finally, and seriously, the equanimity of this present reviewer is not seriously disturbed. He has vast faith in the *uniformity* of the laws of Nature, and in the *common sense* of millions of minds; and hence he can please himself with the ripple raised about a novelty, which time and observation will be likely to restore to the commonplace order of things, whence it has, but momentarily, broken loose.

Professor Wilson called attention to a collection of Indian paintings, among which were many characteristic views of that interesting people. To one thought only can we attend now. In reference to the flattening of the skulls of the tribes which are thence named *Flatheads*,

he remarks that the process "does not injure their intellect; indeed, it is a mark of nobility, and no slave was allowed to apply the flattening process to her child's head." But is the brain the organ of the mind? Undoubtedly, so much is proven. Does not, then, the compressing process destroy or dwarf certain faculties of the mind? Compression upon a given part of the skull can not *destroy* any of the convolutions of the brain; it merely *displaces* them. If the different convolutions be the organs of different mental faculties, the organs are still there; they are only made to point in other directions, and to appear in other localities; or if simply driven downward, then they must crowd the neighboring convolutions outward, and thus make room for themselves. This is so because brain is an active tissue, that cannot be mechanically confined so long as the vital processes go on properly in it, and in its bony encasement. The compression tends, as does any flattening of a hollow spheroid, to diminish the cavity within; but it is applied at a time when the bones are yet soft and incomplete, and the sutures yielding; and hence, what has been lost by flattening the top of the head, must be regained in enlargement at its sides. Even this change does not exchange higher for lower faculties; because the faculty and convolution that was larger before compression, will, after it, still assert its relative power and activity, and maintain its proportionate space within the cranium. By its mere pulsations, an enlarged artery (an *aneurism*) will cut its way through the spine or other bones as surely as a saw; what, then, will an active, pulsating convolution in the brain not do to make room among its neighbors, or upon the inner table of the skull? The fact that the Flatheads do not become idiotic nor preëminently vicious, is no disproof, in itself, of the truth of phrenology.

ETHNOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY.

Colonel Whittlesey brought to the notice of the association certain remains of ancient mining operations found on Point Kewenaw, a remarkable curved tongue of land extending some seventy miles into Lake Superior; and along which native copper is found in masses of from minute size to five hundred tons. Excavations have here been found, of two miles length, and twenty to thirty feet depth. The implements made from this copper were evidently beaten into form by the use of hammers of hard stone; and the fact that in some of them spots of native silver are found, as in the ore, proves that the miners had no idea of the separation of ores by smelting. In one place, however, a mass

weighing six tons was found, placed on skids, and partly elevated by means of wedges. We cannot forbear remarking on this repetition of the proof, so often met with, that *mechanical ideas* are more simple and fundamental than metallurgical or chemical; and that the former strike the semi-savage mind, and enter into a nation's processes and rude arts, long before the latter have been conceived of or attempted. Man is, by necessity, and by the natural outgrowth of his powers, a mechanist long before he is a chemist. The latter achievement is one marked step from the dominion of matter to the dominion of thought. It is not many hundreds of years since that step began to be taken. Why, then, are we so impatient that we are yet in the dark on those still higher topics, life, society, religion? These, too, are in the programme of humanity—they are to be reached in time; but we, alas! we live far too soon!

Reasoning from the age of trees found growing over these ancient mines, and from the length of time during which the excavations gave evidence of having been in prosecution, Colonel Whittlesley inferred that, since their opening, one thousand or twelve hundred years had passed away. This takes us back to within one hundred years, perhaps to within fifty, of the era marked by the *hegira* of Mohammed, and the founding of Islamism and the Saracenic power—to near the time when Britain, under the Bretwaldas, was being converted to christianity; when the University of Cambridge was founded; and stone buildings, glass, and paper were being first introduced to the notice of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors! If there be one sadly curious thought awakened by the study of antiquities, it is that of the resistless, silent procession of generations, and the *growth* of the universal man—would that we could believe it is always toward the better! The tools, charred wood from fires, and other relics of the mines in question, taken with the fact that no traces of dwellings are found, seem to show that the work was carried on in Summer only; and the essayist was led to believe that the home of the mining tribes was on the banks of the Ohio, while the similarity of relics seemed to show that the people were the same with the ancient Mexicans, memorials of whom have been lately collected, especially by the researches of Messrs. Squier and Davis.

Our space does not allow of more than a mention of the papers presented by Professor Leslie relative to the ethnological signification of the word "Celt," which signification he claims is null, on the ground that Celt was a religious, and not a national term, being thus liable to

pass by adoption to many nations; nor of his thoughts upon the religious element in architecture, as the symbols of the ark, the mountain and the sea found in the *crescent* resting upon a *dome*, among the Mohammedans, etc., which he thought invalidated the value of styles of architecture as affording distinctions between nations, for a like reason; nor of Dr. Hilgard's essay on the skull, to which he found five, instead of four or six, vertebrae contributing, and between some of these and the wings and paws of lower animals, drew some curious, perhaps fanciful resemblances.

A memoir by Professor Hugo Reid presented the demand for a universal language, and advocated the claims of the English, improved by phonetic spelling. Professor Haldeman aptly remarked the singular fact that each writer on universal language proposed the employment for that end of his own vernacular. He thought the English tongue open to the criticism at least of want of precision in many expressions; and while the German seemed better adapted, the Welsh, in his opinion, would form the best basis, since in the latter compound words could always be resolved into their component parts. Dr. McIlvaine judged, that as a nation's language was the natural expression of its thought and life, the adoption of a new language would arrest its development. Doubtless any attempt at a universal tongue would now be futile, because premature.

But why did the subject of the phonetic spelling of our language receive not a word of comment or support? Why has a proposed reformation among the most needed and beneficent of possible changes been suffered to die out of the public's thought and the philanthropist's efforts? The overwhelming charge which our present orthography has to answer is, that it thwarts the natural and beautiful play of the expanding power of reasoning in the child. At the very time when any observer can see that the little mind is that of a little philosopher—when curiosity is intense, questions constant, and the delight at comprehending for the first time analogies and relations of cause and effect is unmistakable—at this critical period in comes our barbarous orthography, the hedge of thorns thrown across the pathway to the pleasant fields of knowledge, but a hedge through which every child must be driven, perhaps attended by the frowns and rod of a scant-brained pedagogue; and what now is the result? Five years after, in ninety-nine instances in the hundred, that child is no longer a philosopher! A mass of contradictions which his reason could neither

surmount nor disentangle has quenched the young fire upon the altar; curiosity has given place to apathy or aversion; philosophic questions are exchanged for a tame prattle about playmates, fashions or wealth, or for vicious conversation; and the delight of expanding mental powers is lost in a dronish servility to habit and dictation. The young mind is *duncified*, and that in the very outset of its career, and by the very process that was too fondly relied on to develop and strengthen its powers. If we had personally the reputation of a Franklin or a Bacon, we would stake it all on the assertion of this single FACT, and the single efficient CAUSE for it which we have pointed out. We admit there are exceptions; but a system is desperately driven when it will boast its exceptions, instead of being able to point to the rule—the general fact—for its support. We admit that the ignorance and want of time of many parents and teachers contribute to the unfortunate result; but we claim that all such influences are trifling compared with that of the labyrinth of English spelling and reading; and that, if the young learner could gain access to books and their treasures by *six weeks* or *six months* of study, every step of which should be that of an exact and philosophical combination of elements previously attained, as under a correctly phonetic system he might do, every other obstacle to the development of the growing mind would sink into insignificance; and we should then have boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age *mastering*, in proportion to their ability, the sciences of physics and chemistry, with their boundless applications, and perhaps going on to accomplish themselves in useful or ornamental arts; where now they are, at the same age, *maundering* over never-learned lessons in the spelling-book, grammar, and arithmetic.

The adoption of a phonetic alphabet is the first and deepest demand of this age; and what will the wise and humane do about it? Professor Haldeman has done good service in this field, and we regret for that reason his appointment on a committee to inquire into "the historical value of philology." If we had not too much confidence in his sense and integrity, we should believe that he had thus been caught in one of the tricks of the cunning "fogies," who would sacrifice "bodies and souls of men" to the quiet and supremacy of their ancient idols.

Doctor McIlvaine read an extremely interesting account of the "arrow-head or wedge inscriptions" found on the plains of the ancient Assyria, in the lower apartments of buildings of sun-baked clay, the upper stories having

fallen so as to form a set of mounds on which the Persian shepherds feed their flocks. These inscriptions are very numerous, and in three languages—Persian, Babylonian, and Tartar. They were first effectually deciphered by Mr. Rawlinson, who began the task merely to while away a tedious leisure. Having, by good fortune, conceived the idea that certain oft-recurring names were those of monarchs, he tried the words *Darius Hystaspes*, *Cyrus*, and *Xerxes*, and was surprised to find that his supposition unlocked to him not only the before unknown alphabet, but the complete records, in the three tongues, of those history-charged walls. He even found perfect characters, to peruse which required the aid of a microscope; so that the same instrument would seem to have been employed in tracing them, and if so, have been known to the scribes of those ancient nations. Much of this writing has already been translated; one account, purporting to be in the language of Darius, relates substantially, even to the smallest particulars, the story of an incursion into Judea, which is found in the thirteenth chapter of the second Book of Kings, beginning, "Now in the fourteenth year of Hezekiah came up Sennacherib." And Doctor McIlvaine states of some of these records, in the translation of which Botta is now engaged, and which confirm Scripture narratives, that when they are completed "the world will hear news." A single specimen of this singular literature must suffice at present. An inscription found at Behistun, begins thus: "I am Darius the Great, King of Kings, King of Persia, King of the Provinces, son of Hystaspes, grandson of Arsames, the Achæmenean. * * * Saith Darius, the King: By the will of Ormuzd, I am King. Ormuzd granted me the Empire. * * * Saith Darius, the King: Within these countries, whoever was of the true faith, *him* have I cherished and protected. Whoever was not of the true faith, *him* have I rooted out entirely. Therefore, these countries being given to me by the will of Ormuzd have rejoiced. *As it has been said to them by me, so has it been done by them both night and day.*" And so on. His mightiness, Darius, will please pardon us for italicizing a few of his words, a thing, perhaps, not in fashion in his day; but we wished to call attention to the "internal evidence" of the genuineness of this production, which must be esteemed entirely satisfactory. The "bumps" of authority and dictation were evidently somewhat larger in the days of the great king, than now; but they have not yet sunk to an average; and we are still left to cry, therefore, "Good Lord deliver us!"

Professor Silliman read a paper concerning a discovery of a process for the prevention of counterfeiting by photography, which, however, it afterward appeared, was claimed by Mr. T. S. Hunt, who was present. Seropyan's process, in which it is attempted to prevent counterfeiting by coloring the paper of bank-notes yellow, or red, does not afford the protection hoped from it. We have seen his colors completely discharged from the paper without affecting the impression in ink given by the engraving, by means of chemicals applied by Professor A. K. Eaton, of this city. If this can be done, the same may also occur with one of the colors when the printing itself is done with two colors in different parts; and in either case, the whole or the remaining part of the printing may then be photographed. The difficulty of photographing, while the two colors, as red and black, or yellow and black, remain, is, that both yield black in the copy; hence the spurious bill is no counterpart of the genuine, and cannot deceive. Mr. Hunt had, it appeared, obtained a green by the use of *sesquioxide of chromium*, which was unchangeable by any chemicals he had applied. Professor Horsford presented some specimens of bank-note printing executed in a set of colors recently discovered by Professor Eaton. These are the *chromites of zinc, magnesia, manganese, iron, copper, and alumina*; of which only the second was previously known, but is prepared by a new process. The tints are various; the alumina compound giving a delicate green, others a brown, etc. These colors have not been discharged by any known chemical agencies, simple or combined, nor by the highest heat; since, if the paper be burned, the color remains unchanged in the film of ashes. With these, a bank-note may be printed in two colors, both of which are agreeable, and both unchangeable; or with the browns vermillion may be mixed to give a red tint for the public eye, while if the counterfeiter attempts to produce fraudulent imitations by the aid of sunlight, he will be balked by the perfect persistency of the brown element, even after he has discharged the red. These colors are already in use in the printing of bank-notes, checks, and other papers of that order; and they furnish, probably, the most complete and reliable protection known against photographic falsifications of our paper currency.

Mr. Clinton Roosevelt protested against banks as, in the United States, unconstitutional, and everywhere a nuisance worthy of indictment. "Paper money," he said, "was the surest means ever invented by the rich man to irrigate his fields

with the poor man's sweat. No man who issued bank paper could consistently complain of the dishonesty of the man who forged it." And, indeed, what does that clause of the Constitution of the United States signify which prohibits the State Governments from "emitting bills of credit?" It is one of the provisions of that document concerning which certain interested parties evidently think the less said the better. But, upon the utterance of the above sentiment, the gentleman reporting for the New York Daily Times courteously questions the sanity of the speaker. As the gentleman thus constituted himself a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, we will request him, if he has not yet rendered a decision, to give due weight to the events, *financial and social*, that have transpired in the interim between that date and this. When, in those dark days in October, a cry went forth for "*confidence*" to save crumbling fortunes, and family and mercantile pride, and confidence could not be had, because we had been led a fool's dance by "expanding" banks and our own insatiable desires, and because we had strained expediency, and ability, and honor until our whole credit system was a "vicious circle" of liabilities without a basis of means, and until, with repeated frauds and pervading trickery, our virtue was more a bankrupt than our coffers, did the smart reporter ever question whether it was his patient or himself that was insane? "Confidence!" What a comment on the "*morality of trade*" (which is confessed immorality), and on the civilization of the world!

Mr. Roosevelt also read before the Association a disquisition on "The Universal Science"—namely, sociology, or the relation of means to ends in the problem of human happiness, from which we would gladly make more ample selections than we shall be able to do. He showed how, in the present order of society, all interests are really in conflict; how a varying currency at one time supplies men with abundance of means, enabling them to purchase largely, to encourage manufactures, and stimulate production; while, as the effect of this course, the market is liable to become overstocked, and, at the same time, prices to rise, so that presently men cannot buy nor employ so freely, production is excessive, and means at the same time shortened (facts which, we may add, give the hint to banking institutions to contract their loans, thus increasing the distress), so that work must be stopped, and the poor must starve, and deny themselves not only the amenities, but even the very decencies of life; while the calculating usurer steps in, profits by the general de-

pression, and absorbs into his private possession the wealth of a millionaire—the very means which God and nature intended should be *the wealth of a hundred households*! Yet when we appeal against this injustice, we are met with the “*laissez-faire*” wisdom of the schools: “Let men alone to buy cheap and sell dear, and things will regulate themselves.” But the so-called evil, excessive production, “does not arise from any excess as to the wants of man. All the poor would be only too happy to have this excess bestowed upon them,” to use, or to sell at lower prices. But no more can be manufactured until the excess above what there is money to buy is consumed; and so, as Dr. Combe has concluded, “it is probable that nineteen-twentieths of the people of Great Britain die prematurely, of diseases superinduced by excessive labor and deficient nourishment.” Is it true? Where, then, we ask, are they who agonize in prayers over Borrohoola Gha, and rake together means to christianize the benighted heathen? Where are the champions of equal rights? Where are the pillars of the churches? “The Greeks are at our doors.” But—shall we speak the truth?—these that go around us with their rags and their dwarfed souls, like sign-boards, flaunting in our faces—these are distasteful to our delicacy; they are a rebuke to our avarice; they are our antagonist force in society. And can we, under conditions so “crossing,” love our enemies? Blessed be Borrohoola Gha!—what an outlet for christian charity that is offended at home!

“In our existing social system,” says Mr. Roosevelt, “it is the direct self-interest of the legislator to sell his vote to the monopolist, against the general good; of the lawyer, as circumstances decide, to convict the innocent, or to clear the guilty; of the doctor, not to warn against the causes of disease, and to palliate rather than cure; of the preacher, to ignore human reason when it condemns his creed, but never to say to the usurious millionaire in the central aisle of the fashionable church, ‘Thou art the man!’ ‘Shall the man that receiveth usury or accepteth increase live? He shall not live!’ of the banker, to create fluctuations in the standard of values, that he may buy cheap and sell dear, indirectly violating all contracts; of the merchant, to forestall and accumulate goods and produce, and compel the poor to pay high prices; of the manufacturer, to compel his operatives to come early and leave late, to receive low wages and have no time left for the acquisition of intelligence; and of the operatives to shirk labor, to tear down labor-saving machinery, and combine to punish any who

work for less than the general rate.” The speaker would have a system introduced in which it shall be the self-interest of each to do what is best for all. Mr. Roosevelt presented his plan of “universal science” at considerable length, which he illustrated by an ingenious diagram; but want of space will prevent our doing any justice to it by an attempt at description.

DELHI.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

IMPERIAL CITY! pride of countless kings,

Proud queen of Hindostan's far sunny plains,

The tale of thy vast wealth and grandeur sings

A veil of mystic splendor o'er thy fanes.

I see thee now, oh home of royalty,

As in a vision pass before my gaze!

The veil is rent which time hath thrown o'er thee,

Revealing thy proud pomp of other days.

I see, in stately pride, a royal train

Sweeping along thy streets in rich array:

A thousand elephants wind o'er the plain,

With slow, majestic tread and trappings gay.

Ten thousand warriors' sabers catch the gleam

Of the clear sunlight falling through the trees;

They flash and darken like a winding stream

Curled into laughing wavelets by the breeze.

Floating from gilded caques, long, waving plumes

Cast a light shadow on the dark-green grass,

Filling the sunny air with cool, soft glooms,

And playing with the zephyrs as they pass.

I see the multitude bow humbly down

To reverence one of bearing proud and bold;

I catch the gleaming of his starry crown,

And his rich robe of brodered gems and gold.

Now, far away I see the kingly train,

Winding along the gently flowing stream,

Until, with all the bauman-bowered plain,

It fades away like a wild, splendid dream.

Again I see thy palaces and domes,

Robed in the moon's soft veil of silver light;

On the clear, balmy air of evening comes

The sound of mirth and revel through the night;

Within thy palaces the feast is spread—

In jeweled cups the ruby wine gleams bright;

On the soft air are costly odors shed,

And all is steeped in waves of rainbow light;

Clear fountains flash in showers of glittering rain,

Falling with lulling murmurs, low and sweet;

Voluptuous music pours its witching strain;

The siren dancers' lightly falling feet

And rustling garments make a low, soft sound,

Like to the whisper of the quivering trees;

Gay jest and merry laughter echo round,

Borne out in silvery gushes on the breeze;

Fair forms are there, enrobed in rich attire—

Wrought with unrivaled skill in Indian looms—

With deep, dark eyes, full of proud, Eastern fire,

Flashing like burning stars from curtained glooms;

Pillars are linked by bright festoons and wreaths,

While falling waters gem the glowing flowers;

Thro' the proud rooms their floating fragrance breathes

The scented atmosphere of garden bowers;

Like gleaming stars, among the trembling leaves

Bright lamps flash out upon the broad parterre ;
A thousand lovely forms the clear light weaves
Among the brilliant flowers clustered there,
Proud, graceful forms that quickly flitter by—
Low, happy tones float sweetly on the air,
Mingling their music with the night wind's sigh,
While thro' the flowers glance faces young and fair.

The scene is changed : no royal feast is spread,
No music tones float sweetly on the air ;
The queenly city's streets are filled with dread,
And cries of pain, and grief, and wild despair.
The sunset pours its waves of gleaming gold
Far o'er the marble domes and lofty walls,
Touching with glory many a banner's fold,
Waving in pride above the palace halls.
The light streams brightly down each winding street,
As fair and calm as in creation's morn ;
But ah ! what mean the crowds of hurrying feet,
The clashing sword, the sharply pealing horn !
The sounds of boisterous mirth and revelry,
Like demons' orgies, startle the still air ;
Rude soldiers spoil the homes of royalty,
And the abodes by love made bright and fair ;
Fair women shrink appalled from the wild fray,
Seeking a safe retreat—alas ! in vain ;
The glittering, blood-stained saber will not stay,
And heap on heap are piled the ghastly slain :
The strong, brave man, who fought till life was spent—
The timid maiden, and the infant fair—
The gray-haired sire, whose form with age is bent—
Lie side by side in their last slumber there.
Still wilder, deadlier grows the mortal strife—
With flowing blood the trampled streets are red ;
With shouts, and shrieks, and groans, the air is rife ;
The ways are choked with dying and the dead.
Now bursting up toward the midnight sky,
Like a huge banner suddenly unrolled,
A sheet of quivering, glowing flame sweeps high,
Wrapping the city in its crimson fold ;
A ruddy glare streams far across the plain,
The stars are darkened by a smoky gloom,
Hushed is the city's cry of fear and pain—
The living with the dead have found a tomb.

The rolling waves of time's tumultuous sea
Sweep onward in their wild, perpetual flow ;
I gaze once more, pride of the East, on thee !
Magnificent and grand, as long ago ;
But no barbaric sign waves o'er thy walls,
Though thy past splendor is in part restored,
No Eastern monarch reigns in thy proud hall,
With kings and empires subject to his word.
The haughty mistress of the boundless sea,
Whose broad-sword carves a way in every land,
Hath waved its keen, resistless blade o'er thee,
And thou hast bowed beneath her conquering hand.
Then wast a royal city, rich and great,
While she was sunk in dark, barbaric night ;
But thou hast fallen from thy high estate,
And she hath risen to glory's dizzy height :
Where once the silver crescent, like a star,
Gleamed o'er thy ramparts, England's proud flag

WAVED—

The English bugle sends its strains afar,
Waking strange echoes o'er thy monarchs' graves.
Faction may rule thee for a fleeting hour,
May spurn proud England's still encroaching sway ;
But she will wake in her resistless power,

And the roused lion seize upon his prey.
And it is best—for over all the world,
The banner of the cross waves in the rear
Of England's lion flag, where'er unfurled ;
And thou, proud city, yet shalt see it near.
Perchance, in olden time, when Eastern seers,
To see the Holy Infant, journeyed far,
The strange and joyful tidings thou didst hear
Of the child Jesus, and the wondrous star ;
And now, when age on age hath circled by,
The glorious tidings thou shalt hear again,
As sung by angels then : " To God on high
Be glory, and on earth good-will to men !"

MY SHIP.

MAY calls and beckons, and on the trees
The brown buds thicken from day to day ;
And, wafted on by the favoring breeze,
The white-winged vessels crowd the bay.

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's tumult, and dust, and din,
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,
Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,
Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,
Many and fair ; but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night,
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,
Noting the sails as they come in sight,
" Have you seen my beautiful ship come in ?"

" Whence does she come ?" they ask of me ;
" Who is her master, and what her name ?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

Oh ! mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece ;
She sailed long since from the port of Youth—
Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And, like all beloved and beauteous things,
She faded in distance and doubt away ;
With only a tremble of snowy wings,
She floated, swan-like, adown the bay.

And, since, I watch from the morning light
Till the pale stars watch o'er the dying day,
To catch the gleam of her canvas white
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet—she will never come
To gladden my eyes and spirit more ;
And my heart, with a shudder, grows faint and dumb
As I watch and wait on the lonesome shore.

For I know that tempest, and time, and storm,
Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark ;
Rank sea-weed covers her wasting form,
And her sails are tattered, and stained, and dark.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse,
And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
I lounge on the wharves, and watch the ships.

And still, with a patience that is not hope,
For wrecked and lifeless it long hath been,
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

Portland, Maine, Oct., 1857. FLORENCE PERCUT.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.*

BY MERT.

Translated by Mary L. Booth, for Emerson's Magazine.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ADVOCATE, THE JUDGE, AND THE TRIBUNAL.

Madame de Pressy awaited Claude Mouriez's return for more than an hour in mortal anguish. She struggled with herself to recover that calmness and presence of mind which is so much needed in those momentous interviews whose result no one can foretell.

At last the door was opened, and Claude entered abruptly, with the step of a master of the house who has no need to wait for an announcement; he started with surprise on seeing a veiled woman, and saluted her, by raising his hat a little way from his head, with all the awkwardness of a country school-boy.

The Countess closed the book, placed it on the table, and arose.

The eye of Mouriez pierced the veil, his hands convulsively clasped each other, and the stifled exclamation escaped from his breast:

"Is it you, Madame!"

He took off his hat and murmured a few unintelligible words, but the gesture which accompanied them politely invited his fair visitor to be seated.

At this moment, Madame de Pressy closed her eyes to collect her thoughts, and saw, as in a dream, the bloody scaffold rising for the murder of the genius. This horrible vision restored all her courage; and she found earnest words upon her lips and a calmness in her brain which seemed an unlooked-for aid from Heaven. With that penetrating tone which a mother finds to rescue her child from the fallow-deer, she said:

"Citizen Mouriez, my whole life has vanished from my memory—I was born this morning—I do not know you—I see you for the first time to-day. I have been told that your soul opens willingly to the entrance of generous feelings, and I come to you charged with a noble mission, which a father and an old man has given me. This evening, or perhaps to-morrow, a young man of genius and promise will be brought before your tribunal; his crime is that of all innocent politicians—he is conquered; and if your justice is just, his head will not fall."

Her melodious voice, her angelic countenance, her eyes, which resembled humid diamonds, and the exquisite grace which surrounded her like an aureole, relighted all the fires of passion

in the veins of Mouriez; he forgot his generous resolutions; he became again the Proconsul of Versailles; and from his fiery soul, in which good and evil were in perpetual strife, the savage instincts burst forth with a frenzy which was ready to devour all before it.

The blood swelled the muscles of his neck and paralyzed his tongue, and it was only in a hoarse stammer that he succeeded in connecting the syllables of an answer.

"Madame," said he, "who is the young man who has the happiness to interest you in this manner?"

"He is the son of a Republican, and the brother of a Republican; he is André Chénier."

A sudden paleness overspread the scarlet visage of Mouriez.

"Madame," said he, "gradually recovering his boldness of speech, "André Chénier has terrible antecedents. His pen has slandered every true patriot; he has enemies among the powerful men of the day, and in the rigorous extremities of repression to which we are forced, it is impossible that this young man should obtain pardon before our tribunal."

"What, Monsieur! André Chénier will not find a single defender among his judges!" cried Madame de Pressy! "and you, who are rigorous, but upright—you who are a judge, but just—will you join your voice to the voices which condemn him?"

"Madame," said Mouriez, with a menacing smile, "you are now unconsciously taking a very imprudent and dangerous step—a step which our revolutionary laws punish with a legitimate severity. You come to influence the judgment of a magistrate."

"Well, Monsieur!" exclaimed the Countess, with blanched lips, "denounce me—denounce a woman who comes trustingly to you to counsel you to an act of justice and humanity!"

"Well, Madame!" said Mouriez, in a milder tone, "I wish to know what my recompense will be if I follow this counsel."

"The recompense of a good action, Monsieur, one finds in his own heart; our conscience applauds us when we do a just thing which brings us nearer to God. We gain the tranquillity of life, and we lose the tortures of remorse. How could you wish to be better recompensed?"

"Then, Madame," said Mouriez, drily, "you do not understand me."

Madame de Pressy kept silence.

"Or rather," continued Claude, "you feign not to understand me."

The young woman rose, and took a step toward the door; Claude barred the way, and

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

crossing his arms and shaking his head, on which the hair waved like a lion's mane, he exclaimed :

"Madame, I, too, once asked pardon of your mercy ; my life, too, was once within your hands ; and with what an air of proud insolence did you regard the delirium of my mind and the despair of my love ! I was at your feet, and you crushed me ; I was noble, and you humiliated me ; I was generous and strong, and you wished to condemn me to a double death, by the disdain of your eyes and the sword of your husband ! What right have you, then, to my pity to-day ? What strange pretension brings you here, where no gratitude can await you, and where you can expect nothing but violent hands and the implacable hatred of love ?"

"I have deceived myself, Monsieur," said the Countess, proudly raising her head ; "my error honored you—suffer me to depart."

"No, Madame—you shall not go thus with these airs of triumph ; you shall go hence as a criminal, or humiliated. I am going to call witnesses whom you will not challenge or contradict. The ex-Countess de Pressy, who was driven from Paris, has returned, despite the law, to attempt to corrupt a magistrate, and to ask the pardon of an aristocrat, her lover, at the price of her honor ! Is not this clear enough ?—is not your presence at my house the most evident witness of your crime ?—do I even need to call in strangers to establish that which is incontestable ? Infamy and the scaffold await you at my gate, if your pride does not humble itself before my love."

Claude seized the arm of the Countess, who uttered such a cry as only women in the same position can utter.

At this cry of distress, the door was felled instead of opened, and a young man appeared. It was Adrien.

Marguerite, suddenly freed from Claude's embrace, fell on her knees, casting two looks of sublime expression—one toward the young man, and the other toward Heaven.

Adrien spoke not a word, and made not a movement, but the pencil of no artist could have transferred to the canvas the proud indignation which shot forth from his fiery eyes.

The guilty ones who call upon the mountains to fall down and cover them will wear the expression of Claude Mouriez at this moment.

The long silence which followed this scene could only be broken by Adrien.

"Madame," said he, "rise and go ; and if a little respect is still left in your heart for the name of Mouriez, preserve the secret of the infamous deed which you have just witnessed here."

Claude Mouriez let himself fall into an arm-chair, and leaned his head upon his hands like an erring man whom reflection is leading to repentance.

"Monsieur," said Madame de Pressy to young Adrien, "the visit which I made your uncle had a motive which I cannot abandon."

"Speak, Madame," said Adrien, in the tone of the master of the house.

The Countess explained the motive of her visit with perfect courtesy, and without recalling any of the incidents so unfavorable to Claude Mouriez.

"Well !" said Adrien, "the expiation is found, Madame. Yes, you have placed confidence in this house, and you have done well ; the name of Mouriez shall remain pure. André Chénier will have one defender the more among the magistrates of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and my uncle will be his warmest advocate—believe it, Madame. You appear to doubt it—I understand the doubt ; but I will let my uncle speak himself, and you will doubt no longer."

And walking toward Claude, Adrien took one of his hands, pressed it familiarly, and said in a voice full of affection :

"Is it not so, my dear uncle, my excellent father ? Did you understand me ? Have I presumed too much upon your heart, which is always so generous ?"

Claude Mouriez raised his head, and showed eyes moist with tears, and a face which formed a strange contrast, in its gentleness, to that which he had worn a few moments before. He pressed Adrien's hand, and said :

"Madame de Pressy has reason to remember this serious affair. But she did wrong to come here herself. Why did she not address herself to you, Adrien, without seeing me ? On seeing her, I fell into all the frenzy of delirium. My passion always governs my will. I feel that my reason has wandered, and I would that I could bathe my excuses in my blood. In the name of Heaven, Madame, do not approach me ; do not look at me ; so long as I am far from you, I am sure of myself. Permit me to serve you with devotion, but without hearing your voice, without seeing your face. And you, Adrien, I swear that you shall be satisfied ; this evening—"

"Is it this evening ?" cried Madame de Pressy, involuntarily.

"Yes, Madame," returned Claude without looking at her, "it is this evening that André Chénier will appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal—that is to say, before the scaffold."

"Now, Madame," said Adrien, "I will an-

swer for my uncle; and if, as I doubt not, you have the courage of the women of this epoch, you will be present yourself at the trial, by my side. Our presence will give still more energy to the good resolutions of Claude Mouriez."

"I will be there," answered Madame de Pressy, in a stifled voice.

"Well, Madame," said Adrien, "I shall have the honor of accompanying you to the Tribunal; I can enter the reserved seats."

"I am ready," said Madame de Pressy, advancing toward the door.

"Yes, Madame," exclaimed Claude, his face glued to a window-pane, "you shall be satisfied with me."

Adrien offered his arm to Madame de Pressy, saying,

"We must hasten, however, for the reserved seats are sometimes all taken by the favored ones who arrive first."

Angelique, who was waiting below in torturing suspense, saw the Countess again with a burst of joy.

"Angelique," said Marguerite, "have no fear, I am with good friends; go, await me at Chaillot, and do not be uneasy if I am very late."

The *habitués* of the Revolutionary Tribunal had not quitted the hall, even after the two morning sessions, and but few places were left upon the reserved benches; but Adrien, who was well known to the ushers, succeeded in seating Madame de Pressy at a little distance from the Tribunal, while he stood beside her, in the embrasure of a window. They heard from without the chant of *Cæ ira!* for the *Marseillaise* had emigrated to the armies; but the voices of the singers were very feeble, and one could easily divine that the intoxication of blood was changing into torpor, and that the scaffold would see the crowd of its courtiers diminishing.

Madame de Pressy counted the tedious minutes of the two hours which must elapse before the reopening of the session.

At last, an unusual movement was heard in the hall, and the accused, twenty-eight in number, entered to present themselves before the Tribunal. Men and women of every age and condition were there. The clerk mingled plebeian appellations with the illustrious names of Montmorency, Montalembert, Roucher, and the Baron de Trenck. At the name of Chénier, Madame de Pressy raised her eyes and saw the gifted poet, standing calm as the noblest of his Grecian ancestors, the stoics.

André was holding a sheet of paper in his hand and reading, for the last time, the lines

which the jailor's voice had broken off in the yard of the Conciergerie. These lines should find a place here:

"As one last sunset ray may fling
Day's fairest glory o'er the scene,
So at the scaffold's feet I sing,
And strike my lyre, Death's calls between.

"Perhaps, before the hasting hour
Shall its full rounded circle pass,
In warning footfalls—faster—slower—
Upon the bright enamel's face,

"The deep sleep of the tomb will press
My eyelids, ere this verse shall close;
Within these walls' dark fearfulness—
Where Death with his armed minions goes—

"The black recruiter of the shades
Will fill them echoing with my name"—

The last verse was never finished!

André folded the paper carefully, and turned toward the spectators as if to seek a guardian worthy of his last lines.

At this moment, the sun of the 24th of July sank below the horizon, and a luminous gerb, flashing out for an instant, entered the hall of the Tribunal and illumined the most beautiful countenance ever darkened by sorrow since the Divine Mother wept on Golgotha.

The poet saw this pale and noble face whose earnest eyes were fastened on his own; he at once recognized Madame de Pressy, and all the sublime expression that gratitude could throw into a glance, a gesture, or a movement, was instantly revealed to the gaze of the young woman. This speaking pantomime of the poet seemed the faithful translation of the touching canticle of Simeon.*

The judges entered the Tribunal. Claude Mouriez placed himself at a corner of the table, by the side of his nephew and Madame de Pressy, but his eyes sought nothing among the assembly; and his attitude was imposing without affectation, and formed a striking contrast to the vulgar demeanor of his neighboring colleagues. Adrien, who understood his uncle and always divined whether he was about to do good or evil, appeared well satisfied with his conjectures, and communicated them in two whispered words to the ear of the Countess de Pressy.

The young woman kept within the limits of a prudent reserve; had she been alone in the hall, she would have looked only at André Chénier; but too many scrutinizing eyes were glancing beneath the arch of the pretorium, and it was necessary to allay the slightest suspicions by doing violence to her feelings; she therefore

* *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine.*

gazed indiscriminately at the judges, the accused, and the spectators, with the air of a woman who had no interest in any one, but whom a vulgar curiosity had led to the Tribunal.

The session was opened, and the indictment against the twenty-eight read by the clerk.

Counselors had been dismissed as useless appendages; the point in question was only to establish the identity of the accused—an expeditious form of judgment invented by Fouquier and Collet d'Herbois.

The reading of the indictment of André Chénier was heard in respectful silence by a usually stormy audience, who were stifled on that day by the overpowering heat of the pestilential prætorium.

This indictment, which has no parallel in the judicial records of any country, merits an especial mention on account of the incident to which it gave rise.

"Antoine Quentin Fouquier, surnamed Tinville, public accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal, states that in pursuance of the order of the Committee of Public Safety of the National Convention, André Chénier, aged thirty-one years, born at Constantinople, a literary man, ex-adjutant-general and commander of a brigade under Dumouriez, residing at No. 97 Rue de Cléry, has been indicted as prisoner before the Revolutionary Tribunal for having declared himself an enemy of the people.

"André Chénier, being anxious, like many others, to screen himself from the surveillance of the public authorities, mingled among his defenders (the defenders of the surveillance), where he held the rank of adjutant-general and commander of a brigade in the armies of the North. It appears that he adroitly seconded the treasons of the infamous Dumouriez, with whom he had the most intimate relations; but after the defection of the last-named traitor, he studiously concealed the part he had taken.

"However, the suspicions which his conduct had excited determined the Minister to suspend him, and to order him to retire to the commune of Breteuil. There he intrigued; he sought to divide the citizens, and to stir up the ferment of civil war; and he calumniated the established authorities in a slanderous memoir, signed by the citizens whom he had deluded and deceived."

"In conformity with the above recital, the public accuser has drawn up the present indictment."

André Chénier rose, and demanded a hearing.

"Speak, and be brief," said one of the judges.

"I will be brief," returned Chénier, calmly. "The indictment is made up of the most palpable and material errors. I have never been either adjutant-general or commander of a brigade. I have never served in the army of the North—my military career lasted but six months; it was prior to '89, and I passed those six months as a sub-lieutenant in the garrison at Strasbourg. I have never known, or even seen, the General Dumouriez; I have never lived in the commune of Breteuil; I have never drawn up any memoir; and, in short, I have nothing in common, excepting the name, with the person described in the bill of indictment."

"All this is very true," said Claude Mouriez, whose hoarse murmurs already announced a speedy explosion.

The volcano was preparing its lava.

Antoine Quentin Fouquier, surnamed Tinville, cast a sinister glance at Claude; and said, rising with magisterial solemnity:

"I am astonished at finding an adversary among the members of the Tribunal."

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Claude, striking the table with his iron fist, "you are very easily astonished! but every one here will give the lie to this bill of indictment. It is a fable from beginning to end. The accused citizen, André Chénier, is as well known as I am. He is an author; he has never served; he has never been a superior officer. Ask the first comer. Where the devil did you get your information?"

A favorable murmur of assent ran through the audience. Even the usher smiled in token of approbation.

Antoine Fouquier-Tinville took his indictment in both hands, and reread it, or at least feigned to reread it, in order to invent some new expedient.

"Oh!" cried Claude, "it is useless for you to read over the bill of indictment; should you read it until morning, it would not render it true."

A juror here addressed the Tribunal, saying:

"I see several citizens here who ask that they may be allowed to speak to sustain the statement of the citizen judge, Claude Mouriez."

Fouquier darted a withering glance on the audience, and replied:

"The Revolutionary Tribunal listens neither to counselors nor to witnesses; it is guided only by its own conscience, and it is infallible. At the least tumult, I shall cause the hall to be evacuated. Let no person, therefore, trouble the Tribunal in its deliberations."

"But it is you who trouble us!" exclaimed Claude Mouriez, stretching out a cyclopean arm toward the public accuser. "Since it is ad-

mitted by every one that your indictment rests upon points which are utterly false, acknowledge your error or your abstraction, and order André Chénier to be set at liberty."

Fouquier, pale and agitated, was still rereading the bill of indictment; and, striking it with his right hand, he cried:

"This, however, was written on authentic information; I could not have invented all this."

"That is precisely what you have done," said Claude; "but, probably, without any bad intention. Come! let us proceed, and order the liberation of this poor nursing of the muses. This child is not dangerous."

The audience continued its approbation by a friendly and gentle murmur, which sounded harshly in the ears of the public accuser.

One of the judges rose, and said a few words, in a low voice, to Fouquier.

This judge was the representative of Collet d'Herbois.

Fouquier listened attentively to what this man said, and appeared well satisfied. The judge resumed his seat.

"Citizens," said Fouquier, extending both hands toward the audience, "citizens, the puerile incident which has just been raised has already caused the Tribunal to waste much precious time."

"Ah! this incident is puerile, is it!" cried Claude, striking the table. "Ah! it is puerile!"

Several of the jurors and the two other judges rose furiously to impose silence on their colleague; and Fouquier, seeing himself thus sustained by a large faction of the Tribunal, exclaimed:

"Nothing should interrupt the course of justice. We shall find a true bill against all interrupters, whoever they may be."

Here the murmurs were unfriendly, but Fouquier feigned not to understand their true meaning, and continued:

"We are about to proceed, and to repeat the incident."

"Puerile!" said Claude, aside.

Adrien looked at his uncle with an air which meant to say, "Moderate yourself; do not compromise your cause in defending it."

Mouriez divined the sign; he stretched out his arms on the table, and leaned his head upon them, half closing his eyes, like the lion before the gesture of an angry master.

"The bill of indictment," continued Fouquier, "would be incomplete if this were not added: 'André Chénier is the author of the *Supplement* of the Number Thirteen of the *Journal de Paris*,' and this grievance is the greatest of all, for it

sums up the whole career of a counter-revolutionist. Will any one deny, also, that André Chénier is the author of this impious work?"

Claude glanced obliquely at his nephew, and shrugged his shoulders.

"As to the rest," continued Fouquier, "the citizen jurors will estimate the value of these denials and of my assertions; but from all this results a patent, luminous fact—an undeniable fact. André Chénier was the editor-in-chief of the *Journal de Paris*!"

"And the liberty of the press?" interrupted Claude.

"The liberty of the press," cried the accuser, "does not authorise counter-revolutionary writings?"

"Ah! your liberty forbids every thing!" said Mouriez, with a nervous laugh.

"The jurors will estimate," said Fouquier, with an assumed dignity; "you see that the public accuser has shown proof of great moderation during these pleadings."

"Parbleu! in sending us all to the scaffold!" cried Mouriez.

"No one here has any injunction to enjoin on me," continued Fouquier, "and I submit myself to the decision of the citizen jurors. The case is examined."

"In what manner is the case examined," cried Claude, "when no one knows a word of it! Is it thus that justice trifles with twenty-eight heads?"

"Citizen judge, Claude Mouriez," said Fouquier, "you are not here as the counsel of any one; and I tell you, for the last time, that the Tribunal does not want counselors, nor has it the time to listen to them."

The deliberation commenced. The accused were talking calmly in groups, as if a criminal suit were in question which was wholly indifferent to them. In those unhappy times, France gave to the modern world the most noble examples of ancient heroism; her children knew how to die smilingly upon battle-fields and upon scaffolds. Thus, despite the political excesses, the honor of the country remained intact.

André Chénier profited by a moment of tumult, and, extending his arm to its full length, he succeeded in reaching the hand of Madame de Presy, and placing in it his last verses.

Marguerite received the paper with the respect of an early Christian for the relics of a martyr.

Night overshadowed the hall, and two dim lamps shed a dusky light on the Tribunal, the audience and the accused. The decree was announced, and a deep silence ensued.

The President made no recapitulation; he named the accused, and, the list being finished, pronounced upon all, minus one, the sentence of death.

A shrill cry of grief rent the air, but the darkness concealed the woman who had given vent to this heart-breaking anguish.

Adrien alone understood all; he took the hand of the Countess de Pressy and pressed it.

But almost at the same moment, this cry of poignant sorrow was stifled by a thunder-clap proceeding from a breast of iron. A formidable voice burst forth, exclaiming,

"You have just done a horrible deed; you are a tribunal of assassins. Is it thus that you wish to inspire the people with the love of the Republic? Twenty-seven heads delivered to the executioner—a single one spared at hazard! Atrocious decision! horrible burlesque of humanity! They absolve one man in order to have a fair pretext for slaughtering twenty-seven others!"

The voice of Fouquier, aided by the shrill tones of the friend of Collot d'Herbois, attempted to stifle the burning anger of Claude Mouriez by menaces. But the ex-Proconsul of Versailles was not the man to let himself be intimidated by poltroons who availed themselves of the terror they inspired to hide their cowardice from the country. He overturned the table of the Tribunal, and, arming himself with one of its legs, exclaimed, in a voice of thunder:

"Let me pass! let me quit this den of tigers! Adrien! Adrien! where art thou? Come, join me! come! Let us leave these men to their bloody ignominy! Come, Adrien, let us go to the armies! let us go to heroic battles! let us go to glory and honor!"

Adrien supported the fainting Madame de Pressy on his arm, and mounted the platform where Claude Mouriez was denouncing Tinville and Collot d'Herbois.

Armed men were surrounding the condemned of the seventh of Thermidor, and cutting off all communication with them. Claude Mouriez descended, pierced the crowd of guards with that sovereign audacity which bears down all obstacles, and clasping André Chénier in his arms, said to him:

"When a man of genius, like thee, perishes on the scaffold, executioners are not slow to mount it. Adieu, my friend! I am no longer a judge; I am a soldier."

The Countess de Pressy had been drawn along by Adrien as far as the illustrious poet, by following in the furrow which Claude's powerful arm had just opened. André Chénier uttered a

cry of joy, and his lips were pressed, for an instant, to those of the young woman.

"My marriage is completed!" cried he, in the delirium of ecstasy. "Death will be sweet to me to-morrow."

The guards and the crowd wept; it was evident that this horrible *fournée* was the last—a few even hoped for a better morrow.

They deceived themselves by a day.

Claude Mouriez offered his arm to Marguerite, and proudly quitted the prætorium without meeting the slightest obstacle, although Fouquier-Tinville had unchained against him his most intrepid bloodhounds. On reaching the street, he said to his nephew and Marguerite:

"Something tells me that this hecatomb will not be accomplished. The people will see no more blood; Paris is already revolting against its three guillotines. Hope, Madame, hope! a night, in our epoch, is fruitful in events, and the auguries are favorable. If any man, even a friend of Robespierre, had dared last month to say and do in a prætorium what I have said and done this day, the people and the soldiers would have hacked him in pieces on the spot. See how my audacity remains unpunished! Oh! it is because I rightly understood the moment! I divined the sympathy that was fermenting around me, even among the jurors."

"Then you have some hope?" asked the young woman, in an inaudible voice.

"Yes, Madame, a great one. In the first place, I shall hasten directly to Robespierre!"

"In the name of God, do not go there!" interrupted Madame de Pressy; "this visit would avail nothing, and perhaps would destroy you. After what you have just done, Robespierre must be furious against you; for Fouquier-Tinville has already made his report."

"Madame," replied Mouriez, "we are about to accompany you to your house; we shall pass the night in the city, and shall see our friends. To-morrow, at sunrise, Adrien will visit you, and inform you of all we have done."

The young woman bent her head, and no longer opposed the good intentions of her new and fervent friends.

A ray of hope was shining in the darkness; the eyes of a whole city also saw the light.

On the threshold of the door of his house, Claude Mouriez bowed respectfully to Madame de Pressy, and said to Adrien,

"Accompany Madame the Countess, recommend her to my good housekeeper, and descend quickly; I am waiting for you."

Madame de Pressy seized Claude's hand, and kissed it.

Mouriez started convulsively, and exclaimed, "Madame, you well deserve that one should die for you—especially at this epoch, when it is so easy to die."

"Adieu, till to-morrow!" replied Marguerite, and she entered the house.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
THE BARRIÈRE RENVERSEE.

"There was a grave omen," says an old historian, "which announced the downfall of the tyrant Maxentius and the victory of Constantine; the circuses and amphitheatres were almost abandoned. Even the Coliseum lost its crowd; and when the placard of the *tabularium* summoned the people to a feast of death, one saw but a few country spectators in the seats of the high galleries."

The sport of blood can never last long; the populace first becomes fascinated and gathers round it; then grows disgusted, and leaves the headsman alone with the martyr.

The sun of the eighth of Thermidor shone, on rising, on a small group of persons assembled at the entrance of the Conciergerie. Two carts were stationed before the staircase of the prisons, awaiting the freight promised the executioner.

On the eve of great crises which are yet the secret of the future, Paris always divines what is about to happen; and rarely is it deceived. The united thoughts of a million of inhabitants form a prophecy.

They were saying, here and there in the groups, but in a very low voice:

"The Convention is preparing something."

"What?"

"Ah! we shall see."

"It is said that there is a conspiracy of the Montagnards against Robespierre."

"Impossible!"

"There are some who even declare that a pistol shot was fired at him yesterday, when he was crossing the Jacobin Market."

"It is not true."

"I tell you what has been told to me."

"One thing is certain—there is something the matter."

"By the way, I just saw three carts pass; two were going to the Place de la Revolution, and the other toward the Hôtel de Ville."

"Then where will the latter be guillotined?"

"At the Barrière Renversée; the cartman just told me so, and he knows."

"That is very far off."

"It is said that the faubourg Saint-Antoine is tired of seeing the carts of the condemned pass on their way to the Barrière du Trône."

"Indeed, it is not amusing to a faubourg."

"The proprietors have addressed a petition against it."

"Why have they named the Barrière du Trône the Barrière Renversée?"

"*Parbleu!* because they have overturned the throne."

"Ah!"

"It was Collet d'Herbois who gave it the name."

There was much calmness in these colloquies in the open air. One heard faintly, in the neighborhood, a few sounds of *Ca ira*—a few timid solos, which the popular chorus no longer accompanied.

The hour which opened the door of the funereal dungeon struck, and the archers urged their horses toward the carts, stoically regardless of the imprecations of the old women, who regarded themselves as the irremovable proprietors of the sidewalk.

The twenty-seven condemned stepped into the carriages for their last journey, and all eyes were fixed on them with compassionate curiosity.

No one in this crowd knew that two great poets were about to expiate, by their blood, the double crime of innocence and of genius.

André Chénier, who was standing on the first cart, saw a dear and well-known criminal ascending after him; it was the poet of the *Mois*, the commentator of Virgil. Chénier extended his hand to Roucher, and his face beamed with a celestial ray of joy.

"Yes," said he:

"Où, puisque je retrouve un ami si fidèle,
Ma fortune va prendre une face nouvelle,
Et déjà son courroux semble s'être adouci,
Depuis qu'elle a pris soin de nous rejoindre ici."

"The quotation is charming," said Roucher, with a smile; "but it is not exact as a comparison. There is no Pylades here; there are only two Orestes."

Notwithstanding the funereal convoy pursued its way in the midst of a troop of cavalry, but few windows were opened on the route; and many passers, on perceiving from a distance the attire and usual pomp of the elect of the scaffold, even glided into the neighboring cross streets to escape the sight of what they had too long seen already.

The day was splendid; gold and azure were inundating the sky; the domes, the towers, the steeples and the roofs were bathed in a luminous atmosphere, and the Thermidor sun was pouring waves of joy and life on this great city, so stu-

* *Renversée*—Overturned.

pidly suffering itself to be murdered by inches, through complaisance to the caprices of Collot d'Herbois and Fouquier, those tyrants who were seated on the throne of the Convention

"We are more fortunate than poor Bailly," said Roucher, voluptuously regarding the glowing irradiation of the sun; "we shall not be cold on the scaffold."

"Indeed," returned Chénier, "it is very fortunate, for we are sure of not trembling before the executioner. Poor Bailly shook with the cold."

"It is singular!" said Roucher, "this recalls to my mind a beautiful epithet which Virgil has thrown out with admirable art at the beginning of another line. Do you remember it, Chénier?"

The cart still went on. They entered the faubourg Saint-Antoine, which was almost deserted; its young men were covering themselves with glory on the battle-fields, and the old men and women no longer looked out to see the daily hecatomb pass by.

Chénier bent his head, and reflected an instant before replying to his friend.

"Yes," said he, "I think I have guessed the epithet; *torridus*, is it not?"

"That is it!" said Roucher, clapping his hands, "*torridus*. And remark the power of a word in its place, as Boileau says! Virgil might have said:

*'Solatium pavori defendite, torridus aestas
Jussu venit.'*

The dactyl all in a block—*torridus* would seem to be better placed there than *jam venit aestas*. Ah! no, he has sacrificed the *torridus* as the dactyl before the final spondee, and has thrown it into the other line, where it produces so fine a completion of his meaning."

"Yes, Roucher," said Chénier, "it must be confessed that this line is an apt quotation to-day."

"That is why it recurred to my memory; a ray of the burning sun fell upon my forehead. *Torridus!*"

And Roucher began smilingly to meditate on the word.

They perceived a reddish and lugubrious object between the two columns of the Barrière Renversée. It was the scaffold!

André Chénier looked with close attention in all the faces that passed by; for it seemed to him impossible that, at this last hour, he should not receive the adieux of a friend on the road or at the scaffold. The poet did not deceive himself.

The car of death stopped before the Barrière, but the crowd had almost forgotten the place;

there were a few gray-haired men, some old women, and no knitters. The executioner, in a dejected attitude, seemed lamenting over this desertion, which he could not comprehend; for the scenes of this long drama of blood were each day becoming longer and more interesting. This day the ax would fall twenty-seven times, and open a fountain of blood like the Naiad of the Eumenides, yet all Paris was not there! This was what caused the taciturnity of the executioner.

A group composed of two men and a woman had been waiting since morning, at the foot of a column of the Barrière Renversée, for what was about to happen.

"No more hope—no more hope!" exclaimed the woman, her limbs bending beneath her.

"Madame, in Heaven's name, hope on!" said Adrien, "every thing is well arranged. The irritation is at its height. A drop of blood more, and the river overflows and drowns the executioners. Believe me, Madame, the people will never suffer the horrible execution of to-day."

"Yes, Madame," said Claude, supporting Marguerite in his arms, "yes, Adrien speaks truly. We saw all our friends last night. They are all here. Like us, they are waiting for the signal which will proceed from the National Convention; the signal once given, we shall overthrow the scaffold with the cry of 'Vive la République!'"

"Behold them!" said Marguerite, glancing with a glassy eye at the carts of the twenty-seven.

"Yes, behold them!" returned Claude. "But hope on, Madame—hope on!"

"I see him," said Madame de Pressy, in a voice of agony; "I see him—he is the first; he is seeking some one in the crowd. Support me; the sun is darkened—the earth is receding beneath my feet. Support me; let him see me but once in passing, and after that, I will ask no more."

The cart passed by the side where the group was standing. Chénier, who stood in the front of his car of triumph, perceived Marguerite, and all the treasures of love which he had in store for a long life were poured out in a single glance of agony.

The people were gloomy, mute and immovable. A few resolute men might have executed on that day what was accomplished on the morrow, and André Chénier would not have perished at the age of thirty years. But this last noble victim was needed to hasten the dawn of the ninth of Thermidor. The Grecian Republic exiled the poets from the cities, crowning them

with flowers; Fouquier-Tinville exiled them from life, crowning them with blood.

Roucher appeared first on the high platform, the vestibule of the tomb; he still preserved his cheerful air of *inconnance*, and fixed his eyes on the beautiful avenue of trees which skirted Vincennes, without once deigning to rest them on the executioner.

After, Roucher, André Chénier showed his noble and beautiful head, still beaming with unmoved serenity. The executioner seized it like the vulgar head of an assassin.

The ax fell!

A fearful shriek was heard. This ax had also struck the head of a woman. The thunder-bolt had rebounded from the scaffold to the base of the column. Two souls had mounted at the same instant to Heaven.

Adrien sprang toward Madame de Pressy to lavish cares upon her. The crowd was moved, and men covered with tatters shed tears and cursed the Tribunal. The terrible machine was still at work.

Madame de Pressy was borne by Claude and Adrien to a neighboring cottage; the crowd followed weeping.

All their cares were in vain—Marguerite was no longer of this world.

Claude Mouriez and Adrien watched through the night by the corpse of the young woman; and the next morning, after having weepingly rendered her the last sad duties, they quitted Paris to enroll themselves as simple soldiers in the combined armies of the North and the Sambre and Meuse. We had just invaded the Low Countries, after a glorious campaign which had immortalized the names of Jourdain, Pichegru and Moreau.

What an admirable epoch for the life of the camp!

THE END.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

WHAT are we living for? Very few of us know or care to inquire. We do not provide ourselves with charts when we launch our bark on the broad ocean of life, but sail with sealed papers, nor care to know the port of our destination. There is a pleasant mystery in floating about at random, and gliding down unknown currents—our enjoyment heightened meanwhile by the uncertainty as to whither they will lead us. If we think of the life-voyage on sunshiny days, it is as a pleasure trip, to be enjoyed as well as we may; or as a trading voyage, to gather floating sea-weed, barnacles, conch-

shells, and wampum—all lawful currency—in exchange for brain, and heart, and time; or as an idle excursion, undertaken to kill the time, to be accomplished with the least possible care and thought. Then, when the clouds darken, and the rain falls heavily about us—when fierce winds seize our frail vessel in their grasp, and briny, bitter waves threaten to engulf it in their depths—then we watch the billows with a melancholy pleasure, sadly hoping for the final plunge, and thinking of our dreary voyage as a hard necessity, from which it were a pleasure to be released on any terms. Very few of us can breast the storm with fortitude. Very few of us look out beyond the thick darkness to the glimmer of the faint beacon light which marks our goal. Or rather, very few of us steer for the beacon light at all; but go off in vague, aimless excursions, content with the pleasure of floating calmly on the waves.

What do we live for? Is it to glide easily from birth to death—then, “to die and make no sign;” nor leave any either, beyond the fragile stone which quickly crumbles beneath the breath of time? Jagged bricks are we, fitting loosely in life’s structure; fragmentary beings, made up of doubts, and hopes, and fears, without an earnest purpose; glorious possibilities, imperfectly developed into mediocre attainments. Life was given to us for a purpose—it is a stepping-stone to a higher, more glorious state of being. It is our business to fit ourselves for our transformation—to keep up the sacred fire which is burning in our hearts, and feed it plentifully with fragrant oils, that its aroma and light may be diffused through all about us. Beautiful to the idealist is the sacred fire which has burned for ages in the censers of the Persian magi, and which a handful of the “Children of the Flame” still cherish in an obscure corner of Hindostan! That flame will yet illumine the world; it is the divine fire, lighted from the torch of God, which has long been burning in the hearts of men—gleaming, flickering with an unsteady glow, deadened by the winds and waves of the surroundings, almost but not quite extinguished. Give air and room to the flame, and it will soon fan itself into a blaze, the radiance of which shall illumine the universe. The possibility of a glorious life lies hidden in each human breast; it is the business of each owner to unearth the gem, and to cut and polish it, that its rays may sparkle in their purest brilliancy.

The true end of life is self-culture, progression, perfection; to develop, mature and fructify the germs implanted in our natures. No one attains this end who does not do the best

thing in life that he is capable of doing. Talents were never given to men that they might bury them in a napkin. Every human being has a speciality; it is his business to improve it. He may not be an eagle, soaring over the mountain cliffs; yet the sparrow gladdens as many hearts in the valley as the eagle does in the eyrie. It is not necessary that every human being should soar; but then he must not clip his wings. The trouble is, that through indolence or diffidence, we do not try our wings; or if we mount from the ground we fear to lose sight of it lest some unknown sun may dissolve our pinions and cast us, Icarus-like, from our giddy height. But no one ever yet attained to eminence who did not lose sight of himself in gazing on his goal; and this conscientiousness of self is a brake which will effectually sever the strongest telegraph wire ever yet attempted to be laid to the kingdom of thought. The purpose must swallow up the individual, else the individual will swallow up the purpose, and stand discredited and alone in the midst of a desert, aspiring to be a king, yet without a prospective kingdom.

As regards our special work in life, it is evident that ambition often takes the place of capability, and dazzles the unwary by glittering *ignis fatui*. This does not do the world much harm, for the lion's skin must fit to be worn gracefully; but to the misguided victims it is a source of great loss, for thereby their own work in life is left undone; and no other can do it for them. And nothing can be of greater importance than that we should ascertain what this work truly is. If we would do this in all integrity, we must probe our own natures with a skillful, unsparring hand, seeking the limit of our highest capacity, and when found, press earnestly on, nor stop till we attain it, taking care, meanwhile, that we do not overestimate our own abilities.

Life is larger than most people think. Why be ambitious? Why not work calmly and earnestly toward the right? We are but sands in the domain of time. We can fill, at best, but a small corner in our century. It is scarcely worth while to be dazzled by the glare of personal ambition, when it must necessarily be so fleeting. Yet the corner is a part of the world, and it is necessary to the general harmony that it should be well filled.

We lose sight of personal ambition, in the popular acceptance of the term, when we look upon the world in a broad light. We grow into a nobler ambition that looks for its motive to the development of the world, and struggle upward

in our chosen vocation, forgetful of self, and willing that the actor should be forgotten, so that the planet is rolled along by the force of our efforts. Yet, if we look narrowly into the matter, we find that it finally resolves itself into a personal ambition of a nobler type. Reason teaches us that the growth of the world must be accomplished by the growth of individuals, and that self-culture must ever be the corner-stone of our efforts. Thus we work most truly for our century when we work most truly for ourselves; cultivating and using our best capabilities, purifying our lives from every unworthy thought or action, and letting our precepts always follow our examples. While we aim at the reform of society, we must begin the reform in our own hearts; while we mine for the resources of the age in which we live, we must first explore the veins in our own natures, and while we hope for the final perfect development of the human race, we must remember that it will be delayed by just so much as our own is neglected. The present is all with which we have to do as active agents. If we aspire to a glorious future for those who shall come after us, it must be our noblest ambition to pave the way for it by pure lives and noble actions.

"Do the duty that lies nearest thee," seeking earnestly for more light, act up to your highest convictions of justice, love your neighbor as yourself, look to no motive but the right, accept no guide but truth, and so shall you attain to the true end of life.

MORALIZING.

BY L. J. HIGLOW.

"We are all poor creatures."

[The Bedott Papers.]

THE Widow Bedott's husband, though "a wonderful hand to moralize," is fairly put in the shade by a dozen persons whom one may meet with every day. His age and failing health may have given greater cogency to his sage reflections on human life; but in number and triteness they are by no means unequaled. There are thousands who have not his high place in the church that can ascend infinitely higher in the utterance of stale ethics. Not a few who can find occasion to moralize where he, poor man, must have remained silent. When Deacon Bedott pronounced that sublime homily, "*we are all poor creatures*," he showed an abnegation of all pride and ostentation that brings to our minds the meek-spirited publican.

The time was a Winter evening, the place his

own domestic hearth, and his only auditor was "Silly," his devoted wife.

Ah! dear Deacon, better to be thus than become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

But what shall be said of them who brawl their morals, "like pot-herbs in the street," with voices that do most ungraciously offend the ear? Should the crowd hearken with complacency or turn away in disgust? It should do neither; but only smile charitably on one of the shallow pretenses of human kind. When a man whose business is not to preach proves himself over-much fluent in quoting moral saws, and savors his "familiar talk" with musty precepts; it may be quite pertinent to doubt if that man really is what he labors to appear. Ten to one he is another Pecksniff! For though pure morality is the chiefest excellence of christian character, a mere habit of moralizing is too often a dexterous foil to the pretending hypocrite. But we choose to consider this tendency to moralize on every possible pretext as an innocent weakness or affectation, rather than as a cunning screen to conceal our real natures. It may be born of the most unselfish motive, and oftentimes shine forth as a bright exponent of man's longing for the higher life. Yet, if indulged in beyond a certain limit, its effect on others may be fulsome rather than salutary. For why need the beautiful teachings of Nature be always reduced to a formal proposition? How truly has Bryant told us that

"She speaks a various language;"

but he who has not the poet's soul should not translate it into words. Oh! what stupid people are those who pin their moral label on every thing which falls within the range of their observation. Nothing capable of receiving an impression but must become the bullion of their moral mint, and take the stamp of its deep-cutting die. Upon every Summer cloud that, floating over the blue sky dissolves itself in air, they would emblazon the words, *Such is life!* On the seared and withered leaf of Autumn must be printed the admonition, *Man, think on thy end!* They would not spare the white, delicate scroll of the virgin lily, but trace on it with black ink the sentence, *The flowers fade and so must you!* About the neck of every pretty, rosy-cheeked maid they would hang a huge placard, whereon might be read, in large capitals, "Beauty fadeth." Their theory would seem to be, that when each constituent part of the creation shall be thus appropriately labeled and inscribed, the millennium will no longer defer its coming. Whatever the result may be, they are likely to succeed in perfecting the experiment.

These prosy moralizers seldom get beyond the grave suggestion that man is mortal—of a frail and perishable nature. Now, this fact has been so frequently demonstrated during the last six thousand years, that, at first thought, we should hardly regard it as a mooted question. Had it been otherwise, the press of population, at the present time, would have been rather suffocating; there could have been no room spared for parks and commons.

Things bright and beautiful were given man to endear him to life, and not as a primary object to overcloud his mind with an ever present idea of death. But, thanks to Him who doeth all things well, whatever is most fair and lovely in nature, is as a cheerful ray to gloomy thoughts that mantle in the mind of man, and

"Glides

Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

Still, in all the beautiful works of the Divine Artist, some see symbols only of their mortality. Fie! on such moralizers; they know not the higher language of thoughts that cannot speak.

But by far the most obtrusive peddlers of this ethical cant are those readers and writers who labor so perseveringly to give "moral tone" to our literature. They seem to admit of no neutral ground between what is eminently moral and that which is positively vicious. Every sketch, tale or story must be written for some great purpose, viz.: nothing short of teaching us how to live and die, to better the condition of humanity, and, perhaps, to regenerate the world. No inferior purpose should tempt an author to his pen. To be sure, each and all of these would furnish him with a most worthy motive, but they by no means circumscribe the broad field of literary endeavor. The finest productions of the poets are, not unfrequently, mere creations of the fancy, having no other moral tendency than to satisfy the soul's desire for what is most perfect and beautiful. Then, again, how many delightful authors have been content to make lips, compressed with care, relax into a smile—to coin their brains for quaint conceits and laugh-provoking puns that are wont, when told, "to set the table on a roar." Oh, genial, cheerful-minded Hood! thy resistless wit relieves many a melancholy hour! And thou, meek, sweet-tempered, balmy-worded Lamb! thy quiet humor still proves a gracious unction to the chafed, smarting spirit that seeks the solace of thy soothing page! Yet, there are those who would proscribe ye both for lack, forsooth, of moral aim and purpose adequate!

Must a truthful romance that pictures real life, with all its incidents, trials and afflictions, that exhibits vice punished and virtue rewarded, be denounced because it teaches no useful lesson? Very obtuse must be the moral perception that gleans no instruction from all this! Persons thus unfortunate should confine themselves to *Aesop's Fables*, which are all accompanied with a carefully stated moral. Because Dickens and Thackeray are not social reformers, *ex nomine*, they fancy their morals can be of no benefit to society. They can discover no high purpose in an author, unless it is suggested by the name of his story, or declared in the preface of his volume.

To them, a moral must be administered labeled and apportioned like a sick man's powders, and if taken in solution they would never feel themselves the better. Albeit, it is wiser, much wiser to lecture a man by exhibiting him in the character of a cunningly-wrought fiction than to provoke his resentment by telling him bluntly of his faults.

Still, stupidity will continue to moralize with its accustomed dullness, while genius strives to present a moral in such attractive guise that it will be accepted. The first would fain have all the walks in the garden of literature cross each other at right angles, lay out the flower-beds and grass-plots in geometric shapes, and prune hedges with most painful precision; the latter, save uprooting, now and then, a noxious weed, would have it grow in wild, luxuriant verdure, beautiful in variety and want of method. Let us hope that, if stupidity will insist on staying in this garden, he confine his labors to that part exclusively devoted to the cultivation of simples and esculent roots.

MY WESTERN ESTATE.

I HAVE just returned from a visit to my Western estate.

How do I happen to have an estate at the West? The question is a reasonable one, and I proceed to answer it.

About a year ago, my good Aunt Deborah—bless her generous soul!—being under the necessity of leaving the world, bequeathed me in her will the sum of five hundred dollars.

"Let that serve as a nest-egg," recommended one of my prudential friends; "your salary is quite sufficient to support you. There is no reason why this should not be well invested, so that by the time you have occasion to use it, instead of a paltry five hundred dollars, you will have twice or thrice the sum."

This advice seemed to me sensible. I had no present use for the money, and there was something exhilarating in the idea of being capitalist—with money to invest.

My friends were very kind in the matter. Not less than twenty-five, at the smallest calculation, offered to take charge of the money for me, and pay legal interest. But, after all, at six per cent, or even eight, some years must elapse before my money would even double. I accordingly thanked my friends for their considerate kindness, but told them I had other views—that I regretted exceedingly not being able to avail myself of their generous proposals, as under other circumstances I should promptly have done. When pressed upon the subject of my plans, I maintained a discreet silence—for the very good reason that they were not as yet defined in my own mind. I was waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up."

Something did turn up.

One morning, on entering my place of business, I found waiting for me a slick personage, with sharp, restless eyes.

"Mr. Flint?" he inquired.

"That is my name."

"And mine is Lynx. I am happy to make your acquaintance, Sir," and he grasped my hand with unexpected fervor.

"Thank you," I replied, in some little surprise at this cordiality from a stranger.

After a few preliminary remarks about the weather, which, if I remember rightly, were not particularly original, Mr. Lynx remarked: "I am told, Mr. Flint, that you have some money which you are desirous of investing."

"But a small amount," I answered, modestly.

"It is precisely these small sums which so often serve as the foundation of large fortunes," returned Mr. Lynx, with animation.

"But, really, five hundred dollars—" I continued, desirous of drawing out my visitor.

"Five hundred dollars, Sir! Think of Whittington and his venture. What is a cat to five hundred dollars? And yet we are told, Sir, that he made a colossal fortune, and even became Lord Mayor of London."

"I always regarded that story as apocryphal," said I, smiling.

"Possibly it may be so. But what of that? Is it not the illustration of a great principle? Since you object to this illustration, however, let me give you another which came under my own observation: A friend of mine had two hundred dollars—a mere bagatelle. He came to me and asked my advice as to the mode of investment. I gave it. What is the result?"

Two years have passed, and he is worth to-day twenty thousand dollars—all through a lucky investment."

"Indeed," said I, pricking up my ears, and considering that at that rate my five hundred dollars would have become fifty thousand. "May I inquire how the money was invested to produce such a return?"

"Certainly; I was about to tell you. With the two hundred dollars, I purchased for him a quarter section of land, in one of our Western towns. Of course, you have heard of their astonishing growth. This land was centrally located, and was required for building lots. It rose in value astonishingly, and my friend made a snug little fortune, as I have said."

My imagination was fired at once. No more chance of letting out my money at a paltry six per cent, when such golden harvests were to be had for the gathering.

"I suppose," said I, hesitatingly, "that such opportunities are of rare occurrence."

"Rare occurrence, my dear Sir? Not at all. I admit that it requires tact and judgment to make choice of such as are most eligible. Of course, one who is familiar with the business has great advantages."

"But I am not."

"Certainly not. Permit me to say, however, that I am, and that I shall be happy to assist you to the best of my ability. In fact, I devote the chief part of my time to an agency of this description, and I have the great satisfaction of knowing that I have placed more than one young man of small means on the road to fortune."

I began to have a high idea of the abilities and benevolence of Mr. Lynx, which was not materially diminished when he acknowledged that he was in the habit of receiving a certain commission—say ten per cent—for effecting an investment.

"Have you any favorable chances for investment now on hand?" I inquired, with some anxiety.

"Tempting, Sir, tempting," was the reply of Mr. Lynx. "I have some lots in Constantinople."

"Constantinople!" I repeated, in some uncertainty. The only associations which the name recalled were of a certain city lying between the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. Of course, Mr. Lynx could not mean that, or if he did, I had too little confidence in the Turks to venture my money there. My doubt was removed by the further remarks of Mr. Lynx.

"Constantinople is a town in Minnesota, which, I venture to say, in the course of ten

years will contain twenty-five thousand inhabitants."

"I do not think I ever heard of it."

"That is not surprising. Thirty years since Chicago was a mere trading-post amid the wigwams of the Indians. Now it bids fair to rival our largest Eastern cities. I might point you to many other examples, but it is needless. You, Sir, do not need to be informed of the almost magical growth of our Western towns and cities. Never was a truer stanza penned than this, by Bishop Berkely:

'Westward the course of empire takes its way!

The four first acts already past,

The fifth shall close the drama with the day—

Time's noblest offspring is its last.'

Of course, you are familiar with it."

I replied in the affirmative, and ventured to inquire more particularly respecting the town of Constantinople.

"Fortunately," replied Mr. Lynx, "I have a plan of the town in my pocket."

He drew out a large sheet containing the plan of a town regularly laid out into streets, lots, etc., with here and there a public building indicated.

"There," said he, indicating the central part with his finger, "are two churches—Methodist and Baptist, and it is proposed to offer the lot contiguous to the Congregationalists, on condition of their erecting a handsome church edifice upon it. In the immediate vicinity some ten acres are reserved, as you perceive, for a public park. This is a thing which ought never to be forgotten in laying out a town."

I looked out of my office window upon the brick wall opposite, and cordially agreed with Mr. Lynx in this remark.

"This little black mark," he continued, "indicates the Bank. Near by is the Constantinople Hotel. Those little dots stand for workshops of various kinds. By the way, I forgot to say that the name proposed for the lot set apart for public purposes is Hyde Park."

"Isn't that rather an imposing name for a village common?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well, perhaps so," said Mr. Lynx, hesitatingly; "but our principle is to take good names wherever we can find them. For that reason, knowing that the place was destined some day to become a large one, we gave it a high-sounding name. Years hence (of course, I do not pretend to fix the time), I believe, the Constantinople of the Eastern continent will dwindle into insignificance by the side of that in our Western world."

"You are sanguine, Mr. Lynx."

"And you would be, also, Mr. Flint, were you aware of the immense natural advantages of this promising town."

I need not detail the conversation which followed. It is sufficient to say that the eloquence of Mr. Lynx fell not upon stony (albeit upon Flint-y) ground. Within an hour I was the legal possessor of one hundred and sixty acres situated in Constantinople. Forty acres were in the center of the town—the remainder on the outskirts. These, together with the commission paid to Mr. Lynx, just swallowed up my aunt's bequest.

When I walked home, it was with the proud consciousness that I was a landed proprietor, and on the high road to wealth.

"In two or three years, at most," I reflected, "I shall be able to sell my land for such a sum as, with my moderate desires, will place me above the world. I shall at once resign my situation, build a cottage ornée somewhere on the banks of the North River, and, being then quite able to give her a competent support, I shall offer myself to the adorable Eliza."

The prospect was an agreeable one—decidedly so, and I could not avoid wishing that my fortune were already made. However, two years would pass rapidly, and then my castle in the air might assume a more substantial form. I did not acquaint my friends with the precise nature of my investment, but intimated, in a mysterious manner, that I had made an exceedingly fortunate disposal of it. Naturally, their curiosity was excited, but, as I intended by and by to surprise them, I was proof against their inquiries.

Some weeks since, having a brief respite from business, I prepared, as usual, to take a Summer trip. Where should I go? To Saratoga, Newport, Nahant?

This question was propounded by my friends.

"I shall go to neither of these places," I replied.

"You go to the White Mountains, then, or to Niagara?"

"Still wrong."

"Where, then, are you going?"

"To Constantinople," I replied, firmly.

My friends looked at each other in blank amazement, and, I believe, had serious doubts as to my sanity, until I assured them that I did not mean the ancient Byzantium, but a flourishing town in Minnesota. They manifested considerable surprise at the singularity of my taste. I gave no explanations, reserving those to a future time.

Traveling in cars and steamboats I found somewhat fatiguing. I employed the leisure which it afforded in studying the plan of Constantinople, of which Mr. Lynx had obligingly given me a copy. I indulged in conjectures as to the probable appearance of the place.

The picture which my fancy painted was something like this: a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, with churches, schools, stores, workshops, a beautiful park, neatly fenced, and a bank; in fine, just such a town as we often see in New England, with a general air of thrift and prosperity pervading it. There might be a newspaper, for aught I knew, in which case I was determined to put down my name as a subscriber at once. This would be no more than my duty as a public-spirited citizen.

I need not dwell upon the details of my journey. Traveling, nowadays, is reduced to the most commonplace thing in the world, unless, indeed, the monotony is broken by a steamboat explosion or railroad accident, such as the enterprising managers frequently favor us with.

The reader will be kind enough to suppose me within twelve miles of my destination. I passed the night in a miserable little hamlet of some dozen houses, of the rudest possible architecture. The hotel was built of logs, and the fare and accommodations were equally indifferent.

"Never mind," thought I, "we shall find a different state of affairs at Constantinople."

So I did, but I will not anticipate.

After spending the night in battling with musketoes, and another class of insects, bearing a very plebeian name, which I do not care to repeat, I rose at an early hour, and instituted inquiries as to the practicability of procuring a conveyance to Constantinople.

"Is there no stage that goes there?" I inquired.

The landlord laughed, quite unnecessarily as I thought, and assured me that there was not.

"You want to go there, I reckon?" he said.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, "work's rather drivin' jest at present, but if you're a mind to pay me, I'll harness up and take you over myself."

The price was finally fixed at three dollars, which a slight hint induced me to offer in advance.

We were soon on our way. The road, if it deserved the name, which I seriously question, was the most wretched with which I ever made acquaintance. Occasionally, one side of the vehicle was raised high in the air, while passing over a stump, which I am obliged to say always disturbed my equilibrium very considerably.

Once it was lifted so high as to produce an overturn. My companion, who appeared to be expecting such a catastrophe, adroitly leaped to one side. I was not so fortunate, contriving to fall with my shoulder under the wheel, and bruising it very uncomfortably.

After riding some four hours, and finding to my surprise that the road continued as wild as ever, I ventured to inquire if we were pretty near Constantinople.

"We're in it," was the reply.

"In it!" I exclaimed, in unbounded astonishment; "in the outskirts, I suppose you mean."

"No I don't. There is the village."

Following the direction of his finger, my attention was drawn to three miserable log-houses; in front of one a pig was rooting very compositely.

"There must be some mistake," said I, hurriedly. "Constantinople is a large town, with churches, schools, a bank—"

My companion absolutely shouted with laughter.

"You see 'em all before you," he said. "Them log-houses is all the churches, school-houses and banks you'll find in Constantinople. So you got took in with the rest. I reckon you own land in town, don't you?"

"One hundred and sixty acres," I replied, with a crest-fallen air.

"Well, you'll find it one half swamp and t'other half forest, as nigh as I can make out. You're the seventeenth man I've brought out here this Summer to look at this land; but they was pretty much all disappointed in the looks of the place. How much did you pay for your land?"

"Five hundred dollars," I replied, mournfully.

"If you can get five hundred cents for it," was the encouraging reply, "I'd advise you to take it. The land an't good for nothing—that's a fact. Would you like to stay and look round a little?"

"I think we'll turn back," said I, uncomfortably.

We did turn back. I turned one last, lingering, backward glance upon the log-huts, with their background of forest and neighboring swamp, and as I did so, fervently invoked a Scotch blessing upon the plausible Mr. Lynx. If ever I meet him, I shall—find my christianity put to a severe test.

I have recently returned from my journey, with my day-dreams most effectually dispelled. I am quite as far from marrying Eliza as ever. The revenues of my Western estate will scarcely justify me in assuming so expensive a responsi-

bility. I have only to add that my one hundred and sixty acres are in the market, and that any one who feels disposed may purchase them on easy terms. Apply to Gregory Flint, any day, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M.

THE PIRATE OF THE GULF.

BY DUNCAN A. KENNEDY.

CHAPTER I.

It was night—night in September—a night in the Gulf! Night is ever beautiful—beautiful even in the cold, dark North, but doubly so at the South. Perhaps, nowhere else in the world are its beauties so resplendently displayed as among the many groups of lovely islands that lie clusteringly in the sea to the south of Florida.

To one of these groups, or rather to the principal island thereof, we now wish to direct the attention of the reader. Softly fell the mild, tropical moonlight upon the lofty outlines of the island, which, towering proudly up among its tiny neighbors, like some old feudal castle over the more unpretending cotter's hamlet, reflected from its glittering sides all the objects presented by the silvery moon and its nightly rival, the clear, placid sea. It was indeed a lovely scene—a scene such as seldom meets the eye of the lone voyager in any clime, and never save in the sunny South.

Few were the inhabitants of that fairy isle, yet Nature had been bountiful, and upon them had lavished her choicest gifts with no sparing hand, and poured her richest favors around in a shower of unfailing profusion. Here wealth and contentment abounded, and they were happy.

Like a fairy veil, the silvery moonlight lay on hill and valley—

"But, woe is me, how poor and frail
Is beauty in its fairest form—"

for on the evening in question, though all seemed serene, and fair, and still—though no cloud of black, portentous woe lowered o'er the lovely isle, and no thought of impending evil intruded on the minds of its gay, light-hearted inhabitants to mar their festivities, yet the demon of war was hovering around them, and they were soon to feel all the horrors that can be inflicted by men actuated by the unholy love of gold, the deep-settled hatred for the human kind, or the fiendish desire for revenge.

The twilight deepened, the stillly night came on, and one by one the glorious stars shone forth illuminating the dark blue sea beneath until it seemed a mirrored heaven, while the

matchless moonlight grew deeper and brighter as the night grew old. It was a night for a poet or a lover, and, for aught we know, many such might have been found musing and sonneteering beneath its sparkling canopy. Every man, some time in his life, has been one or the other; and when a man becomes one, the other, or at least the attempt at it, almost invariably follows. The poet who has never been in love, or even who was ever out of it, were a natural curiosity worthy of Barnum's Museum; and I will venture the assertion that never yet lived a man in love who did not, when in his lunatic state, attempt to perpetrate rhyme. But let it pass.

Close in to the wall-like shores of the island, safely moored and almost hidden from view in a narrow cove, yet partially revealed in the mellow moonlight, lay a small and exquisitely beautiful craft. This vessel was not of more than sixty tons burden, yet carried three tall, rakish masts, and, for a craft of her size, spread an enormous amount of canvas. Now, however, the sails hung idly from the yards, lazily flapping to and fro with the gently undulating motion of the fairy little ship caused by the rolling of the sea, for within the cove not a breath of air could reach them, though without, the broad expanse of water was slightly moved by a light, steady breeze. Her hull was scarcely perceptible in the dim light, for the wild, overhanging rocks cast down their deep shadows upon the spot; but a close observer might have seen that it was symmetrically built, with an eye to strength and speed, while two or three open port-holes on either side, and the long, heavy gun in her bows, told full well her martial character. Above deck, she was carefully and regularly rigged, and the graceful rake of her slender, tapering spars, the lightness and minuteness of finish in all her arrangements, gave her an air of singular boldness and beauty. Idly the huge sails swung to and fro as the fairy ship rocked with the motion of the sea, and the consequent rattling of the blocks and the creaking of the cordage alone interrupted the stillness.

A single form only was visible on the deck, slowly pacing back and forth: it was the officer of the watch. Ever and anon, he cast his eye searchingly and eagerly over the blue expanse of sea, and so long and close was the gaze that not a single object within the range of vision could have escaped his sight; in his hand he held a night-glass, with which he also occasionally swept the horizon, but each time lowering it with an evident look of disappointment.

Just then two men, dressed in a beautiful uniform of green, appeared from the little cabin, and approached the officer. They were both young, and could our lady readers have seen them they would doubtless have pronounced them beautiful.

"Ricardo," said one of them to the officer of the watch, and his voice rang out on the stillness of the night air with the clearness of a bell, "Ricardo, has it yet appeared?"

"No, Captain," replied the other, and again his gaze was fixed on the sea.

The two officers passed on in silence, and seated themselves on a gun near by.

"Captain Paul," said the companion of him who had first spoken, "last eve you promised that I should soon hear the story of your life. If that promise be not forgotten, what more fitting than the present time for you to speak and I to listen?"

"Nay, William," said the commander, sadly, "the tale is a long one, and we know not at what moment we may be interrupted; but," he added, after musing a moment in silence, "if you wish it, and our time suffice, I will narrate to you a tale of wrong such as you have seldom heard."

"Ah, well, e'en a tale of wrong will serve to beguile the weary hours until the proud Briton shall heave in sight; but, Captain, I cannot for my life conceive why you are so anxious to fall in with this man-of-war, which, in a fair fight can, with a single broadside, blow us out of water."

"Listen," exclaimed the captain, half sternly, half sadly, "and you shall soon know. Long, long years ago, ere the germ of liberty was planted in the great Republic of the West, while it was yet under the *protection* and tyranny of Great Britain—of that Britain against whom we have so long and fiercely warred—dwelt an old, gray-headed man, on the picturesque banks of the Delaware. Charles Austin had been a sergeant in a Highland regiment, and for many years had served in America; he had been engaged in nearly the whole of the bloody wars of 1754 and '63; had fought with the heroic Wolf, on the plains of Abraham, and finally fell desperately wounded in almost the last battle of the war. He then retired from the army on an unlimited furlough and half pay, intending to settle in the new country, which he had already begun to consider as his home. He accordingly hastened to Philadelphia, where, on the breaking out of the war, he had left his wife and only child, a daughter then some twelve years of age.

"Eagerly did the old man hasten forward to

the goal of his hopes, already with pleasure anticipating the congratulations of those dear ones from whom he was no more to be parted save in death; but when once arrived, when once his portal had been crossed, the scene was changed—oh, how changed! That old man's usual light-hearted gayety was fled—fled forever!

"He laughed not, talked not, smiled not, 'for grief was heavy at his heart,' and was 'bringing down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Oh, how he wept then, that stern old soldier—that he, too, had not perished gloriously in the fight when many a gallant comrade had fallen in death. He returned to his home to find its altar desolate; the wife of his bosom dead, killed by grief; his daughter—that daughter on whom he had lavished all, and more than all of a parent's care and love—worse than dead, dishonored, 'a branded thing of guilt and shame.'

"How sharply the bitter barb entered the old man's heart! But he lived—yes, strange as it may seem, lived on; lived to educate *her* child for REVENGE!

"He was himself powerless: the betrayer of his child was his colonel!

"A gay, dashing young nobleman was Lord Marnley, and in order to restrain him from the many excesses he was daily committing, his relatives had, although he was then a mere boy, procured him a regiment, and sent him off to the wilds of America, hoping that, in the New World, the necessary privations of a military life would effectually cure him of his many evil propensities. Vain hope! Lord Marnley's constitutional tendencies were all toward licentious pleasures, and three or four years of compelled abstemiousness but added tenfold to the fierceness of his unholy passions. Nevertheless, he was a brave officer, and fought right gallantly until the ill-advised and murderous attack upon Fort Ticonderoga, made by the British army under General Abercrombie. In this unfortunate affair, as you well know, the British, although quadruple the number of the French troops, were repulsed with the loss of more than two thousand men killed and wounded, while the French loss was less than fifty. Among those badly wounded was young Marnley, and, as the rigor of that Northern climate was calculated to retard his recovery, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigues of the journey, he was removed to Philadelphia. Having been the bearer of a message from the sergeant to his family, he saw the lovely Marion Austin, and, fiend-like, determined to accomplish her ruin. In this he unhappily succeeded

VOL. V.—40.

but too well. I will not now recount the many artifices he used in the pursuit of his fell purpose. I will not dwell upon the horrible details; the *friend* of her father was her friend—honored, trusted, valued, loved—and beneath his arts she fell. She lived not long after the return of her father; grief, and guilt, and shame soon hurried her to the grave. And yet, fond, loving, erring woman as she was, she died breathing a prayer for her seducer, whom she had already forgiven.

"Not so the father.

"It was midnight, and that old, gray-headed, stricken, sleepless man was supporting the dying form of his weak, erring child in his now decrepit arms. Though she had added bitterness to the already bitter cup of his life—though she had shrouded his future in utter darkness of sorrow, and had brought on his aged mind an overpowering, crushing weight of grief—yet she was forgiven, wholly, freely forgiven; and as his eyes, filled with tears, fell upon her and her unconscious infant, his heart overflowed, and he wept aloud.

"'Father, do not weep so,' exclaimed the faint voice of the frail dying one; 'I am all unworthy of your love, and it is better that I die now than to live.'

"The soldier answered not, but the great tears burst forth afresh.

"'Press me to your heart, father—press me to your heart!' she cried, with sudden energy; 'I am dying now!'

"Closely did he twine his arms around the still loved one—closely did he press her to his agonized heart; and, sternly stilling the wild throbbing in his bosom, he listened to her last, low-whispered words:

"'Father, to thee I confide my child; let him be to thee what I should have been.'

"She sank back, and—he laid her lifeless form upon the bed.

"Calmly did the old man bear himself in his terrible bereavement. The funeral over, he took with him his grandchild, and sought a home on the Delaware."

"Sail ho!" sung out the officer of the watch.

That startling cry, ever a signal of excitement to a seaman, created no little commotion on the deck of the strange craft. Scores of men, hitherto unobserved, sprang from their resting places in the dark shadow of the bulwarks, or hastened up from below; and deep bustle and confusion succeeded the late orderly silence, till the clear voice of the captain rang out above the din and noise, and in a moment all was hushed and still.

"Where away?" he shouted to the man who had hastened to the mast-head.

"Directly seaward, Sir—bearing up under a heavy press of sail."

"What does she look like?"

"I cannot make her out, Sir; she is but just within sight."

"Daveux, take the helm. Now, men, make all ready to sail. Heave up the anchor—lively, boys, lively. Haul aft the lee braces! Shove her off! Daveux, mind your helm; keep her away!"

Rapidly as these orders were given, they were as rapidly obeyed; and, in less time than we have been writing, the fairy craft began to move, slowly left the narrow pass, and, emerging into the open sea, as sail after sail was shaken out to the breeze, she dashed away with the speed of a race horse.

"Keep her before the wind!" exclaimed the leader as his eye glanced proudly over his beautiful ship; and, truly, she was worthy of all his pride—for never had eye rested on a ship of more delicate or symmetrical proportions, and all her varied beauties were displayed to the greatest possible advantage in the clear moonlight.

It was evident that, keeping her present course, the Fairy Queen—for so she was called—would intercept the distant sail, now just visible to the naked eye; and, having satisfied himself of this, Captain Paul again seated himself by his friend.

"William," he said, resuming his usual calm and somewhat mournful appearance, "before you sail nears us I would finish my tale of wrong. Soon after the old man reached his river home, at the period of which I first spoke, he began to fail, not rapidly, but almost imperceptibly; for slow and sure was the fearful work of death being wrought in his aged and tottering form. Not all the deep love that he lavished upon the child so sadly committed to his care, not all the warm affection, not all the tender nursing kindness of the stripling could stay the fell destroyer; and the work of death went surely on. Six years, long, bitter years of agony, did he live; and then, when forever closing his eyes, sinking swiftly into 'the sleep that knows no waking,' he related to the boy the story of his mother's wrongs, and made him swear an oath, even in his own father's blood to avenge her.

"The kind old sergeant had taken every precaution for his loved one's welfare; and, soon after the funeral pageantry was over, the child was sent to his relatives in the north of Scot-

land. There he was received with open arms by those who had long known his sad history; and in the years that followed of peaceful quiet, at that rural home, he had almost forgotten his fearful oath of revenge. But among his more distant relatives was one whom he soon loved with all the passionate energy of his wild, vehement nature, and Mary Stuart was indeed one to be loved; but of this enough—I cannot, even now, speak of her without emotion. Well, when he was about seventeen, he discovered that she, too, was ruined—she whom he had so wildly, madly loved, betrayed by his father, Lord Marnley!

"It was maddening, and he frantically rushed from the spot.

"Then that oath came back to him with terrible distinctness; and, kneeling on the green sod, beneath the blue canopy of the heavens, he swore to Almighty God that the oath should be faithfully kept."

Captain Paul paused for a moment, deeply engaged in thought; and then, turning his gaze toward the now plainly discernible and fast approaching ship, he said, but in so low a tone that it did not reach his companion's ears:

"Yes! there he is, the same bold, bad man as ever—my father! The murderer of my mother! The destroyer of her I loved! My God, I thank thee that this hour has come!"

"Daveux," he added aloud, after eagerly scanning the course of the two ships, "put up your helm and bear away. I would fight them in sight of the castle."

Then, turning again to the young officer, he resumed his narrative:

"Ere many days had passed, the youth, on his return to reason—for he had been crazed—found himself on the deck of a pirate ship. How he came there he knew not, nor would they tell him; he never knew. But this desperate calling was in full unison with the excitement of his morbid, brooding mind—so he entered into it with all the energy of his nature; and, for two or three feats of desperate daring, he was soon after rewarded with the command of a ship. In this situation, the news reached him of the fierce struggle going on between Britain and her revolted colonies in America. There still remained in his fiery and now guilty soul one noble feeling—a love, deep, ardent, and pure, for the land of his birth. With this holy feeling mingled, perhaps, an angry hatred of every thing British, for of them came the destroyer of his happiness. A tender of the services of himself, ship and crew, to the American Congress was gratefully accepted; and, as Captain Jean Paul, he soon

won for himself a glorious and honorable name. But the war was soon over, and he was yet un-avenged. Again he betook himself to his old pursuits, not from a love of crime, but that he might avenge his own and his mother's wrongs. Lord Marley's family dwell on yonder fair island; he, on his way to visit them, is in that ship, a passenger; and I am Jean Paul, or rather, I should say, *Charles Austin*!"

CHAPTER II.

We have said that the two officers were both young, and yet, if one had looked closely, he might have perceived a difference of nearly twenty Summers in their ages. The elder, though he looked less than thirty, was, in reality, considerably more, while the younger, looking almost as old as his captain, had not yet arrived at man's estate. There was a marked likeness in their features, evident even to the most obtuse observer, which certainly indicated some sort of relationship between them; but of that we shall speak hereafter.

The sudden announcement of his commander that he was none other than the world-renowned Commodore Jean Paul, created in the mind of the young officer no little excitement. Though he had long been the friend and confidant of his captain, he had only known him as the bold, daring buccaneer, and never for a moment suspected that he was one whose skill and heroism had gloriously embellished the maritime history of the great Republic. Ere he had so far recovered from his astonishment as to be able to speak, the captain left him; and, standing near the bow, eagerly watched the movements on board the rapidly-nearing man-of-war. It was a well-appointed brigantine of eighteen guns; and, by a single broadside, might have annihilated its fairy-like antagonist; this Captain Paul (for so we will continue to call him) well knew, and his only hope lay in so far deceiving the Briton in regard to his nature and intentions as to get sufficiently near the man-of-war to rake her fore and aft, and then, by boarding, leave all to the skill and desperate courage of his men, in whom he reposed unbounded confidence.

Truly, a strange medley of human kind was the crew of the Fairy Queen. There might be seen, side by side, united by the same stern discipline, the light, gay, volatile, talkative Frenchman, ever in his politeness, gasconade, and fiery daring, a fit representative of "Le Grand Nation;" and the morose, taciturn Scotchman, stern, rough, and stalwart as his own unyielding hills; there, grouped together as a band of brothers, were a score of "tars" from the in-

fant Republic, their bold, proud bearing evincing the confident air of freemen, though linked, perhaps, in an unholy cause; and near them stood a few, a very few Englishmen, the deep imprint of vice stamped upon their features, evidently outcasts from their native land—proud Albion. As an offset to these were a lot of jolly, rollicking Irishmen, probably as thoughtless, "devil-may-care" a set of fellows as ever left the "Green Isle" in search of freedom and "praties." Again, not far from these stood a group of dark, swarthy men, whom, at first glance, one would have known to be Spanish—revenge and cruelty were the prominent traits of character indicated by their features, yet well had these passions been repressed by the iron will of their leader—a few Portuguese, now and then a phlegmatic Dutchman, and some half dozen genuine Africans, completed the motley crew—in all, nearly or quite a hundred men.

While the captain had been engaged with his lieutenant, they had been equally busy among themselves, conjecturing the character of the strange sail, and the result of the meeting soon to take place.

"I guess that it's a real John Bull," said a long, lean, lank, slab-sided specimen of the Green Mountain boys, "and if it is, won't we give her Bunker Hill?"

"Shiver my timbers, if we don't!" replied his companion, one of the *genus homo* who subsequently acquired the well-earned appellation of "real Yankee tars."

"May be," exclaimed a villainous-looking Englishman, who had heard the remark, and in whom the love of Old England was not wholly eradicated, "may be, he'll shiver them for you."

"And then," retorted the American, with a gesture of hatred he did not attempt to conceal, "he will stretch you up by the neck to the yard-arm, as I would a porpoise or a lobster."

At this moment the captain appeared among them.

"Senor," he said, addressing in Spanish a tall, dark, noble-looking officer, the same who was first introduced to the reader as the officer of the watch, "that ship must be captured in an hour; is every thing ready?"

"Si, Senor," was the laconic reply.

"Think you it can be done?"

"Si, Senor."

Captain Paul then addressed his crew. "Men," he said, "I have a deep object in the capture of yonder ship. An object dearer to me than all the gold of the Indies; ay, dearer than life itself. For this I rely on you, and I know that I

can do so safely. I am credibly informed that your ship has half a million of hard dollars on board; if you take her, they are yours. Will you try?"

A wild, deafening cheer followed this short harangue; and, determined to do their very best, the crew quietly repaired to their quarters.

These maneuvers had not escaped the sharp-eyed officers of the British brig, but to them they were perfectly incomprehensible. The idea that a *pirate ship*, mounting only seven guns, should seek the acquaintance of His Britannic Majesty's brigantine *Miracle*, of sixteen guns, and one hundred and fifty men, never once entered their minds; or, if it did, was scouted at as something impossible and preposterous. Happy had it been for them had they been more cautious and less confident, for the result was about to show, as many another result has shown, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Meantime, the two vessels had been rapidly nearing each other, and were now within half cannonade distance, the *Fairy Queen* standing boldly across the bows of the *Miracle*, while not a movement on her deck showed that her crew were conscious of the existence of the other. The Englishman hailed, but receiving no answer he fired a shot directly ahead of the *Fairy Queen*, as a gentle hint for her to "lie to;" and at the same moment the flag of Old England broadly and proudly unfurled from his mizzen peak. But, heedless of this angry demonstration, the little ship kept on her course until directly in the track of her formidable adversary.

"Will he fire again?" inquired an officer, with a strong French accent.

"Probably he will, and more to the point, too," replied Captain Paul, calmly; and then, turning to his crew, he added, "stand to your guns, my boys; we have work to do!"

Even as he spoke, a bright flame shot forth from the bow of the *Miracle*; there was a dull, heavy report, and a blue column of smoke wreathed upward, gracefully winding around the tall, tapering masts, the slender shrouds, the white sails, now almost hiding them from view in its dim, shadowy folds, and now boldly revealing them against its dark, somber outlines, as it slowly rolled away seaward, while the crashing sound, as the ball came dashing through the bulwarks, startled the beholder's gaze and paled the timid cheek with fear. Fortunately, no one was injured by either ball or splinters.

"That gun was well shot, but badly

aimed," said Captain Paul, with a bitter smile; "John Bull, you must try again; however, we give you credit for good intentions, and in proper time will return the compliment."

He stood among his crew, narrowly watching every movement of the enemy, until he came in range with both masts of the brigantine.

"Now is our time!" he shouted at the top of his voice, as he sprang to the quarter-deck; "now is our time—aim well and low, fire!"

The *Fairy Queen* recoiled with the shock of her broadside, and trembled in every joint. For a moment, she remained enveloped in smoke, and nothing could be seen of her antagonist; but the fearful crash of falling spars, the shrieks of dying and the low wail of wounded men, told, plainly as sound could tell, that the bloody work had commenced—that the feast of death had begun.

Ah, little thinks the man of military renown of the fearful price at which he has purchased his glory! Little he thinks of thousands slain, of seas of blood, of countless widows and orphans. Little thinks or cares he, that war, at best, is but a legalized system of wholesale murder. Little thinks he of all this, for it leads to his fame. Still less think the gay, admiring crowd, as they bow at the bloody shrine of their Juggernaut. They worship him with a mad, enthusiastic worship. They see only the man—the hero. They look not on his deep, dark stained deeds. They dwell not upon the sea of blood through which he has waded to his present high position. They see not the tears of the widow, nor hear they the orphan cry for bread. They see not the battle-field, strewn with human slain; nor look they within the grave where friend and foe share one common sepulcher. They look only on war in its holiday dress, and they cheer when they should weep—praise when they should blame. Alas! such is human nature.

I speak not thus of all wars; wars there may be—nay, have been—which, upon one side, at least, were perfectly justifiable. Our own Revolutionary struggle is an instance in point. One nation may be wrongfully invaded by another, and the principle of self-preservation—the first law of nature—will call her to arms. Far be it from us to impugn the motives, or disparage the actions of the man who then hears his country's call and hastens to her aid.

Glory won in a cause like this is truly immortal. Nations may, then, be justified in a resort to arms. What is true of a nation may also be true of an individual. That this was the case with our hero, we will not now assert; though all

will most likely agree that he had good cause to feel no love for Britain, and a deadly hatred to Lord Marnley.

The smoke cleared away, and his gaze rested on the British brig. His broadside, sweeping her fore and aft, had told with a terrible effect. Her mainmast was gone by the board; her deck strewn with rubbish and fallen spars, and covered with the dead and the dying. She lay upon the waters of the broad gulf an unmanageable wreck. Yet her bold commander, a seaman of the true Nelson stamp, had no idea of surrendering; not the most distant thought of striking his flag crossed his mind. Although he found his ship disabled, and a full fourth part of his crew killed or wounded, he immediately and undauntedly set to work to clear the wreck and to prepare for further resistance. But it was all in vain; he was fated to disappointment, and what was worse to a proud nature like his, to defeat.

"Hard up your helm!" said Captain Paul, to the man at the wheel; and other orders followed in quick succession, as the *Fairy Queen* wore round, presenting her other broadside to the foe. "Now, give it to them—Fire!"

Again did the iron messengers of death sweep over the devoted brig, scattering confusion, and dismay, and mortal fear, and death among her officers and men. It was terrible, that tempest of iron hail as it swept away the gallant and brave—as it swept over them as sweeps the tornado over the fertile vale, or the hurricane over the sail-covered ocean. The pirate chief had watched the effect of his second broadside with a steady gaze, and as he saw its fearful result he again turned to his followers with the word of command; his voice was low, but so deep that it reached the ear of every man on the deck of the *Fairy Queen* with startling distinctness:

"Lay them aboard," he said, "and trust to sword and cutlass for the rest!"

Again the little ship bore up, and in five minutes more was firmly lashed alongside of the enemy, and the hand-to-hand conflict was about to begin.

"Follow me, boys! Follow me to victory or to death!"

Almost divinely beautiful looked the pirate chief, as, towering aloft in more than regal majesty, and shouting forth his battle cry, he leaped among the foe, his bright blade flashing crimson with the blood it drew—almost divinely beautiful in his Satanic grandeur. Fiercely sprang the pirate horde after their leader, and the work of death went on.

CHAPTER III.

The night deepened, the moonlight grew dim, and all was still. The beautiful, the lofty tropical island was wrapped in peaceful repose; all, save at the mansion of the noble Lord Roosevelt. That was brilliantly illuminated. The sound of cheerful music, the joyous laugh, and the merry jest broke upon the still night air; ever and anon, light, graceful forms floated by the open casements, in the many windings of the mazy dance—

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

An unknown observer gazed upon the joyous scene. He stood beneath the shadow of a lofty tree, his eye gazing closely on the crowd within the house. His form was tall and commanding, his features regular and fair; at first glance, one would pronounce him young, you look again, and half believe him thirty-five; a third look leaves you in complete uncertainty as to his age. His dress was a handsome uniform of blue, trimmed with purple and gold; and he was armed with both sword and pistols.

"Alas!" he murmured to himself, "that I should be destined to mar the mirthfulness of a scene like this. Ah, Fate! thou art a cruel master. It was in scenes like this that I first saw her—my first, my only love—and henceforth I shall ever love them; but, oh! it, too, was in a scene like this that she first saw *him*, the destroyer of my peace, the murderer of my mother, the betrayer of my love—my father!"

As he grew excited at these remembrances he had spoken aloud, and was now startled at feeling a hand laid lightly upon his shoulder.

"You speak bitterly, fair Sir," said the intruder; "but, in the name of our host, Lord Roosevelt, I bid you welcome to the feast, and if you will but share our festivities, your sorrow, methinks, will vanish."

The speaker was apparently about fifty years of age, but still in the very vigor of his manhood, intellect, and beauty. At the first sound of his voice the unknown started, surprise and, mayhap, hatred glowing upon his face. At this moment a full blaze of light fell upon them from the open casement, and their eyes met in one long, fixed, earnest gaze.

The new-comer turned pale beneath the look of the other, and at length stammered:

"Who are you? In the name of Heaven, speak."

"Your son!" replied his companion, sternly; "your son! The child of Marlon Austin! Once the lover of Mary Stuart! Now, her avenger—my mother's, and my own! Draw and defend yourself, or, by Heaven, you die!"

"Hold, Paul, hold!" but the remonstrance was lost upon the now thoroughly maddened pirate, and he was obliged to close in mortal strife with his unforgiving adversary.

It was a fearful sight—father and son, each striving to take the other's life. Lord Marnley was no match for his youthful and skillful antagonist, and he gradually gave ground, hoping that the sound of the conflict would arouse the noisy revelers within, and, by bringing them to his aid, put an end to the unnatural contest. With this view, he shouted for help, but at the same instant Paul's sword entered his side, and he fell back mortally wounded.

"I am avenged!" said the sailor, as he stooped over the body of his fallen parent; but he moved not—attempts not to flee.

The noise of the combat and the shout reached the ears of those within, and they crowded forth in time to witness the last bloody act of the drama. They closed hastily around the young officer, and one, bolder than the rest, questioned him as to the strange scene they had witnessed. Drawing himself proudly up, and motioning them away, he moved as if to leave the spot; but instantly a dozen swords were leveled at his breast, barring all departure, save at the risk of life.

"Your blood be on your own heads, then!" he exclaimed, in sudden anger, crossing his weapon with theirs as he spoke. At the same moment he gave a shrill whistle, and they were immediately surrounded by fifty or sixty fierce looking seamen.

"Cut them down!" said their leader, pointing to those who had obstructed his passage, and instantly their swords were dyed in the blood of their victims. The conflict was a short one, but the pirates had whetted their appetites for blood, and were not to be stayed. Dispersing over the little island, they carried rapine, fire, slaughter, to each hamlet—outrage and death to each individual. They ranged unceasingly throughout the island, abusing and murdering all they met. Suddenly, their leader encountered a female form bending over a prostrate body—the body of his father. He started back in astonishment—it was the form of Mary Stuart!

"Mary," he exclaimed, tenderly, "is it you? How came you here?"

She looked up at his voice, tears streaming from her eyes.

"Charles Austin," she said, with sad solemnity, "look upon your work: a lovely island laid in ruins—hundreds of innocent, unoffending people butchered—my husband slain!"

"Your husband!" exclaimed he, anxiously; "your husband, Mary? What mean you?"

"Yes, her husband," faintly said the wounded man, opening his eyes; "her husband! I would have told you all, Paul, but you would not hear me. I am a repentant man, and where I could I have repaid: she is now my wife, and this was our marriage feast. But all is over now; there is no hope."

He sank back exhausted. Paul cast himself upon his neck; new and more peaceful emotions took possession of his soul. "Father!" he cried, "you will live; you must live to make me happy; add not the fearful name of parricide to my already guilty list; or, at least, let me die with you."

"Great God, I am happy now!" said the reviving parent; and, clasping his hands, he poured forth his thanks in prayer. His wife, his son, knelt beside him, and their prayers ascended in unison with his.

"I must go now," said Captain Paul, rising from his knees; "I must go to stop the work of death."

A shrill whistle quickly brought the pirate crew swarming around him.

"There has been enough of blood," he said; "retire to the ship and keep sharp watch; at break of day I will rejoin you. Now be gone."

None dared to disobey; they knew too well the iron will of their leader, and the stern discipline to which he kept them subject, and they sullenly and unwillingly retired. Once more on board the *Fairy Queen* they quickly disposed themselves to rest, and were soon wrapped in dreamless sleep. Having dismissed his crew, Captain Paul returned to his parents.

Ah, human nature, thou art a strange subject to study! A subject of curious whimsicalities, deep interest, and many hidden mysteries. In thee have the wise found wisdom; thee have the poets sung; thee have the philosophers searched; but thou hast ever been, thou art, and ever wilt be, a deep, dark, unfathomable mystery. Man is moved by a thousand motives whose secret springs no one can discover, and which often, in fact, even he knows not of. "Know thyself," is a command with which but few can comply. To know others, is to *all* utterly impossible. How little, then, should we judge others from that small portion of their conduct open to our inspection! The secret springs, the impulsive motives, the thousand promptings that they feel are all unknown to us, and the motive *may* be good, even though we pronounce the action evil. "Judge not, lest ye be judged," was the emanation of supreme wisdom, and is well worthy of our careful remembrance.

Ever after that eventful day, our hero was a

changed man; his motives were changed; his conduct was changed; his mind, his very person changed. He was no longer the same. From the gay, daring and chivalrous leader he became at once the stern, relentless and bloody pirate.

He sat all night at the bedside of his parent, and listened to his dying confessions.

"Paul," said he, in a weak voice, "Paul, I would confess freely, and receive thy forgiveness ere I die."

"Nay, father, talk not of death," cried the son; "talk not of death; you will not, must not, *shall not* die. Live; live if only for my sake!"

"Interrupt me not, my son; I have but little time to speak. You know my history up to the time when I left Philadelphia; you have, doubtless heard it from your grandfather. Well, after I had so cruelly deserted your angelic mother, filled with shame and remorse, I hurried to the capital, where, for many years, I plunged into every kind of excess and dissipation. At length, worn out in body and mind, bankrupt in health and fortune, by the imperative order of my physician, and the advice of my friends, I sought the north of Scotland. There I saw you, and was struck by your resemblance to your mother; but, unfortunately, I thought it a mere resemblance, and made no further inquiries concerning you. Soon after, at a fancy ball, I saw Mary Stuart; I saw, also, that you loved her, and determined to enter the lists with you and strive for her love. I danced with her again and again, and when the ball broke up I attended her home. I saw that it gave you pain; and, strange as it may seem, I gloried in the thought. That night, when we parted, I found that I was bewitched, captivated by a yeoman's daughter. For once I truly loved; but it was a selfish love, seeking only its own gratification."

"Beneath my arts she fell; her shame became known, and you fled. 'Twas then I learned that you were my son. Filled with remorse, I fled. I heard from there once more; her parents had died, broken-hearted; her brother was nearly crazed; she was but the wreck of her former self. Two years later, I met her brother; we recognized each other at once; both drew—I was carried off dangerously wounded. For five weeks I lay in imminent danger—five weeks of terrible remorse and sincere repentance. I rose from my bed an altered man. In my sickness, I often heard of the renowned American, Jean Paul, whose flag was unfurled and feared on every sea. Instinct whispered it was my son, and though he was fighting against my country

and my king, I felt a secret pride in his fast rising fame. The war was over, and 'The Pirate of the Gulf' became as feared as ever Jean Paul had been. I *knew*, then, that it was he; I felt that fate was thus punishing me for my early crime. I repaired to the seas; I sought to meet you, and we have met.

"Speak not," he added, for Paul was about interrupting him. "Speak not. I have but a moment more. I sought out Mary Stuart, resolved to in part repair the injuries I had done. About a week ago, the day before I was to sail from Havana, in the *Miriade*, I chanced to board a ship about to sail from this place. Mary was on board; we met; she loved me still. She consented to be mine. I embarked with her in the *Sibyl*, and two days since we arrived here. Yesterday we were married, and to-night was our marriage feast. Wearied with the noise and gayety, and thinking only of my long lost son, I left the hall and sought the soft shade of the grove. My eyes fell upon a stranger; I spoke to him; the rest you know."

Lord Marnley fell back; he was dead!

CHAPTER IV.

The morning dawned, the rosy tint of day spread in the east, yet Paul remained by the corpse of his father. Bitter were the thoughts busy within his brain.

"I have slain him," he murmured; "murdered my father! The mark of Cain is on my brow; I feel it scorching, burning, searing my very soul. Oh, God, it is horrible! Would that I could die! Die! for what? That I might meet God in judgment. Ha, ha! Even now the fiends mock me, laugh at me; they call me 'Murderer! Parricide!' Ha! ha! Call on, I am coming," and he frantically rushed from the house.

For an hour he strode through the forest, driven by his fiery passions, pursued by the phantoms of his brain. All at once his foot struck heavily against a dead body. "Ha! blood!" he said; "it is a familiar sight, and makes me myself again."

Collecting his scattered thoughts, he hurried to his ship and sprang aboard.

"Ho! there," he shouted, as his foot touched the deck; "ho! there, my men; all hands ready to make sail! Swing her off! Cheerily, men, cheerily!"

The crew sprang eagerly to the work, and the next moment the little ship was dancing merrily over the clear, blue sea.

An hour later, Captain Paul, who had recovered all his usual self-possession, was seated in

his cabin in company with his lieutenant, and continuing the history of his life, which, the reader will remember, was interrupted by the engagement with the *Mirade*.

"It is a strange tale, Captain," said the other, when he had concluded; "but, stranger still, I am the son of Mary Stuart, and we are brothers."

Instantly they were locked in each other's arms.

"Why told you not this before, dear William?" inquired the captain, when the first warm greetings were over.

"I was so surprised, so confounded, that my thoughts utterly deserted me," replied his brother.

Long hours did the new-found brothers remain in sweet communion, for each had much to tell, and when they again came on deck the darkness of night was falling upon the ocean, and the *Fairy Queen* was many leagues away from the scenes of the last night's bloody exploits.

Captain Paul had captured the British brig after a bloody battle, and then learned that the object of his search, Lord Marnley, was not on board, but had sailed from Havana on the day before the brig, and was probably already on the island. He accordingly landed with a strong party of his men, determined at all hazards to discover his father. The result is already known.

From that time forth he was no longer the same, and his stern followers often wondered at the unwonted cruelty he ever after displayed. Ship after ship fell into his hands, and all were, with their crews, destroyed, until the words "*Pirate of the Gulf*" became a deadly terror, and made the cheek of the stoutest mariner turn pale.

William, the lieutenant, subsequently abandoned this roving life; and, being the son of Lord Marnley, by his lawful wife, he, with some difficulty, succeeded to the titles and estates of the lordship. He often earnestly strove to influence his brother so as to prevail upon him to quit his dangerous and criminal career, and with such success that Captain Paul finally yielded to his wishes. No entreaties, however, could induce him to visit England; and, after secretly traveling through the United States, he took up his residence in Paris. He had long been failing, and, some months after his arrival in that city, the following notice appeared in one of the morning papers:

"Buried, yesterday, at 10 o'clock, with military honors, Captain Jean Paul, late of the United States Navy."

HOW JOHN WOLFE GOT HIS RICH WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME TO TELL THE STORY.

I WAS passing Wolfe's store, the other day, with a brother book-keeper, when we noticed a very neat carriage stop at the store, and one of the prettiest women in New York get out of it.

"There," said my companion, "is John Wolfe's rich wife. What luck some fellows have in the world! Born rich themselves, they continually gather riches, while we poor devils never can seem to get rid of the blamed wooden spoon that Dame Fortune stuck into our unfortunate mouths when we came into this blessed world. But, rich or poor, hang me if I would hunt up a rich wife any how. It is rather a mean business to be marrying a woman for her money."

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "you happen to be wide of the mark this time. I know how John Wolfe got his rich wife, and can assure you that he did not marry her for her money; and, moreover, did not dream of ever getting one cent with her."

"Ay," said he, sneeringly, "all these rich fellows pretend that they don't care any thing about it; but don't you think I am quite so green as to believe any such stuff as that. Facts speak louder than words, and we all know that John Wolfe has a rich wife."

"Yes," I replied, "and pretty as rich, and good as pretty, and loving as good."

"Oh, ho!" he exclaimed, "I guess you must have fallen in love with her; rather a pity you were married so long ago; you might have cut out John, and got a rich wife yourself."

"Not a bit of it," said I, "but you shall hear the whole story if you will come to my house to-night, and while we have our smoke on the piazza, I'll see if I cannot wipe some of the cynic out of your composition."

"Agreed," said he, "I will be with you after supper."

CHAPTER II.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

About five years ago, John Wolfe's book-keeper married a nice, pretty little girl up in his native village, in Vermont, brought her down to New York, and started housekeeping, in the very snugest cottage in Brooklyn. I was invited to the house-warming, and a more delightful evening does not often checker the dull business of life than we passed. There was not over a dozen of us, male and female; but we were all cronies, and intimate enough to be as free and pleasant together as we would be at home.

The party broke up at twelve, and Mrs. Dick and myself trotted home as satisfied with our evening's enjoyment as need be.

Just one week after that my wife told me, with tears in her eyes, that John Wolfe's book-keeper had been quite unwell for two days past, and not an hour before had suddenly expired, while sitting by the fireside, with scarcely a spasm or a pang. A disease of the heart had carried him off thus unexpectedly, and his wife was in terrible affliction. I did not lose a moment in running around to his house and offering what little sympathy and assistance it was in my power to bestow; and, of course, took upon myself to do whatever was necessary upon so sad an occasion. The young widow was terribly cut down, and, at such a distance from her own friends and relatives, seemed more than usually forlorn. We did all we could to relieve her affliction, and, after the funeral had taken place, succeeded in calming her grief to some small extent. I then took the liberty of inquiring a little into her affairs, and discovered that my poor friend, with a carelessness which was too characteristic of him, had involved himself considerably in debt to furnish his house for his young wife's comfort, having purchased every particle of their household goods upon credit. This matter I undertook to arrange for her; and, by going around among the various creditors, persuaded the most of them to take their goods back by my paying them a small per centage for their trouble in packing and fixing. This, however, required the outlay of a couple of hundred dollars; the funeral expenses were one hundred and fifty more, and she had not twenty dollars in the world toward it.

The next morning, therefore, saw me at John Wolfe's store; he had but just returned from a business tour South, and was quite shocked to hear of his book-keeper's sudden death. I briefly related to him the situation in which his young wife had been left, and the arrangements I had made with the creditors, and waited his answer.

"Call as you go home this evening," said he, "and I will attend to it. I am very busy now."

When I called in the evening, he handed me a letter for the widow, and, begging me to let him know if he could be of any service in the future, he started for home, and I did likewise.

I left the letter with the widow as I went home, and after supper Mrs. Dick and myself walked over to see her, a little curious, I must say, to know the contents of John Wolfe's letter. I confess I had never entertained a very favorable opinion of John Wolfe; he had always seemed to me overbearing and proud, and

looked, I thought, as many young men do, who have never known any of the anxieties of making a living for themselves, and are very apt to think that they are made out of rather superior stuff to the rest of us, and must be looked up to, and bowed to, and smiled upon by all the rest of the world.

But I tell you I got a new light into the human heart when I read that letter. It was, without exception, the kindest, most feeling, most consoling letter I ever read—so full of deep sympathy for her sudden loss, so overflowing with expressions of esteem and regard for her husband, and winding up with sentiments of so divine and heavenly a trust in an overruling Providence, and the sweet consolation of religion, that I declare I could scarcely think the letter could have emanated from a man so wholly engrossed in himself as he always seemed to be. The letter, moreover, contained his individual check for one thousand dollars, to meet, he said, the expenses incidental to so sudden and unexpected a bereavement.

"Well, John Wolfe," said I, "after this, I will never again judge a man from appearances!"

"I should like to know," said my cynical friend, interrupting me, "what this has got to do with John Wolfe's rich wife?"

"Certainly," said I; "we shall probably come to all that in due course of time. Here, take another cigar, and don't be impatient."

CHAPTER III.

HOW JOHN WOLFE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE LITTLE GOD, CUPID.

The young widow returned to her friends in Vermont, and what followed, although I did not get acquainted with the facts until a very short time ago, I shall proceed to tell you in the order they occurred.

Within a week or so after her arrival at her old home, John Wolfe received a letter from her father, returning him the thousand dollars so kindly advanced to his daughter, with a profusion of thanks for his kindness to his bereaved child, and expressing a strong desire to be able to repay it by any service it might be in his power to perform in return. But there was also another inclosure, which John, it seems, thought a great deal more about than the old man's and the thousand dollars, and this was a letter from the young widow herself, so brimful of gratitude, that he began to be almost ashamed to think that he had done so little for so rich a return, and was rather sorry that he had not found time to have gone personally to comfort her in her sore affliction.

I do not exactly know how it came about, but one letter brought on another, until a pretty regular correspondence sprang up between them. It happened, also, very soon after this, that the widow's father, who was a retired lawyer, living on the frugal savings of a frugal life, was able to confer a very considerable favor on John Wolfe's house, by saving them from a severe loss by a dishonest customer who had suddenly taken it into his head, after a lifetime of honesty, to turn rogue, sell his stock of goods to a cash customer, who presented himself just at the right time, and slip off to California with the proceeds.

A friend of the old lawyer was employed to draw up the bill of sale, who mentioned to him, casually, that so and so was selling out and going to the new land of promise; and, knowing that this individual was largely indebted to Wolfe's house, he quietly slipped himself off to New York by the first stage, without mentioning to any one but his wife and daughter where he was going. Arrived in New York, he introduced himself, personally, to John Wolfe, and then proceeded to inform him of the important business which brought him to the city. As the rascal creditor was expected to take the next California steamer, no time was lost in getting matters fixed, and, just as the gentleman was depositing himself, carpet-bag and plunder, on board the steamer for Aspinwall, he found himself, rather unexpectedly, obliged to relinquish his journey and pay a visit to John Wolfe's store, where, after paying over his full indebtedness, he was released, only to be carefully guarded by the rest of his rather urgent creditors.

The whole affair proved a most successful one, and highly creditable to all parties concerned, but most especially to the young widow's father.

"You see, Mr. Cynic," said I, addressing my friend, "how one courtesy begets another!"

For all this important service, the old lawyer would only accept his expenses from home and back—said the jaunt had been worth something handsome to him in the excitement and life it had given to his stagnant blood, and would not take a cent in cash on any account. John Wolfe managed, however, to be upsides with him for all that. The old gentleman had hardly been home a week when a package arrived by express from New York, duly addressed to his wife, which, upon being opened, disclosed a very handsome silver tea-service, with an accompanying letter begging her acceptance of the same, as a mark of respect and distinguished

consideration for important and 'disinterested services rendered to the sundry firms whose names were all attached, headed, of course, by the respected and respectable house of Wolfe, Waterhouse & Co.

Things went on about so for two years, perhaps, a letter passing between the parties about once a month, and John Wolfe and the young widow almost began courting by letter, without either one having yet seen the other. At last, one warm July, business being somewhat slack, John Wolfe took a trip to the White Mountains for a week or two, and while there became acquainted, as traveling bachelors often will, with a party of five young folks—three ladies and two gentlemen.

The two eldest couples were men and wives, not a very long time past the honeymoon; the third lady was called Cousin Jane, and, like many other cousins we can all remember, was about one of the liveliest, most piquant little creatures you ever saw. Dark, sparkling eyes that seemed to dance and laugh all the time above the most blooming cheeks, and darlinest little nose, and sweetest mouth, and roundest chin that ever belonged to bewitching woman. John was quite smitten; he danced with her at the evening ball; he rode with her up the steep mountain paths; he went fishing for brook trout, and nothing delighted him more than, when they came to a deeper pool or more rugged path than common, to lift the little thing, in his great brawny arms, and carry her like a child.

For three days and nights, John Wolfe was in Paradise; on the fourth morning he woke up and found his happiness gone: a letter had been left on his dressing-table, stating that the Pinkertons—the name of his new friends—had been obliged to depart by the stage, at an early hour in the morning, having received news of sudden illness in their family; should be most happy to renew acquaintance with him at a future day, &c., &c.

Our friend John had a great mind to start off at once for New York, perfectly disgusted with the whole world; but as one of his purposes in coming East was to pay a long-promised and often-desired visit to the young widow's family in Vermont, he felt rather ashamed to back out of his determination, although it must be confessed he had lost, all of a sudden, the long-cherished wish to make her personal acquaintance, for a certain Jane Pinkerton, as he called her, had played the very dickens with the Platonic affection he had been secretly nourishing for the last two years.

"I declare, Dick," said my friend Cynic, "your story is getting to be a rather long-winded affair; I have got to the end of my third cigar, and you have hardly commenced the story."

"Well," said I, "if you will only have patience a little longer, you will find that I have nearly got to the end of it."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW JOHN WOLFE POPPED THE QUESTION, AND HOW HE GOT ANSWERED.

John Wolfe was received with high gratification by the old lawyer and his wife, when he presented himself at their house. If he had been the President himself they could scarcely have been prouder to receive him as a guest than they were to welcome John Wolfe. Their daughter, however, was absent when he arrived, but a message was sent off to her by the old lady, and it was not long before she made her appearance.

You may guess at the surprise of our friend John when the young widow arrived, for there stood, welcoming him, with her dancing bright eyes and beaming smile, no other than his fairy friend of the White Mountains, Jane Pinkerton, as he had called her, because she was with her friends the Pinkertons; and she, the laughing puss, although she knew by his name well enough who he was, had never revealed herself to him as his loving correspondent, Jane Willoughby. The women naturally love a little mystery and intrigue, and so she had kept her own secret, in order to have the pleasure of surprising him when he should visit her father's house according to promise.

John Wolfe was a happy man that evening, as he sat at tea, where the handsome silver service was duly displayed in his honor; and the young widow was as happy as he was, I guess, and the father and mother were running over with gratified pride as they did the honors of their humble home to the young New York merchant, who had shown himself such a true gentleman in all their intercourse with him.

A delightful evening was passed by all parties, and when John Wolfe was ushered by the old lady to the state bedroom, and had lain himself between the whitest pair of sheets that were ever bleached on the Vermont snows, he was so full of pleasant fancies and joyous hopes that he could not go to sleep for hours. However, toward morning he dozed off; and, as will happen at such times, his day dreams turned themselves into night dreams, and he found himself again traveling up the rugged paths of the

White Mountains, with laughing Jane Pinkerton at his side, joking and jolting together, lifting her sometimes over some rough obstacle in the path, and then again fairly carrying her across some big drift of snow which the Summer sun had not been able to penetrate near enough to to melt up; and so on and on, until wearied out, they stood to gaze upon the magnificent prospect below and around them. Suddenly, John thought he was on his knees before her, pouring out a torrent of passionate words, declaring that life, and hope, and happiness dwelt only with her, &c. &c., when, before he could get an answer, or know whether the dear girl smiled or frowned, behold he woke up. He was dreadfully mortified at first, but presently recollecting where he was, and seeing it was broad daylight, he jumps out of bed, makes his morning ablutions, and dresses himself in great haste, determined to wait no longer for an answer than it would take him to find the object of his dream. Down stairs he goes and into the parlor; she is not there—looks into the garden, but does not see her, when suddenly bethinking such a notable little dame might be a good housewife, he starts for the kitchen. There, forsooth, he finds her, singing like a bird, elbow deep in the bread-trough, kneading away for dear life. John's heavy tread betrayed the intruder, and she looked up.

"Do you want to know how to make johnny-cake, Mr. Wolfe?" she exclaimed, merrily.

"No," said John, rather seriously, for, like a man of deep and earnest feelings as he was, he felt that he approached a crisis in his life; "no, I do not—my johnny-cake is mixed already—I only want to know whether I can get it."

The widow did not know what to make of it. "Well," said she, "I do not know any reason why you should not."

"That," replied John, "is what I want to find out; and as you know, my dear friend, that two heads are better than one, I have come to consult you about it."

So, to make the matter plain to her, he related his dream to its termination.

"And now, Jane," said he, "I am here for an answer. Will you be my johnny-cake? Yes or no?"

Jane had held her head down while he spoke, blushing celestial rosy red—as is quite proper, I believe, on such occasions. But Jane's was an earnest nature, likewise, and all trifling and fun had vanished when, looking up to him, her bright eyes brimming full of joyous tears, she gave him just one of the sweetest kisses he ever had in his life.

"For ever and ever!" she cried; "for ever and ever, John, if you will have me."

Just at the instant the old lady mother stepped into the kitchen, and brought them both to their senses by exclaiming:

"Why, Jane!"

"Oh, mother, mother," said Jane, "I am so happy!" and she left John to embrace her mother. "He has asked me to be his wife; mother, give me joy—I am to be John Wolfe's wife!"

There were jolly times, you may be sure, in the old lawyer's house that week, and when John Wolfe carried off his little wife to New York, there was the merriest wedding-party in that village that ever drove dull care out of doors.

"Well," said my friend Cynic, when I paused, "now with all your yarn, you have never said one word about her being rich. I should rather think the old lawyer, her father, must have been rather poor; how could his daughter be rich, and folks do say that John Wolfe married a rich wife!"

"Folks say a great many things, sometimes, that they do not know any thing about," said I. "John Wolfe's wife was not worth ten dollars in money, when he married her; but it so happened that very soon after her marriage, an aunt of her's, in Boston, died suddenly, and as Jane had always been a favorite of her's, she left her her entire fortune. I have heard say it was a hundred thousand dollars, but I don't know and I don't care; but I do know, and John Wolfe knows, too, that she herself is an ample fortune for any man—and that, Cynic, is the way John Wolfe got his rich wife."

ALL.

A WREATH and a wedding-ring,

A home in his heart and hall,
A snow-white palfrey on which to ride,
And the happy life of the happiest bride,
All this he promised me—all!

My love and my purity,
A heart free from sinful thrall,
My cheerful home in the flowery vale, [is pale,
And the roses that bloomed where my cheek now
All this I gave to him—all!

Laughter and bitter scorn,
And tears that blind ere they fall,
A wicked breast and a wildered mind,
And a conscience that trembles in every wind,
All this he has given me—all!

An early and nameless grave,
Obscure by the church-yard wall,
Where, though they drink in no pitying tear,
The flowers, like me, may fall withered each year,
Is all I can pray for—all!

Cincinnati, September, 1857.

J. R. T.

AN OLD SAILOR'S TRUE STORY.

I WILL tell you something of my experience during our late war with England. When the declaration of the war was made, I was a boat-steerer on board an American whale ship, cruising in the Pacific Ocean for the spermaceti-whale. In 1813, on our homeward passage, we were intercepted off the Island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic, by a British ship of war, on her outward voyage to China. The process of capture at sea when belligerent parties meet, and only one is armed, is very simple. In our case, we had approached our enemy in a dark and foggy night, and when daylight appeared were very near him. A shot was thrown across our bows, and the English colors hoisted. We hove to, and set the stars and stripes. An officer was sent on board, who inquired the name of our ship, and to what nation we belonged. Our captain informed him that our ship was owned in the United States, and that we were Americans.

The officer then informed us of the existence of the war, and that we were prisoners to his Majesty's ship of war, the *Acorn*; he ordered us and our baggage into his boat, and in half an hour we were on board the *Acorn*, our own ship manned by Englishmen, and we, in the enemy's, on our way to the Cape of Good Hope, bewailing our unfortunate condition, while John Bull rejoiced in his success. In this ship, we suffered exceedingly from a short allowance of provisions and water. Many offers were made to us Americans to enlist in the English service, to all of which we replied with indignation. After a tedious passage of forty days, we arrived with both ships at Cape Town, a British colonial settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. The day after our arrival, we were put, with our baggage, into a launch; and, to the exceeding mortification of our captain, who was a very gentlemanly man, he was ordered into the same boat, and we were towed to the shore by another boat about half manned. This, I noticed afterward, was a common specimen of British courtesy toward Americans when in their power. On landing, we were drawn up in a line, counted several times, and, after our marks, description, and age were taken, marched under a guard of soldiers to prison; where, as misery likes company, we were happy to find about two hundred of our countrymen. Our ship and cargo were sold at auction, and the proceeds swelled the British treasury; my share I have not received back, and rather think I never shall.

During my seven months' stay at the Cape

prison, we were kindly and indulgently treated; we could obtain leave of absence from prison on parole, in order to work in the town or county—our employers giving a small bond for our appearance when the officers should call us in. I will describe the prison and prison life as I found them. Our location was a little back of the town, and at the base of the famous Table Mountain. The prisons were built of stone, flat on the top, and twelve feet high, and encircled by a high wall. We were guarded by soldiers, and sentinels were posted at the gate and in front of each prison. We obtained water from a clear brook that passed a few yards from our gate; we had access to this brook through the day, guarded by a sentinel, whose duty it was to count us out and in. We used not unfrequently to confuse him by rushing out in a crowd for water; this was done when a party wished for a cruise to the town. As the sentinel could not leave his post, the rogues would crawl along the brook, protected by the bank, until out of sight. On their return, they would mingle again with their companions; and, in another crowd, regain the prison and escape detection. Sometimes we were caught by the sentinel when returning, or were missed by the turnkey when he called the roll—our companions, to whom was intrusted the duty of answering to our names, failing to imitate our voices. In this event, the runaways were punished with forty-eight hours of solitary confinement—sleeping on stones, and living on bread and water. To effect escape from the prison was never thought of; indeed, it seemed impossible, as the colony was surrounded by savage African tribes. As I have said, we were kindly treated—better, even, than deserved; for we were mischievous and troublesome, and lost many indulgences through our own recklessness. We were at first allowed a daily walk, under guard, around the town; but the liberty party one day, in a drunken frolic, having broken the fence of a resident's house, we lost this pleasant recreation. I often heard the English say, not only at this prison, but on board prison ships, and subsequently at Dartmoor, that Americans were the most difficult to govern of all the nations they had held prisoners. Their zeal in hatching up plans to annoy their keepers; their bold and indomitable spirit, leading them to break down all order and discipline; their astonishing tact in meeting and overcoming all obstacles; their coolness and readiness in emergencies—all these qualities made them captives hard to hold. The secret was, and is, that Americans are free, and feel it everywhere, and always.

To illustrate what I have said, I must give you a few incidents. We were allowed lights in the prisons at night, until eight o'clock. At that hour the sentinel would order them out; not unfrequently, however, if he happened to be a clever fellow and an old acquaintance, he would manage to forget the order, and the lights would burn till nine or ten. A frequent repetition of this indulgence nearly rendered it a custom. Our evening employments were various: some mended their clothes; some plaited the palm-leaf into hats; some played cards, checkers and other games. One evening, a party of us were playing cards; a Scotch guard was on, always more precise in enforcing orders than the English. At eight o'clock the sentinel ordered us to put out the lights; we replied that the game was nearly ended, and then we would do so. The sentinel again harshly called out, "Put out the lights!" We laughed and replied we would when we were ready; the sentinel's frenzy put us in a mood for fun; he gave the alarm, and soon the sergeant and all the guard were at the door. While they were forming outside, we within took our hammock lashings, tied them together, and fastened one end to a ring in the door which opened outward; having no place to which to fasten the other end, we all sat down, and, bracing against one another, held the door fast. The sergeant ordered out the lights; after calling him sundry hard names, we peremptorily replied that we would not put them out, all the while holding the door, while the soldiers outside tried to get it open, and threatened to fire in if we did not put out the lights or open the door. We called them cowards and fools, and told them they dared not fire. As there was nothing by which they could pull open the door, they took hold of the bottom and sprung it till we could see the ends of their fingers. At length, one of us said: "Let us slacken the rope a little, and pinch their fingers." We slackened it, and instantly the ends of three or four dozen fingers came in sight around the edge of the door, when the word was given: "Pull!" And pull we did, while they shrieked in their agony and we mingled our wild laughter with their cries. Poor fellows! they had to extricate themselves, or their companions for them, by prying off the edge of the door with the points of their bayonets. When they were liberated, they retired to the guard-house, probably to poultice their fingers. We fastened our door to a stake, and retired from the scene, leaving the lights to extinguish themselves. The sergeant was ashamed to report his defeat, and so the affair ended.

Soon after this, the crew of a captured French frigate arrived, and they, about five hundred in number, were marched to our prison—a filthy and disgusting set of men. After a short consultation among ourselves, we concluded not to admit them, as there were other buildings in the yard unoccupied. We called, accordingly, on the agent of the prison, Lieutenant Mears, a crusty and superannuated naval officer, and remonstrated against living with the Frenchmen. He replied that no more prisons would be opened until those already open were filled. We retired to our apartments, and resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole on ways and means to keep out the Frenchmen. We concluded that, under the circumstances, we had better fight it out. We knew the guards would not dare to fire on us, and that we could easily enough beat the Frenchmen. We organized for the combat, placing the strongest in front and others in reserve. All this was done very quietly, while without was a great noise—a confusion of tongues, and no interpreters. We remained sullen and still, “nursing our wrath to keep it warm.” When they had finished counting, examining and numbering the poor foreigners, they ordered them to take their traps and march in. As they approached the door, we motioned them back; the agent bade them go on. Poor Johnny Crapeau was at a loss what to do; but as the guards pressed the hardest, he marched to the door. Then came the tug of war. After a short battle, the French retreated, and we were masters of the field. We thought we had finished the business of the morning very comfortably. The lieutenant called us scoundrels and rebels—told us if we were in any other than English hands we would be shot, and then ordered other prisons opened for his new captives.

I have one other story to tell on this point. Complaint was made by the turnkey of the prison that the Americans, notwithstanding the most vigilant watch, would escape from the prison and roam about the town for days together, often committing depredations. The commander-in-chief, General Beard, a fractious old soldier, who had, we were told, fought against Washington, in the Revolution, and been defeated, inquired why the prisoners were not missed when the roll was called. The turnkey replied that every man, so far as he knew, answered to his name, morning and evening; at least, every name was answered to. The General inquired if we were drawn up in columns at the roll call. “No,” replied the turnkey, “they will not form a line; they say sail-

ors are not soldiers, and were never intended to be.” We had an object in this refusal; for, if drawn up in line, we should be unable to answer for one another in case of any absences. The General said he would come in person, with a hundred men, the next morning, and try his skill at drilling us. We had timely information of his intention. It may be well for me to describe the way in which our old French friends were daily drilled. The first two men out would stand one on each side of the door; the next two by their sides, and so on till all were arranged far enough apart to allow the turnkey to pass between the lines. This, by the way, was very amusing to us; for, as the poor man had unfortunately lost one eye, he had to count up one side and down the other; and when he came to the head of the column, some Yankee would call out, “About face! backward march!” greatly to the annoyance of the turnkey.

Now for the only military drill of my life! At the time appointed, General Beard, with his officers and men, arrived. The prison yard was capacious and level, and he easily arranged his troops, with the sound of bugles and trumpets. The Americans were then ordered in front of the military, when the General addressed us in a short, but commanding speech: he told us we were prisoners of war—it so happened we had found that out before—that he knew much of our country and its history, and that we were fortunate in falling into so good hands; that it was a happy circumstance we were of the same origin, and spoke the same language with themselves; that the object of his visit was for our good, and if we would attend to a few simple regulations, it would be for the advantage of all concerned. After this address, he ordered a half dozen lieutenants, sergeants and corporals to form us in a line. I was the first man placed: I was directed to turn my feet out, keep my arms down and my head up. One after another, some forty or fifty were placed on the same line, when we began to nestle and get out of position, and the General to scold, while the other officers were doing their best to remedy matters. We laughed at them, long and loudly. The General rode up and down the line, complaining that it was not straight—and we meant it never should be. We were ordered to “dress front.” We had arranged beforehand not to understand this order, and all was confusion, when all at once our well-known bugle sounded. We had a large, crooked cow’s horn, which we called a bugle, and used to call all hands to dinner. One of our comrades, a queer fellow, named Smith, had concealed this under his

jacket, with the end near his mouth, and now gave the usual dinner call. We turned and simultaneously set up a roar of laughter. The General was amazed; the horses neighed and reared, and a more ludicrous scene I never beheld. Smith was taken away, and the brave General rallied and tried twice more to arrange us; but an evil spirit seemed to have taken possession of us, and arranged we would not be. No words of mine are sufficient to express the wrath of the disappointed General; and I do not believe that all the generals in Great Britain could have formed us in a line after our horn sounded. The General called us stubborn, stupid, rebellious scoundrels; then turned to leave us. We bade him a most significant good by, reminding him this was not the first time he had been beaten by Americans. No other attempt to drill us was made at this depot.

But, after all, as I have before said, probably never were prisoners more comfortably situated. The climate was mild and healthful, the soil rich and generous, and the markets loaded the year round with the products of the country, and the shores were visited by a great variety of the finest fish in the world. And a sad mistake we made by asking to be removed to England, thinking there to be more in the way of an exchange; but before we reached England the exchange had stopped, and we were compelled to drag out a miserable existence in a loathsome prison till the war should terminate. But of this by and by.

In July, 1814, the return East India convoy arrived at the Cape, under the protection of the Denmark ship of the line and the Stag frigate. These ships had lost many men by sickness, and we Americans were asked to join them, as seamen, for the passage to England. Twelve of our number, including myself, accordingly joined the "Marchioness of Exeter," Captain Baines. This was one of the largest of these fine ships, all of which were in reality ships of war, having batteries of heavy cannon and a marine guard of musketry, with uniformed officers, and regular gradations of rank and promotion. Besides our officers, we had one hundred English sailors, fifty lascars and Chinamen, and three hundred company's troops, who were quartered at the guns in time of action. This was the most remarkable voyage of my life, and I must describe it somewhat in detail. We had never before sailed in an English merchant-ship, and could but notice a great difference in the usage and fare here and on board one of our own ships. Our daily rations were a scanty supply of half-cleaned Bengal rice, a pint and

a half of water, and a good allowance of salt meat, much of which we could not eat, on account of our limited supply of water. We had no bread, flour, peas, beans, tea nor coffee, which make a good variety in an American ship.

Now, an American sailor is very jealous of the rights of his stomach; and, to avoid any future trouble, we made an agreement previous to enlisting that bread should be daily given us; but for thirty days after we sailed only the rations just mentioned were received. We were badly treated and worked hard, and we decided that something must be done. After consultation, we decided we could get on very well if bread was allowed us; and, remembering our agreement, we unanimously resolved to do no more duty without bread; but how to get it was the question. I was appointed to lead and the rest were to follow to the quarter-deck to lay before the proud and lace-bound captain our complaint and our determination; and it was agreed that all would consent to any arrangement I should make. To the quarter-deck we went; the captain sent the second officer to inquire our business; I replied that we wished to speak with the captain. Accordingly, he approached and asked what we wanted. I answered, we had come to remind him of a contract he had made when we joined his ship, that bread should be daily served to us, which contract he had not kept, though we understood there was bread on board. The captain replied, angrily, that there was bread on board and that, at a proper time, we should have it. I replied that he would, of course, manage the economy of his ship in his own way; but that, so far as we were concerned, we should discontinue work till we had the bread. This he did not seem much to like, and he asked me if Americans could not subsist on the same food as Englishmen? I answered, I had no doubt Americans could do all that Englishmen could; but whether they would or not was another matter. The result was, we were ordered under arrest and a guard placed over us. Soon after the cutter was manned, and I, with a companion, one Frank Rich, was ordered into it, and our captain followed. We pulled to the flag-ship, where our captain had an interview with Commodore Baker, after which I was ordered to the quarter-deck, where stood the Commodore and Captain Baines, with a dozen officers, in a semi-circle, a very imposing spectacle—at least, considering the occasion.

The Commodore asked me my name, which I gave him, reminding him at the same time that I was born in the United States.

"Are you sick?" he then asked.

"I am not well," I replied.

"You are not sick, but discontented," he continued. "I understand from Captain Baines that until you twelve Americans came on board his ship he had a very orderly and faithful crew; but since then your influence has created a disaffection among the English seamen; and your conduct to-day, in demanding a change in your rations, was mutinous; but, in consideration of your being prisoners of war, he has referred your case to me. Now, what have you to say?"

"Well, Sir," I replied, "I think I have something to say, not only for myself, but for my countrymen, also, and I thank you for the privilege of speaking. You say, Sir, that I am not sick but discontented; I can give you a reason for it. I am discontented at being held a prisoner of war by the enemies and oppressors of my country, and at being treated in a manner so different from the usage on board American ships; but, perhaps, with regard to my health, I may be as good a judge as any one. Sir, in the United States we are all corn-fed, and, I have no doubt, a change from English to American diet would improve the health of all of us. I deny the charge of creating disturbance among the English sailors; it would be hard work to contaminate them; I have never seen dogs used as the men are in that ship."

I then reminded him of our "bread contract," and that we only were parties to it, and of our interview with Captain Baines, in consequence of which we were before him. To all this the Commodore replied:

"I have heard your complaint; now do you return and bid your companions from me to return to duty; and tell them if you will be satisfied with the same treatment the English sailors have, I will think no more of your past conduct; but if you fail in this, you shall all be brought to this ship, put in irons and confined in the fore lazaretto, where you shall be fed on rice and water, with two hours' fresh air, one in the morning and one in the evening."

I bowed, thanked the Commodore, and asked him if this was a fair specimen of British magnanimity toward defenseless prisoners of war. He made no reply, but beckoned me forward. As I left him I said I had no idea my companions would comply with his directions until our demand was granted; that Americans did not settle their affairs in this way. Frank, my companion, was told very much the same, when we returned to our own ship. I reported progress to my associates, who were still under arrest, and we agreed to hold out, consoling ourselves with the thought that at some day we might be

able to pay them off in their own coin. Soon after this the chief officer came to us with a message from the captain, requesting our return to duty, and promising his influence on our arrival in England in obtaining our liberty. We answered that Captain Baines had once deceived us, but would not again; that our motto was, "bread, or the Denmark's lazaretto." He left but soon returned, saying:

"Well, my brave fellows, go to your duty, and to-morrow you and all hands shall have bread served out to you;" and so it was.

Nothing more of interest occurred till we reached the Bay of Biscay; our passage was, however, so protracted that for several days before reaching England we were reduced to a half allowance of provisions. In the Bay of Biscay, in October, we were visited by a most violent gale; for three long days and nights it raged with unremitted fury. We lost several spars and sails, and a heavy sea broke over our rudder. The ship labored excessively; and, her seams opening, the water poured in, and six pumps were in constant use to keep her from sinking. The heavens were as black as pitch; the storm howled through the rigging; the sea was piled up like mountains around us. Thus we were lying deluged, wrecked, affrighted, for seventy-two hours, wrestling with the storm and struggling with the waves. At this frightful juncture, we were informed by the captain that we had but two days' provisions on board, even at a half allowance; and that, if the storm should continue many days, as very likely it might, we should be driven to an execution in the ship.

I never can forget the horrors of that hour. My first thought was that, if we were in such an exigency, the Americans would be first sacrificed. Amid my musings, an old, gray-headed Irish sailor, who stood by me, said: "Well, if we come to that, we'll eat the soldiers first." But, thanks be to Him who rules the whirlwind and the storm, the wind fell before our provisions were exhausted; the violence of the storm was stayed; and, through a broken cloud, appeared the sun to lighten, and warm, and cheer the weary mariners. A strange sail had been driven near us by the storm, which proved to be an English transport laden with provisions; and our whole fleet, with the exception of a brig that had foundered, replenished its stock. A cheering hope of surviving the voyage beamed in every countenance; a fair wind sprung up, we repaired our damages, bent new sails, and in a few days reached our desired haven!

On the third day after our arrival at Black-

wall, a king's cutter came for us, and took us to the prison ships at Chatham. Again and again did we beg to be paid our wages before leaving our ship. Captain Baines acknowledged he owed us thirty dollars each, and promised to send us the money. So great was our surprise and indignation at this foul treachery, that, as we left, we poured forth our imprecations upon the captain, his country, and his king. After all our sufferings, we were robbed at last! My wages I have never received, though I understood a part was sent to Dartmoor Prison after we left.

As night approached, and we were sailing down the Thames, my fellow prisoners suggested a plan to rise, take the cutter, throw the guard into the river, and run to France; they fixed on me to command and navigate the vessel. I replied to them that to capture the cutter by surprise would be very easy; but to sail, in the night-time, clear of the rocks and shoals, without chart or pilot, was quite another affair, and to run the gauntlet through the channel fleet in the day-time would be quite impossible. As our chance of success was so very small, I advised that we should not attempt it. Most bitterly did we all afterward regret our decision, when we learned, by our own and experience, that the time to escape from an inland English prison is before one gets in.

The next day we reached Chatham, where were lying several old line-of-battle ships, which had for many years been used as depots for prisoners of war; but were now entirely deserted, as the American prisoners had been removed to Dartmoor. When the inhabitants learned of our arrival, they prayed the authorities not to allow our remaining—saying that while the last American prisoners were there they had been in constant fear, sleeping with their swords by their sides, and their pistols under their heads; and that they had rather have a thousand Frenchmen than a hundred Americans. When the captain told us this, we felt highly flattered; it was pleasant to think we were still of some consequence, and, though prisoners, were able to annoy the enemies of our country. We were ordered to Gilligamreach, and put on board the frigate *Quebec*, a receiving ship. We were greatly amused and interested at finding Englishmen with feelings like our own, and also suffering; for there were a hundred freshly-pressed men, who never before had been on ship-board. They were farmers, tradesmen, and mechanics, and told us they had been kidnapped by press-gangs and brought there. They had been taken from their workshops and their farms; and, with no preparation, hurried on board ship,

from whence they were destined to ships of war, and where next they could not tell. Strange questions they asked in relation to the treatment and usage on board ships of war; and their dresses, of velvet and corduroy, with knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, seemed a new rig for sailors.

After a short stay here, we were removed to the frigate *Clorrend*, at Spithead; here, we were abused for another month. We were crowded between two guns, and, though the weather was intensely cold, the ports near us, were kept open, while all others were shut; and every morning, as the decks were washed, water was maliciously thrown on us. We almost thought they intended to freeze us. In this frigate we were taken to Portsmouth, and put on board the *Puisant*, an old French frigate. Here, we found some five hundred of our countrymen, and among them many old friends from the Cape prison; and many hours we passed in the narration of what we had seen and suffered since we parted. We remained here some six weeks, and were kindly treated, with a plenty of room and of food. Our washing-day, or rather washing-night, was a sportive time for us. Before night we started some four or five hundred gallons of water in the cook's coppers; at four o'clock in the morning, we were turned out to wash our clothes, and the scramble for a tub, a piece of candle or soap, gave us much fun. This ship had been at her present moorings for nineteen years, and several whole families had long been on board. One woman showed me her daughter, a girl of thirteen, who had never been out of the ship; she also told me that she was on board the ship during the great mutiny in the navy headed by Parker. Portsmouth was a great naval depot; and for several days, during the trial of the mutineers, the court was held in this ship. I remember one part of her narrative she always gave with great feeling. She said the trials were very short, and many were hung on the smallest evidence of guilt. One day there came on board for trial a crew against whom the only evidence was the boatswain's wife, and as fast as she pointed out those implicated they were executed. In the crowd and hurry, she accused a man who had at hand evidence which proved he had never been on board the ship in question. The woman was charged with perjury, the noose slipped over her head as she stood on the deck, and she was run up to the yard-arm; and then the court adjourned. Such, at least, was the story.

One day there came on board our ship a party of American militia-men, Vermonters,

taken in Canada, and a motley set of fellows they were, with their high, pointed, woolen caps, and their pepper-and-salt clothes. The English made great sport of them, and we, ourselves, were really ashamed of their appearance. Almost daily new recruits joined us, some of recent capture, others brought from other depots. We remained peaceably until the arrival of a hundred and fifty Americans, taken on the lakes; they were said to be sailors, but we could not tell why, as they were very different from old salts. These fellows were anxious to get on shore, or to some inland prison; we remonstrated against being moved, having passed through changes enough to make us contented with our present situation. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to escape, by swimming in the lakes; this led to the removal of some three hundred to Plymouth, the nearest seaport to Dartmoor. On our way to Plymouth, an incident occurred which I cannot pass over in silence: It happened one night a party of Americans, who had been drinking, got into a quarrel; the sentinel interfered, who was knocked down, and the alarm flew that the Americans were going to take the ship. The guard of the ship was called, and marched against us to the berth deck, where we had a pitched battle, though at great odds, as we had no arms but those Nature had given us, or chance thrown in our way; the result was, one American was killed, several badly wounded, who were sent to the hospital, and some five or six pushed into the hold and confined. These prisoners we could communicate with, and they requested me to procure their release (one of them, by the way, was Frank Rich, my colleague in enforcing the Corn law, or bread law rather). The officer declined, saying he should transcend his powers in releasing those the captain had confined, and that they must wait till he returned. They swore, if they were not released, to blow up the ship. Soon after, when all was quiet, one of them, greatly excited, came to the hatchway, calling out that the fellows were in the magazine. Great was the alarm; down went the captain of marines, and followed aft the passage the prisoners had made through several plank bulk-heads, to the magazine: there sat a drunken fellow, with one hand taking the head from a keg of powder, and holding in the other a lighted candle; the powder was already in sight, and in a moment more the flame would have reached it. The man was dragged on deck, where the first thing he said was, if he had been left alone he would have given us a merry Christmas—for it was Christmas morning. We

were told these men were doomed to solitary confinement during the war.

On landing at Plymouth, we were marched a distance of twenty miles, through a deep, melting snow, without food. At nine in the evening, the heavy gates were opened, and tired, and hungry, and disconsolate, we were in Dartmoor Prison. We were kept in an open prison through the night; and the next morning, after undergoing an examination, were permitted to take up our abode at either of the buildings within the prison wall. I found several relatives among the old prisoners, and joined their mess in prison—number five. I was informed there were five thousand prisoners here—many of the most daring and reckless character; a dangerous set of men to live with. There were in our prison twelve hundred; we were arranged in messes of six, and each mess numbered. Our rations were, on five days in the week, beef soup; one, salt fish and potatoes; and one, smoked herring and bread. All these were good in quality, but poor in quantity.

The wholesale manner of making the soup is worth describing; it was all made at one time, and in one boiler. First were put in about four hundred gallons of water; then eight or ten quarters of beef, chopped, which were thrown in with large pitchforks; then a wagon-load of turnips; then barley, and a few shovelful of salt. At noon, the cook blew the horn for dinner, and one from each mess went for the allowance of all. Our employments were various: I attended three schools—one for navigation, one dancing, and one boxing. There were Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, who gave lessons in music. We had a prison crier, who proclaimed any news that arrived, any thing that was lost or stolen; or, for a penny, he would show up to ridicule any person—then go to the abused and receive another penny for disclosing the name of his first employer. We suffered so much from want of food that every means was resorted to for money to buy bread of the country people who came to our gate to trade. I have seen men work for hours scouring and coloring an old button to make it pass for sixpence, and, at first, with good success. On my arrival, the prisoners were digging a passage under the wall, and had made a considerable advance when the news of peace raised hopes of an easier escape. Our keeper, Captain Shortland, a post-captain of the navy, was unequivocally, a bad man. I never knew or heard of any redeeming trait in his character; he examined all the letters we wrote, and would erase whatever he pleased, and so mutilated those we received we

could scarcely read what he left; but you shall hear more of him. We had a code of laws in prison for our own government, and a president, with a committee of six, to enforce them, as there was no protection of individual rights to be found outside.

In March, 1815, was negotiated the treaty of peace. Great was the joy when the tidings reached the prison; but still we lingered on in suspense till the intelligence was communicated to us, in handbills, that the war had terminated. We learned this in the evening, and never have I witnessed such a universal jubilee; one simultaneous expression of joy went up from all hearts, in the loud exclamation, "Thank God!" Cheers upon cheers, resounded for "Liberty, Free Trade, and Sailors' Rights." Cheers, wild laughter, silence, and tears marked the various emotions. One man, who had long bewailed a captivity which separated him from a family he had been forced to leave destitute, fell dead upon the floor. Through the livelong night these expressions continued. The morning dawned, and we prepared to honor the day as best we could: we had no cannon, but powder, with which we made rope-yarn guns, by binding the powder in a large ball of the yarn; and, when the word was given, on each prison were hoisted the stars and stripes, and the pealing of the guns, mingled with our loud cheers, rent the air. We remembered our absent friends, the perils we had encountered, the abuse we had suffered; to be delivered from these, and permitted again to meet those, oh, it was a fit cause for joy! Even Shortland affected pleasure, and was seen to smile a devil's smile. We were now hourly expecting to be released, but were doomed, through the heartless delay of the authorities, to six weeks more of captivity and trouble.

We had, in this time, another bread revolt, for Shortland attempted to feed us on bread he had kept for years, and which was alive with vermin; we said we would have fresh bread or the walls should come down. Five hundred men were not to be trifled with, and the bread was forthcoming. But I must tell you a bread speculation I had on my own responsibility. I have already alluded to our financial embarrassments (our Government only allowed us six shillings and eight pence per month); and, on one occasion, I was driven into bankruptcy, and it happened in this way: At various places in the prison were small gaming tables, on which, besides money, were cards and bread. Now I had an English shilling, with which I had for several days bought my bread, and never did I es-

teem a piece of money more; it was with me day and night, an ever faithful friend; I kept it in my hand at night, lest some one should steal it; but one morning I was unlucky, and, after three trials, had lost my shilling, fourpence at a time. But bread I must have, so I seized a loaf and the keeper seized me. We had a short encounter; I dropped the loaf; he fell upon it, then surrendered at discretion; picked himself up, while I picked up, not exactly the loaf, but a pancake, which I bore away in triumph. These little incidents slightly relieved the dull monotony of a life now rendered more miserable by the suspense we were in regarding our deliverance.

But I must come to the saddest scene of all, one which will forever stamp the name of its chief actor, Thomas George Shortland, with cowardice, barbarity, infamy and disgrace; never can his name be mentioned by a single American prisoner but with detestation and contempt. Before the time of which I speak, he had ordered his soldiers to fire into our prisons, because a light was seen; it was because his inhuman plans were thwarted that we were not murdered in our hammocks.

On the sixth of April, 1815, as a small party were playing ball in the yard, some one, striking the ball with too much force, sent it over the wall in front of the prison; the sentinel there was requested to throw it back, but refused. Upon this, the party threatened to break out and get it themselves, and immediately began to put their threat in execution; a hole was made in the wall sufficiently large to admit of a man's passing through, but no one attempted it. The alarm bells were now rung, and the military called to arms; the prisoners, surprised at hearing the alarm, ran into the passage fronting the market, where appeared Shortland, at the head of some five hundred men of the military department—he had been heard to say after the hole was picked, and before the bells rung, "I will fix the rascals directly;" and the soldiers on the walls, about the same time, informed the prisoners they would be charged upon directly; and now, while drunk, the brave captain ordered the front ranks to fire, and, when they hesitated, he seized a musket and fired the first shot, and the bloody drama commenced.

The rear ranks fired with considerable execution, and chased the prisoners to the yard. The brutal scenes of this day I shrink from narrating: nine men were killed, and thirty-eight wounded. A man named John Washington, having been wounded, was overtaken by the soldiers, and begged for his life, but the ruffians standing before him shot him dead; a boy of

fourteen was run through by an officer, and many similar scenes were witnessed; and all this while scarcely any one knew the cause of the attack. Captain Shortland attempted to justify his conduct by saying the prisoners were trying to break out; so far from any such intention, they were in momentary expectation of being sent home, and had the gates been thrown open they would not have gone out. The secret was, Shortland hated his prisoners, and took this mode to glut his revenge. One instance more should not be passed over: in the midst of the slaughter and confusion, an English lamp-lighter, who had come in a few minutes previous, ran into prison number three to escape his own countrymen; he was recognized by the Americans, and a rope fixed for hanging him—nor at such a time was this strange; but, some one representing the cowardice of such an act, and the disgrace it would inflict on the American name, the poor wretch was released.

"No!" said they; "we scorn to copy after your countrymen, and murder you at this advantage; go! and we will seek a nobler revenge!"

Soon after the massacre, carts arrived at Plymouth; these were English ships, destined, under charter, for Norfolk, for tobacco. From three to four hundred were now put on board, and I was among them. I had been a prisoner for twenty-three months, and weary months they had been; and I now heartily rejoiced at the prospect of release. On board this ship ("as usual," you will say), we had another rebellion, in the matter of provisions, with (as usual) a satisfactory result. The stores had been prepared by the American agent, Mr. Beasley. Only one meal was cooked for us each day; the others we must get for ourselves, and great excitement always attended the operation, as so many wished to be served at the same time. We had one law for all cases, one almost as old as man himself, and that was, "might makes right."

I have but one more incident of our voyage to give you, and that is its termination. It so happened that nearly all of the passengers (had not our captivity ceased?) belonged in New England; and, as we approached land, it seemed very hard and unreasonable that we should be landed in a Southern State in our destitute circumstances. So we held a meeting, and sent a letter to the captain on the subject. He replied, in writing, that he was chartered for Norfolk, and there he was going: this ended negotiation. But to land at New York we were determined—peaceably if we could, but forcibly if we must. We, therefore, resolved to take the ship out of

the officers' hands, and selected a captain—O'Conner, of Philadelphia—to take the command. He was to pretend ignorance of the whole plot; and, when publicly called upon, to refuse on the ground that he was a Southern man, when we were to force him to the post on peril of his life. This would clear him if any trouble should arise afterward. In a body, we marched aft, and again requested the captain to change the destination of the ship; again he refused, upon which we informed him the ship was ours, and bound to New York, and he might consider himself prisoner or passenger. He was wise enough to see that resistance was useless, and said he should consider himself a passenger. We then called aloud for O'Conner, who was below; he came slowly up, greatly surprised at the appearance of affairs. We informed him of what had been done, and that we wished him now to assume the command. He said he should do no such thing, as he would rather go South than North. We told him he was the best navigator we had; and, unless he complied with our wishes, we should throw him overboard. He paused a moment, and then replied: "Overboard let it be, then; I will never head a band of mutineers!" He was seized, making what resistance he could, and begging for mercy; but was tumbled over the side of the ship, where he was held a moment, and the alternative again laid before him. He cried out, "Take me in, and I will command!" and in he came, walked to the quarter-deck, and, in a manly voice, ordered the reefs out of the topsails, the steering sails and royals set, and the course changed—John Bull meanwhile looking on in mute astonishment. We soon made Long Island, and, as the wind was unfavorable for our going in by Sandy Hook, we ran for Montauk, with the view of going to New York through the Sound; but, when off New London, the wind headed us, and we concluded to stop where we were. We ran the ship on the shore, landed in the boats, taking the ensign with us, and bade our English friends good-by—suggesting, at the same time, that they could get off at high tide. We were once more in our native land—penniless, but free!

"ARCHITECTURE IS FROZEN MUSIC."

Yea, as though the strains immortal,
Harmonies from harps in heaven,
Floating past its pearly portal,
At the silent hush of even,
Should, on unseen wings be wafted
Through our amber-tinted air,
And by some mysterious power,
Some prevailing angel's prayer,
Be transformed, in crystal splendor,
To a fairy fabric there!

OTTA.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

YE who consume bread—and who does not?—a few plain and candid words with you. The adage tells us, that “bread is the staff of life.” And the adage is true, or would be, if bread were always as pure, wholesome, and life-giving as the grain it is made from. Strange to say, it is only in rare instances that such bread is made—by hands maternal or sisterly, at home; and, by hands professional, at that radiating center of adulterations, tamperings, and broadcast seeding of disease, the “bakery,” almost never.

Only three articles of our daily food are composed of that comprehensive and exact mixture of substances, organic and mineral, which fits either of them *alone* to sustain for a prolonged period the healthful and sufficient nutrition of the human body. These are bread, milk, meat. We must give preference to the first, as the least likely of all by its exclusive use to derange the bodily functions. Life and health may long be supported on bread and water. Good bread and milk, or bread and fruits, form an improvement on the single article; and chemistry, physiology, or common sense, points out to us no reason why hale men and women might not live to a century's age on such sustenance. We do not say their practical or thinking intellect would thus be so effective as on more varied diet; but that is aside from the present question. No matter what dietary we choose, good bread is still an indispensable to life, health, activity.

We all consume bread in some form, many twice, still more of us thrice, and not a few oftener, each day. We get our life, our energy, our stamina, our *deam*, from the food that we put into that insatiate furnace, the stomach. Bread, transmuted in the chemistry of life, blossoms out in feats of herculean strength, in aspirations for the high, or working force for the real, in the blush that mantles the cheek of beauty—in all manner of work, thinking, and excellence. Is it not vastly important to each one of us that we do not *change and pervert* this wisely-ordained means of support and power? Evidently, there is nothing in the way of our physical life more important than this. Yet how few perennially secure in this article of food the real benefit a wise Creator intended. Meats and vegetables we need not essentially change; and, in the majority of instances, we do not. Bread, by some kind of fatality, the most essential article of our nourishment, we never cease to worry with our curious machina-

tions, till it comes to us completely disguised, or corrupted. This needs not to be.

It is now well known, that there are essentials to perfect nourishment found in and attached to the bran of wheat, which are not found in the bolted flour. There is, in the former, more oily matter, more blood-forming materials, as *iron, phosphate of lime*, etc., and quite as much gluten; while the fine flour is most largely composed of *starch*, like *rice*, and, therefore, for the same reason as the latter, poorly fitted to be the main sustenance of active muscles and brains. Admitting these facts, or vaguely taking unnecessary hints from “Nature,” some few live, like our quadrupeds, on the dry grain. We are so perfectly sure that their practice can never become general, and therefore is *by Nature* wrong, that we shall pass these by with the mention.

Tribes and nations having all the *fractional facts* of civilization, from an imperceptible allowance up to a moiety, or thereabout, pound or rudely grind up their grain, wet it with water, and bake it in the ashes, or by means of various simple implements. Such bread is *unleavened*, which is well; but it is *hard*. In the higher approaches toward civilization—our own time and nation for instance—the use of such bread cannot become general. The loaves are small, and the baking inconvenient; and the solidity of the product makes demands on our time, temper and teeth, to which it is useless to ask us to respond. We cannot; we are not *now* running in that channel. *Hard*, unleavened bread may have a few advocates; but they could find better use for their time; they will never get their gospel adopted.

Fermented or raised bread is altogether the most common. That is, batters of various kinds are made up, to which hops or yeast enough to set up fermentation is added; and these are used fresh, or dried in cakes, and pieces then soaked for use, as the doctors would say, *pro re nata*. In the cities, baker's and brewer's yeast are directly employed. By all these devices fermentation is set up in the dough. What is fermentation? We answer, not from prejudice, but from science, it is the *first stage of putrefaction, or rotting*. All the parts of the flour are not alike affected by this change. The starch and gum only undergo, in part, a conversion into sugar; but this sugar is further partly decomposed into a gas, *carbonic acid*, and a vapor, that of *alcohol*. The gas gives the bread lightness; the alcoholic vapor, more subtle, escapes during baking, or soon after. The gas wastes so much starch or sugar; but it lightens the bread. The alcohol

wastes so much outright. But it is the glutinous, or muscle-producing part of the bread, that suffers most in this process. The curd of fresh milk is firm—it has *body*; that of *toppered* milk is soft, spongy, and without consistency. The milk, in souring, undergoes a change so much like that of flour under fermentation that, in both, the most nutritious parts begin to pass through putrefaction toward complete destruction. True, this makes the fiber of the bread softer, as souring does that of the curd, and as tainting does that of flesh; but, in all cases, the nutritive value is lowered, both in quantity and quality. And here is another loss.

But fermentation of bread is in other ways full of annoyances and evils. It occasions a deal of really useless labor, and a mighty waste of time. The best housekeepers fail often in getting the batch baked at the right point. Then it may be heavy from lack, or sour and heavy from excess, of the fermentation process. Poor housekeepers have, "from year's end to year's end," one continuous round of ill-luck. Their bread is heavy, hard, tasteless, sour, dry and clammy, by turns—every thing but good, pleasure-giving or life-giving. They are as really guilty of taking human life, as Mrs. C——, but many of them without knowing it, and as many more without knowing how to escape it. One of the knottiest problems with the sound reasoner is to determine in regard to such, why they and theirs do not die sooner than they do, although that is, in all conscience, too soon by far. Then, again, the practice is almost universal to sweeten over-fermented bread with saleratus or soda, either of which, in excess above the demand for it in the system, is a poison as sure, though not so swift, as arsenic. Still further, fermented drinks, and foods as well, are known to predispose to rheumatism, to flatulence and its attendant digestive troubles, and to diabetes.

But if white flour should never be fermented, still less should that which is unbolted. Every housewife who uses wheat meal knows that if she mixes biscuits of this with soda, etc., and at the same time makes fermented bread of similar flour, the biscuits will have a light, agreeable color, quite like that of the meal, while the bread invariably takes a dark-brown, *rotten-wood* color, that is at least offensive, and acquires a taste that is so likewise. This change of color is not an accident; it is significant. There is something the matter with such bread, beyond the presence of the bran. And M. Mouries, of Paris, has just found out what it is; namely, that there is in bran a principle, *ceresline*, which,

in fermentation, enters far more rapidly upon the course of putrefactive change than any other ingredient of the flour; so that it becomes, before the baking is complete, a half putrid and deleterious matter. M. Mouries separates the bran, frees it from *ceresline*, returns it to the flour, ferments and bakes, and then has not a brown, but a beautiful yellowish pith, of the proper color of the bran. This is his method of remedying the evil; and he claims that by a single grinding and the process of separation flour can be furnished cheaper and better than by the old process of repeated grindings. We know not, but we fear it will be long before the benefits of Mouries' discovery reach every household; yet all must continue to eat bread; and so we look for some other remedy.

Sour milk and carbonate of soda or saleratus are greatly in use, especially in fabricating the lesser breadstuffs. Those who have learned that alkalis, unneutralized, are injurious, sometimes ask triumphantly whether, if the saleratus and soda are neutralized in this combination by the acid of the milk, they have not lost their power of doing harm. In a word, we may tell them why these agents remain just as hurtful as if swallowed pure. The acid of the milk breaks up and, as such, disappears in the system; the alkali can never be in this way destroyed. The acid undergoes digestive changes, and in so doing releases its hold on the alkali; the latter keeps right on, and takes its effect. Bloodless, wan, dyspeptic, care-worn, scrofulous, and consumptive people, and ye who are not insured against becoming such, beware of the use of alkalis! Plunge your hand into a caldron of caustic potash or soda, and see it in a few minutes eaten and dissolved away to the very bone; and then hesitate before you daily introduce such a foe of organization and vitality into your stomachs, into every drop of your blood, and into every fiber of your flesh! When *will* simple-minded creatures stop destroying their own substance and energies, their manly power and womanly beauty, and shortening their term of life, by the docile, daily, needless use of known poisons?

Cream of tartar and carbonate of soda are means of raising cakes, etc., perhaps quite as much used as the last. These exactly multiply the mischief and the poisoning by two. Cream of tartar is a compound of *tartaric acid* and *potash*. The former of these, like the acid in the milk, is broken up and disappears within the system; the potash remains. Then the eater has received a charge both of potash and soda, two destructives when in excess, as by such use

they are sure to be. Then the work of dissolution goes bravely on; and those who are fond of beautiful, white, light biscuits, and greatly averse to a little study, and pains, and novelty, continue to eat as if each pestiferous mass so-created a miniature fountain of perennial youth.

It is a pity that men can amass fortunes by swindling the community with pretendedly harmless dietetic compounds, which are in reality no better than the other poisons they are so clamorous to supplant. It is true, nevertheless. People are fairly annoyed with the rapid succession of "Egg Powders," "Baking Powders," "Yeast Powders," "Dietetic Saleratus," etc., etc. And all these are and can be *nothing more* than various combinations of soda or saleratus with cream of tartar, tartaric or other acids, between which chemical union and effervescence, with the escape of *carbonic acid gas*, will take place as soon as liquids are added. The pretense that they are purer, better, or more healthful than the alkalis in common use, is all a transparent attempt at deception. Consumers have not the slightest guarantee that ingredients even more hurtful than those are not freely added; for no *honorable man* will begin a business whose staple is deceit.

Concerning some of the effects of this insidious stream of alkalis, confessed and concealed, that is constantly being poured into and through our veins, that prevents nutrition, that prematurely dissolves our solids and rejects them in the excretions, making the national characteristic to be a sheet-like pallor, lantern-jaws, and a "lean and hungry look," consult the revelations made before the last annual Convention of American Dentists, lately assembled in this city. Men do not, in their business or professional capacity, utter unpalatable truths unless under the spur of some strong conviction. What, then, are the facts here disclosed? They are, *first*, that in no other civilized country are the teeth so generally carious and decayed as in our own; *secondly*, that the chief, and, in many constitutions, the sole cause of defective teeth, with all their attendant injury to the general health, is to be found in the free use of soda, saleratus and cream of tartar, in our bread, biscuits, etc. Doctor Baker stated that he had soaked sound teeth in a solution of saleratus, and in fourteen days they were destroyed! Relative to the assertion that the fragility of American teeth is increasing beyond even the improvements in dentistry, the Tribune justly says: "This is a sad confession. It tells a tale of deficient health and strength. It affirms the doctrine that the majority of American mothers, whose constitu-

tions determine those of the sons and defenders of the Republic, are wanting in health."

We have neither space nor inclination to go again over the catalogue of adulterations practiced by the bakers in their determination to employ cheap or spoiled flour, or to *correct* soured and unwholesome dough, and still furnish their customers with white, light, and apparently first-quality bread. Unluckily, there are certain articles, such as blue vitriol, magnesia, chalk, and especially alum, that, used alone or together, may be made at the same time to *whiten* black, musty, and worthless flour, to sweeten a sour flour or dough, and to incorporate more water with the dough, thus increasing weight without adding to cost. Every inducement is thus presented to the baker to use these articles, some of which are injurious in the least excess, and the rest directly and always so.

To save the apparent necessity of adding deleterious articles, and tickle fraudulent tradesmen into honesty unawares, Liebig recommends that lime-water (water holding lime in solution) be used to mix bread; this, also, having the quality of whitening, sweetening, and, we presume, of increasing weight. He holds that the cereal grains contain abundance of *phosphoric acid*, while they lack *lime*; and he flatters himself with being able thus to introduce a needed element of the blood, *bone-earth*, and so to aid in removing scrofula, curing rickets, and furnishing all classes with a more nourishing bread. We do not say that Liebig is wrong, nor right. But we know that the amount of active humanity, painstaking for private and public health, and appreciation of chemical and physiological truths which his remedy presupposes, is by no means yet to be generally found; and, therefore, we set the lime-water plan down as, at the least, *impracticable*.

Another evil in bread-making, a serious one to persons of delicate sensibilities, is the admixture of *perspiration*, and, perhaps, even less desirable effluences from the surface of uncleanly bodies, with the material of the loaves. In private baking, where hand-kneading is practiced, this unpleasant concomitant always presents itself. In bakeries, often in close, hot rooms, under ground, the workmen strip for their task, seize large masses of dough, pull them out, wring them around their hands and bare arms that are reeking with sweat—and so on. Doubtless we shall be excused from completing the picture! Two philanthropic individuals have essayed, so far as large establishments are concerned, to remove this evil—M. Rolland, of France, and Mr. Berdan, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Both these inventors mix, and one of them bakes bread by machinery; so that our sustenance, which comes to us sweet and pure all the way from its production in the field, need not finally be fouled by a heathenish mode of preparation for the table. This plan, however, if it succeeds, will work only for the city; the apparatus cannot be adapted to use in private families.

One more method, which has been practiced to some extent in England for half a century, rides us, in a very simple manner, of many or all of the evils of bread-making, and is adapted to home use. It is easily shown that *hydrochloric acid* (i. e., muriatic acid) and *carbonate of soda*, mixed in proper proportions, combine to produce *common salt*, at the same time setting free *carbonic acid gas*, with some little *oxygen gas*, also, both of which, if the union takes place within a mass of dough, will puff it up, and give lightness to the bread. In using these, add to the acid, chemically pure and of full strength, one half its bulk of water; then, take about equal volumes of the diluted acid and of the soda for mixing. Any differences in strength of acid are soon remedied by trial and varying of the quantities; and these may be increased to give the proper lightness, say a small dessert spoonful of each for a pound loaf. Mix the dry soda thoroughly through the flour, add the acid—which must be previously kept from contact with metallic vessels, spoons, etc.—to the liquid required in mixing, and mix rapidly and thoroughly with a wooden or silver spoon; then bake immediately. There is no kneading, no time lost; and, if proper chemicals be used, and in the proper proportions, we believe, no deleterious product in the bread—simply salt, which, therefore, the cook needs not add, by itself, in the usual quantity. The trouble incident to any change, the difficulty of procuring the *chemically pure acid* (and the common muriatic acid should never be used, since it contains, among various impurities, *sulphurous acid*, and sometimes *arsenic*)—these are among the obstacles in the way of this plan. Besides, we are convinced that exact chemical principles will long continue to be much finer things in the laboratory than in the kitchen. The problem of definite proportions cannot, in all cases, be solved by even the most intelligent cook, so long as acids vary in strength, flours in quality, alkalis in purity, etc. Those who can overcome these difficulties will find this method a good one.

Another proposition has lately been made, with a view to avoid the evils of fermentation and the use of alkalis—namely, to stir up with boiling water, and then knead thoroughly, flour

or wheat meal; cut into small biscuits, rub these over with dry flour to keep in the air incorporated in kneading, and bake quickly. Bating the kneading, and possibly a whitened exterior, such bread may be excellent. The plan, however, is not economical. Bread should be producible in batches that will last for days. These rolls or cakes must be made often; and then the temptation will further be presented to the consumption of them when hot. This we should deprecate, not because we can clearly perceive how or wherein *warm bread* is particularly unwholesome, any more than warm steak or vegetables; but because we can anticipate the groans such practices will be sure to call forth from certain windy physicians and other ancient women!

Finally, what we want is pure, light bread, in batches such as will economize time; and if this could be obtained without the waste and uncertainty of fermentation, without any foreign admixture, or the dangers that may arise from improper use of chemicals, without hand-kneading, and by some cleanly, cheap, and certain process, happy might the makers and the consumers of bread pronounce themselves thereupon and thenceforward!

Bread-making is, however, one of the few arts that has not materially advanced within two thousand years. Is this because it is perfected already? Read the facts above detailed, and judge. We want a change of some kind, and a radical one, in our breadstuffs, from the loaf to the very pie-crust and "*slap-jack*"—in every thing of the sort that requires raising—or the health and constitutional vigor of our people is bound to go on depreciating, as it has done since the days of our grandsires.

NOTE.—The above article was penned before the announcement of the "Hand-Book of Household Science," by Professor Youmans, had met the writer's eye—its materials being drawn from chemical and physiological study, and from current sources. Since it was written, however, the Hand-Book has been issued. The writer is pleased to note an agreement, in the main, between the above thoughts and conclusions and the teachings of the book in question. He is also glad to bear testimony to the general excellence of that work, and the value it must possess for those for whose use it is prepared. Without going at the present time into a review, however, of the work, and fully appreciating the difficulty of presenting such subjects in a manner that shall do justice to every aspect in which they may be viewed, he would beg leave to call attention to one or two points in the

teachings of the new "Hand-Book" which bear on the present topic. Speaking of the raising of bread by chemicals, page 270, the author says: "Although their occasional and cautious employment may perhaps be tolerated, on the ground of convenience, yet we consider their habitual use as highly injudicious and unwise."

Why, we would ask, if the correct proportions be secured, the whole thoroughly mixed, and *salt* and gases necessarily the products, and sole products, of their union? But if the reason consists in the danger of a failure to get the right proportions, and so of leaving one of the chemicals partially unneutralized, then we agree in the caution. Even then, the acid is no worse than the alkali; both are constituents of the human body, both always found in the healthy digestive fluids, even when not specially introduced into food, since they, or their elements, are always present in our food. In proper amount, they are indispensable to life. It is their excess that proves hurtful.

Moreover, the acid, in excess, is no more hurtful than the alkali in excess: in the excess that would be taken in an allowance of bread, we doubt if the former would be so much so as the latter. That is, if these chemicals are dangerous in our bread, it is because their unneutralized excess is so, and the alkali in excess is, doubtless, the worse of the two.

Yet, on page 374, we read: "According to the theory of their general use (that of the alkalis) for raising bread, they *ought to be neutralized* by an acid—muriatic, tartaric, acetic, or lactic, thus *losing their peculiar properties* and becoming salts (common salt, only with the first-named acid). These changes do take place to a certain extent, and the saline compounds formed are *much less powerful and noxious than the unneutralized alkalis*; their effects are moderately laxative. Yet, in the common use of these substances, as we have stated, the alkali is not all extinguished; much of it enters the system in its active form. Pure, strong potash is a powerful corrosive poison; disorganizing the stomach, and dissolving its way through its coats, quicker, perhaps, than any other poisonous agent. When the alkalis are taken in small quantities, as *where there is an excess in bread*, they disturb healthy digestion in the stomach, by neutralizing its necessary acids. They are sometimes found agreeable as palliatives, where there is undue acidity of the stomach; and, on the other hand, they may be of service in the digestion and absorption of fatty substances, etc."

Now, whether the above paragraph amounts to "damning with faint praise," or eulogizing

with tender imprecations, we cannot make out. We are told that, "pure, strong potash is a powerful corrosive poison," which is true; but that when saline compounds are formed with this, *they are* "much less powerful and noxious." Let us see. When *salt* is formed, we have salt; and we all know in what quantities it may be safely admitted into our systems. But if we will wash our hands in *carbonate of potash* (*saleratus*), or *carbonate of soda* (*baking soda*), we find either of these sufficiently powerful to take off the oily covering of the skin, extemporizing a soap on the spot; and then, if fresh portions be employed, they go beyond that and take off the skin itself, and expose the flesh to the caustic action. Here is a "corrosive poison" still, quite competent to the work of dissolving nutritive principles contained in the blood, and softening and slowly destroying the flesh itself, from within, even if it be not taken in such quantities as to show this process in rapid and perceptible operation. And it is just these compounds, the *carbonates*, that *do circulate* through the entire system, having their effect on the blood and solids, even from that part of the alkali which *may have been neutralized*.

That alkalis are useful "in the digestion and absorption of fatty substances," we admit; but a healthful diet always contains quite enough of alkalis, without any addition for the uses of the system. That they sometimes "agreeably palliate acidity of the stomach," is true; but the habit of using them for that purpose is one which every sensible medical man will condemn. But it is especially with their use in bread that we have now to do; and we think it has been shown that, in such use, even though neutralized by *tartaric acid*, *cream of tartar*, or *sour milk*, they are *in novice neutralized for the purposes of the living system*; that they have not thus "lost their peculiar properties," but are, as we have previously shown, still certain, in a moment's change, to be converted into corrosive poisons; that being added from without to our food in such cases, they are by so much always in excess, and thus that their effect is "evil, only evil, and that continually." And we have written thus at length and explicitly on this particular point, because we wish the minds of the American people could be aroused to the immense importance of this subject; and because we regret that a pen of so much felicity, and a name of so much influence, as those of Professor Youmans, have not, in this book, intended for every household, been brought to bear more unequivocally against a great, growing, and insidious national mischief.

Editor's Studio.

BANKRUPTCY AND DRESS.—That a change is gradually growing upon the minds of women in regard to dress, is a fact not to be denied. For several years the indications have been very decided, and are becoming more so with every revolving month. We think exceedingly well of it. We think such a change is needed—that common sense and the requirements of health demand it. We see no reason why any woman should not adopt any form of dress that is best adapted to promote her comfort and convenience. The only real drawback to such adoption lies in the puerile vanity of the women, who, in any change of the kind, are apt to betray a foolish self-consciousness; or, in the coxcombry of the men, who are apt to imagine that a woman in her dress aims only to please the other sex; or, still more in that barbarous relic of old English law, by which it is made a penal offense for a woman to appear in male attire.

Time, however, is working a change, and there is a progress in opinion which will gradually emancipate women from the thralldom of opinion in the trivialities of dress. From the window of our studio we see thousands of working girls go by—modest, industrious girls—to whom time is money, and health a *sine qua non*, and yet they, most of them, are habited in a manner utterly inconsistent with any of the purposes of toil.

Skirts dragging the ground, thus impeding locomotion, and bodices which obstruct respiration and rob them of half their energies. Besides this, they dress altogether too expensively. We admit that a certain grace and prettiness belong to the sex; but this is of secondary importance, and may just as well be promoted by dressing in a style better adapted to the exigencies of productive industry. More than half the women of our country are obliged to support themselves, and there should be a working woman's dress, quite as much as that of the fine lady.

Now, if the thousands of working women in the country would have the good sense to wear such a costume while engaged in work, as would least impede or inconvenience them, they would soon feel the benefits of it. Economy and health would be at the same time promoted. We see no reason why the skirts should not be shortened three or four inches, leaving the foot and ankle unencumbered. For ourselves, even on the score of becomingness, we think a short skirt, for walking, a decided improvement. In the parlor, the flowing drapery is always elegant.

Rosa Bonheur adopts the masculine dress as often as comfort and convenience require. She knows the value of her own genius too well to shackle it by cumbrous robes. George Sand and Miss Weber, both women of marked genius, do the same. Indeed, in Europe it is no infrequent thing for a woman wishing to travel to adopt something of the kind as in good taste, thereby avoiding observation and obviating expense. The reason why our women cannot do it is, as we before said, because of their self-consciousness. If each one of them would dress to please herself, and to keep down the expense of a wardrobe, there would be no difficulty at all in the matter. We know of many women who have worn a long sack and trowsers for traveling, and for the purpose of visiting mountainous regions, who were of that self-sustained character that the looker-on scarcely made it a subject of thought.

Our women talk too much in this, as well as other matters, and thus effect little. Occasionally, a group of women appear in Broadway, habited in what is called the "Bloomer costume," with large trowsers dangling about the heels, the whole thing looking not only bizarre but forlorn. Broadway is not the best place in which to make experiments; but we are sure had these women appeared perfectly unconscious of any thing peculiar in themselves, and been dressed in better taste, they would have attracted no observation.

Hundreds of intelligent women find it for their health and pleasure to work several hours about the house in the morning; now, if such could be prevailed upon to wear a sack and trowsers while so occupied, either in the house or garden, and run to the market without any change, the working classes would very soon be induced to consult comfort and economy by doing something akin, and thus for the sake of industry, health, and a proper regard to expense, public good would gradually be advanced.

We have said this much, because we are sure it is a subject which the women of the country—and the men, too, as to that—are thinking very much upon; and because we believe that our women have so little independence that they would sooner starve than not be in the fashion. They are so childishly afraid of each other that they sacrifice half, if not their whole souls, in order to dress as well as their neighbors; they will see the poor starving for bread, and yet not abate one iota of their expensive finery; they will drive their husbands to bankruptcy and crime, while they flaunt abroad in their costly robes, their poor, silly heads inflated with vanity.

The love of dress has been a passion with our people, with women most especially, and now it is fast degenerating into a vice. A change is taking place, and we write our article in the hope that women of influence will be led to lend the force of their example to some system of dress better adapted to industry and health. Suppose that every New York lady should purchase herself a plain, convenient costume of the kind, and wear it in the country another year, among the hills and brooks, and beautiful sanctities of Nature, where to be free from all needless impediments is to enter more deeply into communion with God, through the loveliness of his works—what would be the result? Our women would return in better health and in better spirits. It may be, also, that a new and divine life might be awakened in their hearts. More than this, the women of the rural districts would be led to see the propriety of such dress, and would, in the course of time, assume it; and thus we should soon have a class of women of a more noble growth, and of a more heroic cast of mind than the world has yet seen.

Dress would become subordinated to the individual; a woman or man would cease to ask of the prevailing mode; something like a national independence truly deserving the name would grow up among us. The ruinous expenditure, the foolish extravagance of our women is the greatest existing check to us as a people, and does more than any thing else to uphold the despotisms of Europe. Myriads of men and women, who toil in producing articles of little or no value in an artistic point of view, or in view of human necessity, are supported by American women; for it is the markets of our country which demand the principal supply. Cut off this, induce our women to regard these trifles with the indifference that belongs to them, and these men and women, abroad, would be compelled into agriculture, which is the great, needful, and manly occupation in life.

The sweeping robe is not more becoming for the finical trimmings with which the dressmaker encumbers it, nor is half the exuberance of laces, gimps, fringes, and ribbons with which our women load themselves comfortable either with taste or beauty. No dress is elegant or becoming which does not convey the idea of adaptation. Flowing robes are not adapted to work, though of queenly grace in the parlor; but, even there, all ideas of harmony or breadth may be dispelled by too much ornament. Something must be left for effect. An architect would not put a Cupid upon the Parthenon or upon St. Peter's, nor would he be mindful of minute

chiseling over the broad shoulders of a Memnon.

Half the present expense in dress in our women—which does nothing but support the foreign operative, and thus prolong his bondage, while, at the same time, it defrauds the honest worker at home—is less than useless. If men would aid these women to a more sensible and independent mode of dress, instead of talking like a race of coxcombs, they would save themselves and the country many a shame; for, after all, when we trace home the cause of these hard times in the present, it needs but half an eye to see that the country is flooded with a mass of useless and frivolous importations, designed only to minister to the vanity of women and the coxcombry of men, and the capital of the country is drained to pay for it. Look at our shop windows in Broadway, literally piled with a mass of gossamer which promotes not a single idea of human comfort, and our women are half mad in devising means to procure quantities of this foppery; while in dens and cellars of Europe are the miserable, starving producers, who wear out their lives in this useless toil to gratify the silly ambition of women; and in our own streets, also, wander ten thousand half-maddened women, who depended for their bread upon work nearly as useless in kind, whom the present monetary crisis has thrown out of employment.

We admit that our merchants are culpable in these matters, and deserve the bankruptcy which has come upon them. Their marble palaces are teeming with unpaid-for goods, which they are compelled to sell for less than cost to the greedy vanity of fashionable women; and it would be well if the lesson thus forced home to their purses would carry one to the conscience also. We might point out one firm, at least, which supports a religious newspaper, edited by pious divines, who have gone down in the present crisis, and who, in the columns of their paper, ostensibly designed to *christianize* public opinion, unblushingly urge people to buy goods now because they are cheap; without one word of help for the starving multitude, they would have people buy their depreciated stock, and leave the operative to perish by cold and hunger.

Gossiping.—Some of our cotemporaries are making themselves exceedingly uncomfortable because of the freedom with which Madame Octavia Le Vert, in her recent *Souvenirs of Travel*, speaks of her aristocratic friends, and thousand and one "dear," "generous," "beautiful" creatures who extended to her, a lady as she is, and the peer of the best, the cordial hand of courtesy

and affection. For ourselves, we reckon our humanity as so intrinsically noble, that we look upon conventional caste, and the pretentiousness of those whom

"A king may make a belted knight,

"A duke a lord and a' that,"

with something like suspicion. We could not feel ourselves especially honored by attentions which we should claim as our due; but this is less amiable, it may be, than the gentle, pleased gratitude of our Mobile writer.

However all this may be, the freedom with which names fill the pages of her book, all standing in the bright array of velvet and gold, and art, genius, or poetry, is not a little startling. More than one of our brother editors has taken the lady to task in a truly paternal manner, and somewhat, also, in that of a school-master with a delinquent child, as though she had been guilty of disloyalty, and a betrayal of confidence. Now we regard this view as little less than nonsense. Not an ill-natured word appears in the whole two volumes. She did not commit the unpardonable breach of good manners, and good morals into which Frederika Bremer fell when she received the hospitality of people, apparently in good faith, and then in the secrecy of her private correspondence held them up to ridicule; and yet these very editors saw nothing very reprehensible in the book of the little Swede. Nor did they treat the perfidy of Dickens, to whom, as a man of genius, the whole nation were ready to do homage, with that animadversion it deserved.

In the present case, Madame Le Vert has used the privilege of a traveler to say kindly things of those who were charmed with her own grace and goodness, rather than abuse it by saying tart and bitter ones for the sake of writing a piquant book, which should put money in her purse. We do not believe a single individual will feel himself aggrieved by being named in the book. Persons of genius—poets, artists, and statesmen—are regarded as public property, as indeed they are, the blossoming out of the best of our humanity; and, therefore, when these are spoken of even critically, it may be wickedly and maliciously, people seem to feel it to be all within the bounds of decorum. Persons of genius are considered out of the pale of our humanity, and, therefore, may be tortured without limitation. One of our brother editors calls them "a thin-skinned class," thereby implying that they who are compounded of the finest human elements, should be integumented like the rhinoceros.

Now, in the complex world of civilization,

there is another class, who are not endowed with genius, and yet who occupy a certain publicity. This, in our country, is represented by our public functionaries and their families, of whom it is allowable to speak freely. Witness how poor little Jessie Fremont was thrust into the newspapers, and out upon balconies, in our Presidential campaign. In England, the aristocracy occupy the same position. These people are never aggrieved at being spoken of publicly—they are, on the contrary, gratified at being so brought to view. Their wealth and rank entitle them to a certain prestige at home; but here, in this country, these old dowagers and splendidly-organized ladies would never be known or thought of, unless brought into notice by some good-natured tourist.

N. P. Willis helped them into publicity years ago, and was abused by our own people for so doing; yet he never suffered from this fact abroad—on the contrary, we are told he was long in the receipt of letters of thanks for this mention of persons otherwise obscure. We might multiply proof, but it is unnecessary.

We wish our readers to understand that we are not justifying this state of feeling, by which persons covet publicity without having achieved greatness—we are only recognizing it as a fact—but, to our mind, it is to the last degree childish and in bad taste. It proves that the race has hardly emerged from babydom, and is far from a truly vigorous, manly youth. We shall in time learn to despise all shams, and learn the beauty of repose, the sacredness of silence, the holiness of seclusion, the blessedness to be found in waiting the Master's will.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

That a certain kind of publicity, poor and mean, or beautiful and noble, according to the degree in culture of the individual, is a legitimate passion of the human organization, known as ambition, no one will deny. It is good in itself—always good when rightfully directed. It proves the existence of a something esthetic, which is known to us only in the germ as yet, but which impels us to unselfish action, and rebukes the meanness of a self-centering life.

One of the least desirable modes in which this disposition manifests itself, in this country, is in those little, turbulent, impish demonstrations called "hops," and, in a larger sense, balls, where people meet to show how utterly vapid and foolish several hundreds of fashionable people can be. Here, women display the charms of person, and the delicacies of undress, to the very verge of the last hold of decency—but, fortunately, to men so the counterpart of themselves

that no mischief comes, for your coxcomb is, upon the whole, harmless. Here is no danger such as might follow the old piratical Vikings, and Sabines, and Attilas among these modern Adonises.

We have known the husbands, and the fathers, even, to say nothing of admirers of these women, to pay liberally to the reporter of a paper, to have their names in full, or initials, appear in their columns; and they accordingly read their names designated as the "beautiful miss," "the charming widow," "the elegant and witty madam," &c., with a blush of triumphant vanity. Nothing can be much poorer than this kind of ambition, and knowing these things to exist among us, it is out of the way to talk as if confidence were betrayed by saying in a book what these people were willing to hear, and what men have paid to have said from a stand-point far less desirable.

Our taste, as a people, will bear a great deal of culture. We believe editors may blow their trumpets a long time, calling upon the followers of Baal to renounce their adherence to wooden idols, with a good chance of having an audience who need their exhortations. We are glad the book which has evolved these strictures is by a woman and a lady, for from this stand-point we have a right to know whether the sex are, even in this point of view—that of courteous breeding—far in advance of the times.

HOMEOPATHY.—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" is a trite saying; but it is one very apt to puzzle the questioner, and afflict him also with a sense of despair. If shams were at an end in the world, truth would not need be sought at the bottom of the well, for she would look out from the by-ways, making glad the human heart with her white presence, and the faces of men and women would beam with unearthly glory, radiating her divine essence.

We find lying upon our table, this chilly Autumn weather, which has already brought a sorrow to our household and sickness to ourself, a work entitled "Pulte's Homeopathic Domestic Physician," published by Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati, and for sale by Ivison & Phinney, New York.

Now, this is a work which does not come under the ordinary rules of literary criticism; were it otherwise, we should assume the judicial attitude. Were we a doctor—an honor to which we have never aspired, in any way or shape—we should push our probe deeply into its pages, and, if a lapse could in any way be detected, reveal the same, and hold it up for public animad-

version. But this we are unable to do. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, with one wave of her slender fingers could, and we dare say would, put to flight the least shadow of pretentiousness, on our part, in this department of science. We are a mere baby in all pills, potions, powders, gallipots, globules, and nostrums of all kinds, whether literary or medical. We look with awe into the face of our family physician, who feels our pulse and does not shake his head, for he knows we have a shrewd suspicion that he can see no further into our interiors than we can ourselves. Still, it is a relief to call, in times of need, upon those who have made the subject a speciality; and though we rely very much upon the genial helpfulness of kind Mother Nature, aided by temperance in all things, a hopeful heart and a clear conscience—which are wondrously potent medicaments—still it is comforting to see in a darkened room, where every crevice has ensconced a little groan, a fine, healthful, cheery physician.

We would pay him for his presence sooner than for his medicine. By the way, a doctor should practice a smile—a rich, low tone of voice—a confident, inspiring manner; he would find it pay just as well as drugs. Dr. Francis illustrates our meaning—he is bright, hearty, rotund, and seems to imply that sickness is nonsense and humbug.

There is a custom prevailing somewhere, we believe, among the Chinese, which strikes us as peculiarly sagacious. The people agree to pay the doctor an annual stipend so long as they are in good health, but the moment they fall ill the pay stops. The idea is a good one, and would put the doctor to his utmost curative skill. We apprehend fevers would have their quietus in short meter, palpitations cease their quakings in a jiffy, agues gladly doff the white feather, and consumptions be nipped in the bud. People would go about in the very redundancy of health, and they and the doctor live till they would be ashamed to look each other in the face. Then a physician would blush to confess to a patient, and to have one die would subject him to the contingency of legal investigation.

Really and truly, when one looks abroad and sees a drug shop at every corner, and physicians' gigs driving here and there like mad, the weekly bills of mortality assume a significant aspect.

Dr. Abernethy employed a pavior to repair the walk in front of his premises. When the job was complete, the medical man found it but imperfectly done, the laborer having spread a quantity of sand so as to conceal the trick.

"You rascal," cried the irritable physician,

"are you not ashamed to cover your bad work with earth to 'hide it'?"

"Ah, doctor," answered the man, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides."

That man ought to have had a pension for his wit.

The world seems divided between allopathy and homeopathy. Which is right? We like allopathy on one ground. There is a broad, genuine platform upon which it stands not to be mistaken. Its doses are not to be talked of lightly. They kill or cure, and make no bones of the matter. It is like throwing a bomb into an enemy's camp—which if a party survive, he may bid defiance to all subsequent danger; if the foe is not dislodged, the victim is dead of a certainty. It does not mix up mental and physical ailments. It deals with great aches, and pungent pains, and long-standing ills, which it invades with pill and plaster, and lancet and laudanum, till that is a shrewd ailing which escapes it.

Not so homeopathy: these insidious pellets slide into the throat almost without notice, and people go about their business unconscious of the medical change to be effected. A man's brain is muddled by last night's potations—down goes a half gross of *nux vomica*; your daughter is sensitive, given to rhyme and moonlight—doses of *pulsatilla* set all right; headache—*belladonna*; heart-ache—*ignatia*. You have a fit of rage—do you go down on your knees and pray to be forgiven, and ask pardon of the dear aggrieved ones? Oh, no; you rush for pellets of *bryonia* or *chamomilla*. You are a great lump of vanity, a mawkish baby, fretting your life out of you to be well esteemed as a writer, a poet, or a pretty man or woman, and, of course, you are subjected to a perfect martyrdom of Lilliputian trials—never mind, swallow *colocynthis* and you will be as content as a peacock.

Don't shed your tears over homesickness, nor fret about friends, nor cry over lovers, nor let your hair turn gray, and abandon

"The top of the head, where de hair ought to grow;" half a dozen pellets of phosphorus is to do what reason and religion have failed to achieve. Indeed, it would seem that homeopathy is to cure all "the ills that flesh is heir to;" and why men, women, and children continue to sicken and die under its potency we greatly marvel.

We write, in the present instance, in the hope that somebody, wiser than ourselves, will decide upon these questions. We confess the delicate appliances of the one system, homeopathy, have a great charm to us. These sugary pellets slide

upon the tongue in the same manner as the wicked are said to "roll sin as a sweet morsel." They are no more repugnant to the taste than turtle to an alderman, or wine to an "oily priest." We could find it in our heart to coddle up little pains, here and there, for the purpose of testing their efficiency; while we confess we turn with loathing at those enormous potions which seem designed to search the recesses of a Brobdingnag.

But who shall fix the wavering mind in this matter? One physician will tell you, benignly, seriously, and with a winning mysticism, of the excellence of homeopathy. This, we confess, touches us in a tender point; for we own vast acres in the spiritual realm, and not one in the material, and our faith ought to make the good patriarch regard us with favor—so that, if homeopathy will keep a human being to the integrity of a healthy organization, ours ought to be the one.

But, again, our allopathic friend tells us, "You may swallow a half pint of these globules, and they won't affect you any more than moonshine." Another, of the same stamp, cautions us to be wary; "these pellets are very powerful, so powerful that they are not to be trusted; they keep up a false standard of health—feed it upon stimulants; and, after awhile, the whole breaks down of a sudden, and nothing on earth can save it."

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? We know that some of the finest minds in the country are believers; but, for ourselves, we have not yet become fully assured in our own mind, but hold ourself open to conviction. Some of the hospitals in the city, we understand, have wards in which the patients are treated homeopathically or allopathically, by a permission of the Board of Managers, or in accordance with the wishes of patients. It would be well to have an annual or monthly report of the result.

COMETS AND WINE.—It is said that the grape yields more abundantly, and fruit of a better quality, in those years when our system is visited by a comet. In France, the yield the past season has been of unprecedented value, comparing advantageously with the great harvest of 1811, which, it will be remembered, was famous for its comet. The peasants christen the vintage as that of the "comet year." As the grape is the fruit which of all others belongs to the sun, which corresponds esthetically to friendship, we can well suppose that the more our solar system elements are poured into its atmosphere, the more affluent will be its growth, and the richer its juices.

At a banquet given at the Palace of Wilhelm, to the allied Emperors of France and Russia, among other varieties of German luxury and wealth, there was passed round a bottle of the far-famed *Rosenwein* (wine of the rose). This precious liquid, of which a flask is now valued at nearly *eleven millions of francs*, and one drop at 1,362 francs, is more than two centuries old; it is the produce of a remarkable vintage of the *Johannisberg* vine, and was stored in 1624 in the oldest wine cellar of Germany, that of the free town of *Breins*. The municipality of the city occasionally offered a bottle of the rose-wine to Goethe on the anniversary of his fête.

DR. GRIEWOLD'S WILL.—To make a will is to perform one of the most solemn acts of one's life. The law requires that the testator be of sound mind and unbiassed judgment. Coercion is forbidden, insanity is rejected, and even malignity is put in some check. It is probable that the true character of an individual is betrayed more fully in this document than in any other way. He is supposed to stand consciously in the light of eternal considerations. Before it takes effect he will be gone to render up the sealed record of a life, imprinted upon the chambers of the soul, which beams visible only in the light of supernal spheres. He is supposed to have rested from the ordinary vanities, and rivalries, and passions of earth, and to be prepared to render justice to all who may stand in relation to him.

Under these considerations, "although dead, he yet speaketh," and his directions are held sacred—his words are oracles. The wills of Shakespeare, of Napoleon, of Washington, are not the least interesting relics of themselves. Shakespeare's "I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory (God be praised)," sounds as fresh as if coming warmly from the great heart to-day, instead of more than two centuries ago; and that significant "Item—I give and bequeath unto my wife, my *second-best bed*, with the furniture," being the only mention made of the buxom Anne Hathaway, who, at twenty-six, deluded the boy genius, not yet eighteen, into a marriage, is a history—it is the key to the whole domestic life of the great poet.

Did Dr. Griswold have the Bard of Avon in mind when he compounded his last will and testament? If so, he forgot the "item" altogether, so far as any wife is concerned. The document is one of the saddest of the kind we have ever read. Alas! for the discordant children of

earth. It looks like the record of a man who is not sure of any friend. His bequests wear more the aspect of an overweening vanity than of any cordial friendliness. His pictures, many of them of much value, are bequeathed to the Historical Society of New York. Several bequests are of such doubtful taste that no mention need be made of them.

He does not will his body to the earth in simple silence, but is mindful that a monument be raised to his memory; he is careful of himself, even after death, while of the two women to whom he had stood in relation, and the children of his own blood, no mention is made. Of these wives, both estimable women, both wronged through his folly, he may, perhaps, be pardoned if silent. The poor brain must have been worn by anxiety, and the heart crushed by suffering, or death would not so soon have found its victim—and we can forgive a sick man who is unable to make the needful reparation because of that morbid self-love, strong in death, shuts out all besides; but what shall be said of the father who utterly forgets his children?

We believe our people are far too lenient upon the shortcomings of parents, and thus evils, if not crimes, are winked at among us. It would be better were we more outspoken on this subject, and did we visit the negligence of fathers and mothers with the reprehension it deserves. The old apostle had none of our squeamishness: "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel," St. Paul asserted without flinching.

Dr. Griswold left two daughters by his first wife, and one son by the third. It tells well for these women, for their amiableness of character, that while the third wife has had one daughter of the first wife under her care for several years, the second wife (said to have been divorced) has for a much longer period had the other in her charge, and the tenderest attachment exists between them.

The will is to be contested, as it should be, and will, most probably, be set aside. It is one of those things which will create a nine days' wonder and then be forgotten, but one which a generous or delicate mind reads with a sort of horror.

CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.—This distinguished artist died at London, October 10, of a tumor, cancerous in character, of the left eye, at the early age of 44. Thus, in the height of his fame and the meridian of his powers, he was called to fold his mantle around him, and turn his face to the wall. He was done with earth and fame.

Mr. Crawford was the most ideal of all our artists. His Orpheus is beautiful as a dream, and instinct with life and power, while the face beams with that heavenly love which is soon to be rewarded with a revelation of the loved and lost. No one can look upon this wondrous statue without feeling that the grandest inspirations of the poet were reproduced in the soul of the sculptor.

It is said his remains are to be brought to his native country. He was born in New York, 1813, and gave early indications of genius, which his friends had the wisdom to perceive and to foster, which indicates a good degree of intelligence on their part. At twenty, he went to Rome, where he made the friendship of Thorwaldsen, that king of art, as well as many others scarcely less distinguished; for the genial nature and earnest genius of the young man endeared him to all who came within the sphere of his influence.

His principal works are the Orpheus, Cupid and Psyche, Adam and Eve, David before Saul, Washington, besides many busts of distinguished individuals.

The wife of Mr. Crawford was Miss Ward, of New York, the sister of Mrs. Howe, the author of "Passion Flowers," &c. He leaves several children.

REIGN OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.—We observe that some of our people are expending a morbid sympathy in behalf of England, at the possible loss of her Indian possessions. For ourselves, we have no feeling of the kind. We believe, atrocious as is the cruelty of the natives, as much as it is to be deplored in view of humanity, it is no other than a righteous retribution upon a Government which, for a hundred years, has fastened its remorseless power upon these delicate children of the sun. We believe India to be worse, morally and religiously, under the grim, christianizing, civilizing process of England, than it was under its old paganism. The British rule in India was begun in usurpation, and continued in violence, and the natives have been literally ground under her heel, and if they now turn it is no more than what might have been expected. The rapacity of English rule in India, its lawlessness and cruelty, can only be paralleled by that of the most barbarous times—the Spaniard over the Peruvian presents no record more bloody.

For a hundred years these peedy, sensitive, tiger-companioned, and tender creatures of the tropics—constitutionally, cruelly tenacious of injuries, artful and observant—have been taught in a terrible school. They have profited by their

masters, and now begin in return to commend the bitter chalice to the lips of those who have made them to drink blood.

The reports from the scene of war are too terrible for transcription—the heart sickens at the thought of them. But the ill effect of this war is reflected upon the people of England, who seem transformed into executioners and avengers. The British press teems with expressions of the most barbarous malignity. It is only a hundred years ago that they were abusing Americans in a similar way, and it is truth to admit that the Colonies of North America had not half the just cause for revolt that these unfortunate Indians have; but we are of different blood and faith, and were never tempted to retaliate cruelty in kind.

We cut the following from the London Spectator. The editor is discussing the question as to what should be done with Nena Sahib, in case he should be captured alive:

He should be captured as a matter for study, and, after exhibition in India, should be brought to England, and carefully guarded, to live out the term of his natural or unnatural life, like a monster—without sympathy. His physical health should be preserved with the utmost care, and he should live to undergo the most painful of all punishment to such a miscreant—the absence of all sympathy, and the knowledge that he was reduced to the condition of a captured beast of prey, a study for the natural philosopher of the nation he had outraged, as some compensation for forfeited humanity. He should be caged in the Tower, as the real Bengal tiger, with some of the four-footed tigers—his brethren—in cages along side of him for comparison. We do not revenge ourselves on wild beasts; we kill them out of the way, or keep them as specimens; and we cannot afford to waste the opportunity for the punishment of a human tiger as a warning, a punishment that distance from the scene of his atrocities will magnify manifold as a deterring influence. He is a gentleman, a high caste, ever susceptible of mortification by the process of degradation from the condition of humanity to that of brutality; devoid of moral feeling, probably a human idiot, and only sensitive of pride or vanity. The spectacle of his hopeless captivity will do more to deter than would the hanging of a hundred thousand of his fellows. Mere death would be no punishment to this human brute—would have no effect on the future.

Such language is unworthy a Christian press, in a civilized country, and shows conclusively the selfishness and arrogance of the Briton, who, in pursuing his own views, forgets the principles of mercy and justice. We believe, whatever may be the fate of the unfortunate prince, the civilized world will not tamely look on and witness atrocities. It will demand that man be treated as man, and not as a beast. We doubt, in this era, whether the great Napoleon could be confined, Prometheus-like, to the rock of St. Helena, without remonstrance from humane and enlightened powers.

Again we say the language of the English

press is frightfully viôdictive at this time, and we regret that that of America should rêcho it. We surely should not be the people to indorse oppression. A Delhi correspondent gives the following fearful picture :

We must have blood. The streets of Delhi will be a fearful sight. Our men are mad for revenge, and there is not a soul who does not feel the same thirst for the blood of these ruffians. Three months ago I could not have looked on and seen fifteen men tied up and shot down in cold blood without sickening, but now I see my men do this in a most brutal way without a qualm. At a village on the Karnaul road, a poor child's feet were found ; they had its little shoes and socks on, and some devil in human form had cut them off with a tulwar. What death can be too cruel for such wretches ?

In connection with the Indian mutiny, a curious poetical prophesy of Lord Byron has been recalled to light. It occurs in "The Curse of Minerva," written in 1811, against the collection of Greek marbles made by the Earl of Elgin, and runs as follows :

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base ;
Lo ! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead ;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long'arrear of Northern blood."

INFLUENCE OF THE SEASONS.—

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year." [Bryant.

"Every thing is beautiful in its time," says the sacred writer, indicating a nice sense of appropriateness in all things. The seasons each have their charm ; but, for ourselves, we confess that Autumn has few charms for us, and we take heart when it approaches as best we may. We congratulate ourselves that the dust which in Summer time penetrated the choicest recesses of our sanctum, and became the reason for paragraphs somewhat gritty in character, will no longer disturb the sensitive integument ; the lazy flies which bumped about the ceiling, and whose droning hum may have occasioned a soporific quality of mind, are now put *hors du combat*, and we exult inwardly as we see them, chilled by the cold, drop upon the window-sill, kicking at their last gasp. But, most of all, the great fount of our comfort is to be found in the slender pipe of the musketoes, who, having practiced their Lilliputian phlebotomy upon our not over full veins till our patience was utterly consumed, are now waning into silence in the last stage of consumption. Their voices have

"A melancholy crack,"

And we know it is a sin
For us to sit and grin
At them here ;
But they have pricked our skin,

And made us lean and thin,
Half the year.

And now along the wall,
Their shanks have grown so small,
And their sting
Is such a mean attempt,
That we must feel contempt
At the thing.

Verily, Autumn bringeth a negation to misery, if it does not affirm content.

We do not like the fall of the leaf. Our whole soul refuses to say it is good. Could we have our way, the trees should be in full verdure the whole year round. We do not even like them in their gorgeous autumnal russet and crimson, gold and purple. We are not to be deluded into any delight on the occasion. They are dying—it is the hectic of Nature—they are to be mercilessly stripped till every branch and bough is exposed to view, rib-bare and desolate ; from being beautiful nymphs, with waving robes and a thousand coquettish graces, they become mere Calvin Edsons, with knobs, and sticks, and angles.

No, if we were in the pulpit, and thought to deter people from wickedness by the fear of punishment, we should reverse the ordinary style of metaphor—we should discourse upon the horrors of cold ; the living eternal adamant of the Alpine glacier, and stir up despair by the images of unmelting snow.

"To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod. * * *
And the delighted spirit to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice—
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world."

There is no limit to the dread images of cold. All the worst in life is symbolized by it. Shakespeare had an intense instinct of this :

"Tut, tut ! thou art all ice ; thy kindness freezes ;"
the very collapse of friendship.

Still, there are conditions in which the symbolism strikes the sense with a refreshing candor not to be disputed :

"Chaste as the circle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow."

"I thought her
As chaste as unswanned snow."

Imogene and Isabella were probably born in Autumn ; Juliet in July ; Miranda in June.

How those born in Winter ever come to any thing is a mystery to us. Shakespeare came amid the sunshine and showers of April, and Napoleon Bonaparte in August. We can understand that something brilliant might ensue ; but how we, any of us, manage to keep up any

healthful glow of heart or brain while the earth is congealed with frost, would be inexplicable to us did we not trace an analogy between the world of spirit and matter. Water expands in freezing—it contracts to a certain point, then a dear, loving forecast has provided that it should suddenly assume geometric lines, crystals finer than the diamond, thrusting out their delicate points and demanding room, till what had threatened to end in total consolidation, in a pulseless and lifeless marble, is suddenly transformed into beauty more rare than even the dreams of the poet; and thus the extremity of compression becomes the element of beautiful enlargement.

It is well for us when we reach that point in the ills of life, that what had threatened stagnation and death becomes the interlude to a more divine development, when, instead of congealing into selfism and gloom, every fiber becomes transfigured and reflects a celestial light.

In this way we shall hope to make the cold season profitable to our readers. It may be that wonderful scintillations of thought may be evolved from the wintry frost, and we who delight in the sunshine, to whom flowers are a necessity and music an elysium, so that we wait eagerly

"For the sweet south over a bed of violets,"

may yet rejoice in the battling elements. Not that we expect it, by any means. Cold makes the coward—cold makes the negation of all that is good, and lovely, and genial. We have little faith in cold weather virtue of any kind, and beg the rich to open their heart to the poor before the frost sets in and shuts it up.

THE FINE ARTS.—At the present time, New York is the center of much that is rare and attractive in this department. Of the Bryan Gallery and its unrivaled advantages to the student we have more than once spoken, and more than once expressed our regret at the neglect of the public in regard to it. Time, however, and advancing culture, will remedy this indifference. Besides the Bryan Gallery—always free to the artist, and the pictures of which, from the old masters, he is allowed to copy—we have the English Gallery of Art, comprising pictures from many of the most distinguished artists, embracing several Turners, and a rare collection in water colors; as also the French Gallery of Art, exhibiting the distinguishing features of the French modern school, and containing a fine portrait of the wondrous Rosa Bonheur. Next, we have the Dumeldorf Gallery, that very real school so much talked of, and upon which

opinion is divided among the critics, although the people are always pleased with it.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, is still in the city, as also "Fridolin." The former is a work for long and admiring study. The latter is defective in drawing, and factitious in many ways; but draws crowds of visitors.

Our space this month forbids a more extended notice of these galleries. In a future number, we shall speak more fully. In the meanwhile, the stranger visiting the city will find these places full of interest. Poets, artists, and visitors throng there. Already the effect of concentrating so many artistic attractions in our midst has called young students from all parts of the country to the city, where foreign art, the antique and the modern school, may be studied with effect, to say nothing of the pre-Raphaelites, and their bundle of affectations.

BOOK-MAKING.—Just as our work is going to press, we find several books upon our table, all of which come too late for notice. We find "Chanticleer," by Cornelius Matthews, published by Brown, Loomis & Co., New York; "The Life and Labors of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet," written by the Rev. Heman Humphrey—Carter & Brothers, New York; "Aspirations of Nature," by J. T. Hecker, author of "Questions of the Soul"—James B. Kirker, New York. Mr. Hecker's work we have read, and shall notice in our next. It is Roman Catholic in character; but one which an intelligent Protestant, of whatever sect, will be very likely to read with interest. Besides this, we have, from the same religious side, "The Convert," by Orestes A. Brownson—published by Kirker—being a most ingenious relation of the metaphysical and psychological experiences of an intellectual, and unquestionably a very remarkable man, related by himself. Hereafter, we shall speak more fully of a book which will, no doubt, create a sensation.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—Our friend and cotemporary of the Churchman, proposes that editors be made the subject of prayer. We think exceedingly well of the suggestion—so well that we will gladly aid in the duty, and attend any authorized meeting for the purpose, for we more than suspect that editors are of an ungodly class. We think they need the prayers of the Church greatly, and in this need we include ourselves as well as the editor of the Churchman and all clerical editors, Dr. Bellows, Henry Ward Beecher, and others, whom our printer has not left us room to name.

Our Window.

DECEMBER is close upon us with its cold and its storms, its shipwrecks and its sufferings. We were thinking of this last night as we stood by our window looking out at the cold moon. We were thinking of this and many things besides which the coming month recalls, and wondering what comfort or joy this "Merry Christmas" would bring to the care-worn women and men who were hurrying homeward—if homes they all have—by our window.

The gas was lighted in our studio, and the unread proof, fresh from the press, upon our table. It was the last day of "making up," and Bob (our "devil," but he is so little, and so bright, and so earnest, withal, that it seems a sin to call him so), had wearied his little feet by his many journeys between the compositors' room and our sanctum.

We were looking from our window, oppressed by what we saw and what we felt, when open comes the door and in rushes Bob. "Please, Sir, the foreman says he wants the proofs and the copy for the 'Window.'"

"Very well, Bob, sit down and wait;" and we draw our easy chair to the table, while our poor little messenger luxuriates in a comfortable seat by the fire. We read on, carefully and steadily, correcting as we go—the clock ticks upon the wall, but save this all is still about us. The sound of passing vehicles breaks upon our ears, but they do not disturb us for we have got used to the sound, and like to hear the heart of the great city beating—beating—always loudest in the day-time; and, like ours, stillest in the night. We finish the proofs, and, with outstretched hand, call the boy to take them. We are still reading "The Christmas Gathering," because it reminds us so much of our own experience; and we turn, at length, to see what keeps the lad who is generally so ready at our call.

To the shame of all "devils" be it said, poor Bob has fallen asleep—not exactly at his post, but upon the rug before the fire, with a pile of "exchanges" for a pillow. We called him once, twice, but he did not wake; and our heart smote us, and we left him to his slumbers. We took the proofs ourselves to the printing office, and as we passed the boy we could not help contrasting his chances in life with many who are higher born, and who have beds of down on which to rest. He slept soundly and well—his dreams seemed to be of pleasant things, for a smile flittered now and then across his features. True, he had

a ragged jacket, and his cap was shabby and his shoes worn; true, his hair was unkempt, his collar was none at all, and his general appearance differed much from that of the brighter youths which fair ladies love to take to their hearts; but we did not think of these things to the prejudice of the boy. We had never remarked him before; we did not even know his name, except Bob, and we were not certain that even that was his proper abbreviation. Well, we left the little fellow to sleep; we should have sent him home but for his being the "custodian of the key" and "maker of the fires;" and we knew that his boyish pride would be hurt if we lessened any of his responsibilities; but we felt a sympathy for the little uncared-for office-boy, which we had never felt before; and became aware of a link in the great chain of humanity binding that unconscious "devil" to us, of the existence of which we had never known. We know that we have never been lacking in humanity, but every day that we live we see and feel how little we understood yesterday what we know to-day. We feel more and more our responsibility, not only to those who have claims upon us by the ties of blood and relationship, but also to the great human family, and to the Power which ruleth all.

—THE UNITED STATES, amid the great events which are disturbing other parts of the world, remain comparatively quiet, in a political point of view. We have no wars or rumors of war to awaken alarm by the fireside or upon the mart.

The great absorbing question with us has been the panic. Within the past month, the worst seems to have been reached—if thus we may term a general suspension of specie payments by all the banks in this country. Before the last sheet of our November number had issued from the press, the run upon the New York banks had commenced, and after two days' struggle they were compelled to yield. By a resolution immediately adopted by the city banks, all of the State banks of New York whose bills are secured by State and Government stocks were declared at par. This expedient gave a temporary relief, and business has evidently improved, and credit has, in some degree, been restored since that measure.

There are some broad facts which present themselves in the present financial state of the country. We see a total suspension of specie payments; we see almost all of the banks pretending to be solvent and yet unable to meet their obligations; we find it utterly impossible to make collections at any point; and we hear of millions of bushels of grain, of millions of dollars' worth of produce

kept back, and which will probably not be in market this Winter in consequence of the impossibility of negotiating exchange, either foreign or domestic. We have seen the workings of many panics, many crises, and two general suspensions; we have studied the different financial systems of the world for many years; we are familiar with the *inside* as well as the *outside* operations of our banks, and we have come to the calm and deliberate conclusion that there should be **BUT ONE BANK OF ISSUE IN THIS COUNTRY**, and that under the immediate supervision of the Government—in short, a **NATIONAL BANK**.

Nicholas Biddle was ahead of his times. Had he lived later, this country would now appreciate his abilities. He had his faults—who has not? He was the President of the Bank of the United States, and unfortunately for him and for that institution itself, it was founded on a wrong principle—was too much a *creature of the Government*, and, as has generally been believed, *was used for political purposes*. As a natural consequence, it failed, and brought ruin and disgrace upon all who were connected with it.

The experience of the last twenty years abundantly proves that we need no national debt, and that we can liquidate the small one which now exists when we choose. By a little wise legislation, this country can be clear of debt, and have a surplus of one hundred millions of dollars in four years. Under existing laws, and under the present sub-treasury system, such a result, instead of being a blessing, would be a positive curse to the country. Now, suppose this Government surplus—this gold locked up in the sub-treasury vaults—were made the *basis of the entire circulation of this country*, what would be the result?

We are in favor of a national bank; but not of such an institution as was chartered in 1796, rechartered in 1816, and which brought ruin and disgrace upon the country by its suspension in 1837, and its total bankruptcy in 1839. We are in favor of a bank which shall have the right to issue bills only upon a specie basis; whose notes shall be at par throughout the Union; which shall supply the circulating medium to all the banks of discount and deposit in the country, and do this only upon adequate security in bonds and mortgages and in State stocks. No power to control the bank should rest with the Government, and such safeguards should be thrown around it in its charter as would render its use for political purposes impossible, would place it beyond the possibility of failure, and make it in fact, and in the eyes of the people, a high, honorable, and sacred institution.

We believe that we fully understand the needs of the country in this respect, and we know of but one man who could draft such a charter.

—UTAH presents, in more senses than one, at the present moment, the spectacle of a revolted province. Brigham Young has set himself up against all law, both civil and divine, and seems to have designed the establishment of a Mormon empire within the very shadow of our spotless flag. His career as "Autocrat of Utah" will, probably, be as short-lived as was that of the "Representative of Universal Freedom" in Nicaragua. It will be a sad day when the arms of our own soldiery are turned against any of the children of our soil, be they ever so rebellious or misguided; but such outrages as we occasionally hear from this modern Gomorrah demand the immediate execution of the laws, and we trust that, whatever may be the result, those who are responsible for their execution may not be withheld by any political fears.

—THE CITY OF BALTIMORE has been placed under "martial law," by the Governor of the State, in anticipation of serious election riots. This course on the part of the Governor of Maryland has given rise to a misunderstanding between him and the Mayor of Baltimore, the result of which, we infer, will not be very serious. It is reported that Governor Wise, of Virginia, has loaned the Governor of Maryland 3,000 stand of arms to be used should the emergency require.

—WASHINGTON is very quiet politically, but the busy hum of preparation begins to be heard in the hotels and the public offices, and every one looks forward to an important session.

General Cass, it is understood, has given a great deal of attention to the unsettled questions between this country and England, and they will doubtless be settled to the mutual satisfaction of both Governments.

—INDIA seems to be the point to which all eyes are turned with more of interest, as well as apprehension, than to any other. The last advices are commented upon by the press as being more favorable to the English troops. We do not think them so; on the contrary, we consider the position of the British forces more critical than ever, and that they must receive greater accessions than are at present talked of, even to hold their own. This outbreak is not a thing of a day—it has been culminating for a hundred years. It is controlled now by no ordinary mind, and is supported by all the fanaticism of an enslaved people, whose religion was all that shackles could not bind.

The great battle of Passy, which was the

foundation of the British rule in India, was fought on the 20th of June, 1757, by the celebrated Lord Clive. From this time, for one hundred years, the power of England steadily increased, and her revenues from Hindostan became almost fabulous. The Hindoos have had a prophecy for many years, which they have cherished and handed down with sacred instructions from one generation to another, that the *British rule in India would last but one hundred years*. That hundred years expired on the 20th of June last, and now what do we see? The whole country aroused, and in possession of the natives, Delhi garrisoned alone by Hindoo soldiery, and a handful of British troops making a desperate stand for their lives.

The immediate pretext for the outbreak was the distribution among the sepoy of grease or tallow cartridges for the use of the Enfield rifles. This fact was used by the native Hindoo papers to inflame the fanatical prejudices of the Mohammedan and Hindoo troops, who were told that the English designed their forcible conversion to Christianity, by compelling them to eat, in the use of cartridges, pig and beef fat, which was an abomination to their religious principles. The Governor-General was forced to issue his proclamation denying the charge. The use of greased cartridges was discontinued, and glazed paper substituted, when the native papers declared that grease was mixed with the paper in its manufacture, and which gained credit, in spite of all the authorities could do to remove the impression. General Wheeler had given color to the charge of an attempt at forcible conversion by actively circulating religious tracts among the sepoy, which met the disapproval of the Governor-General. Joined to this fanatical excitement, there was, no doubt, to be added long and strong discontent on the part of the Hindoo and Mohammedan population against a foreign Government, which was considered oppressive in its measures and antagonistic in its religious principles. The plan for a revolt was, no doubt, extensively laid, and was probably to have taken place over the entire Presidency of Bengal on a given day, and the designs of the rebels were to have included Calcutta and the murder of all Europeans in the country.

This we also judge to have been the case from the fact that the hundredth year of British rule in India had arrived, when the Brahmins predicted it was to come to an end, and from the additional fact that the mutiny of sepoy occurred simultaneously at different stations on the same day. The chronology of the mutiny may be set down as follows:

1857—Mutiny of native troops appeared at Barrackpore, who were disbanded April 3. Mutiny of native 34th infantry at Barrackpore, who were disbanded April 5. Mutiny appeared at Meerut, May 10; at Delhi, May 12; at Ferozepore, May 13; at Meerut (Punjab), May 14; at Boorkee, May 18; at Peshawar, May 22; at Alaghur, Mynpore, and Umbellah, May 28; at Mundaun, May 25; at Naseerabad, May 29; at Agra, Lucknow, Bareilly, and Moradabad, May 31; at Nismuch (Gwalior), Azengur, and at Aboozaid, June 3; at Benaras and at Alahabad, June 4; at Ihansi, Cawnpore, and at Mooltan, June 5; at Syzabad, June 7; at Inlundur (Punjab), June 9; at Shahjibunpoo, June 8; before Delhi, June 13; at Gwalior and Calcutta, June 14; at Inbulpore, June 19; at Najpore, Sanfor, Nowgong, Futteghur and Jaunpore, June 23; at Indore, July 1; at Mbow and Nowahere, July 5.

Of the Bengal native sepoy troops in Northern India, it is said not more than nineteen regiments of infantry and six of cavalry remained in arms under British control.

At a number of stations, as soon as the troops mutinied they proceeded to Delhi, where they swelled the number of the rebels who hold the town, and who proceeded to organize a sort of government with a Mogul prince or king—after having assassinated all the Europeans who fell in their way—and committed acts of cruelty and barbarity on women and children, exceeding in atrocity the most fiendish acts recorded in the annals of history, many of which are too revolting for recital. In the massacre England has lost many of her bravest officers, while others have fallen by pestilence, including Generals Anson and Barnard. North-Eastern India was mostly in open rebellion, which Sir Henry Lawrence was endeavoring to subdue into order, but at last accounts he was wounded and besieged at Lucknow; Cawnpore had been recaptured; confidence continued to be maintained at Agra, Aiahabad and at Calcutta. Delhi remained the head-quarters of the rebels.

A nephew of George Canning wrote a remarkable poem, under the title of "India," some four and twenty years ago. The writer had enjoyed many advantages for studying the native character, and he sums up the result of official experience at Delhi, Bareilly, and Cawnpore, in the following prophetic lines:

There needs but some surpassing act of wrong
To break the patience that has bent so long;
There needs but some short, sudden burst of ire
May chance to set the general thought on fire;
There needs but some fair prospect of relief,
Enough to seize the general belief—
Some holy juggler, some absurd caprice,

To raise one common struggle for release.

Think not that prodigies must rule a state,
That great revolutions spring from something great;
The softest curl that floats on Beauty's brow,
The smallest leaf that flutters on the bough,
Is not more lightly, easy to derange
Than human minds with cause to wish for change.
Out breaks at once the far-responding cry,
The standard of revolt is raised on high,
The murky cloud has glided from the sun,
The tale of England's tyranny is done,
And torturing vengeance grinds as she destroys,
Till Sici's vespers seem the game of boys.

We wait anxiously for further news, but we feel that this is to be a long war. We trust, for humanity's sake, that it may not, for a warfare of retaliation is always terrible, and such this now seems to be.

— ENGLAND is going through a financial revolution equal to the one which has recently swept over this country. She is a brave and a strong nation, and will have need of all her resources in the great struggle in which she is engaged with her former slaves in India. Strange that what she has struggled to turn as an instrument of harm to us bids fair to imperil her very safety. We wish her safely through with her troubles, and we trust she will remember that she is a Christian nation, and that mercy is a Christian's highest creed.

The good feeling evinced by the English to us, as a people, was strikingly displayed at the great Newmarket race, which was won by "Priores," an American horse, belonging to Mr. Ten Broeck. An English correspondent, in describing the close of the race, says: "The 'heat' was run after the last race in a deepening twilight, which rendered it impossible to distinguish the colors of the riders at a distance. El Hakim was first off, but after going about fifty yards Priores, overpowering Fordham, rushed to the front, and carried on the running to the ditch gap, where she was pulled back, and lay about three lengths in the rear, Queen Bess going on with the lead, closely attended by El Hakim. On coming down the bushes hill Priores hung to the left, and a shout was raised of 'the American's beaten!' But Fordham roused the mare with his whip, and before reaching the foot of the hill she bore her colors in advance, and, quitting her opponents halfway up the cords, won cleverly by a length and a half; El Hakim beating Queen Bess by a head only for second place. A loud and prolonged cheer hailed the triumph of the American colors, and Mr. Ten Broeck was warmly congratulated upon the first victory achieved by him in England."

—THE DUTCH WEST INDIES are at length to be freed from slavery, and we commend the course adopted by Holland in regard to them to all thinking minds in this country, both North and South. Let us watch the working of this system, and it may help us to solve a problem that has vexed us much. We read in the Curaçoesche Courant of the 22d inst., an official publication of the Home Government preparing the inhabitants for the emancipation of slaves in Curaçao, Bonaire, Aruba, St. Eustatius and Saba. It is pleasing to observe that, while other Governments have been the first to adopt this measure, Holland, it would seem, will be the only one that will pay a fair equivalent to the slaveholder for his slave.

The indemnification fixed is as follows: In the islands of Curaçao, Bonaire, Aruba and St. Eustatius, the amount of 50*fl.* (about \$20) will be given for a slave under the age of 5 years; from 5 upward unto the age of 10 years, 75*fl.* (\$30); from 10 years upward unto the age of 15 years, 225*fl.* (\$90); from 15 years upward unto the age of 20 years, 325*fl.* (\$130); from 20 years upward unto the age of 25 years, 475*fl.* (\$190); from 25 years upward unto the age of 35 years, 500*fl.* (\$200); from 35 years upward unto the age of 40 years, 450*fl.* (\$180); from 40 years upward unto the age of 45 years, 325*fl.* (\$130); from 45 years upward unto the age of 50 years, 200*fl.* (\$80); from 50 years upward unto the age of 55 years, 75*fl.* (\$30); from 55 years upward, 50*fl.* (\$20).

On the Island of Saba, for a slave unto the age of 5 years, 50*fl.* (\$20) will be given; from 5 years upward unto the age of 10 years, 60*fl.* (24); from 10 years upward unto the age of 15 years, 175*fl.* (\$70); from 15 years upward unto the age of 20 years, 275*fl.* (\$110); from 20 years upward unto the age of 25 years, 375*fl.* (\$150); from 25 years upward unto the age of 35 years, 405*fl.* (\$162); from 35 years upward unto the age of 40 years, 350*fl.* (\$140); from 40 years upward unto the age of 45 years, 250*fl.* (\$100); from 45 years upward unto the age of 50 years, 150*fl.* (\$60); from 50 years upward unto the age of 55 years, 60*fl.* (\$24); from 55 years upward, 50*fl.* (\$20).

For sick slaves a reduced price will be paid, which is to be fixed after the slave has been examined by two physicians, one appointed by Government, and the other by the owner thereof.

No indemnification will be given for slaves infected with leprosy, or any other contaminating diseases, for runaway slaves who have been absent more than two years, or for those condemned to hard work and whose punishment will only expire after four years.

Slaves emancipated by Government are subject to the vigilance of functionaries paid by Government for that purpose, and bearing the name of district masters. The emancipated slaves are obliged to assume a family name, which will go over to their children. All those from the age of twenty to fifty years can be called upon by turns to work for the State, which will pay them reasonable wages. All this will be arranged in such a manner as to insure general satisfaction.

All emancipated slaves are obliged to contribute to the formation of a fund destined to pay back to the State the expenses of their emancipation. They are to enjoy religious instruction, and schools will be provided for their children by the Government.

While their privileges as citizens will, in some cases, be defined, they will enjoy the same rights and privileges as the rest of the inhabitants.

All quarrels which may arise between themselves, or between them and the rest of the inhabitants, will be decided by the district master superintending the quarter in which the disputants reside.

Payment will be made by Government immediately after the delivery is made in bonds on the Colonial chest, or on the National treasury.

Children of emancipated parents born after the proclamation of this law are free, and not subject to the restrictions to which their emancipated parents are under; and they are to remain under the control of their parents to the age of twelve years.

The date for the emancipation of the slaves is to be fixed by the Home Government.

—FRANCE seems to us very quiet; there is too much of "the calm which precedes the storm" about her. Napoleon is making himself popular with his troops, and his quondam ally is sending all of her available forces to a distant region. We shall see! A correspondent writes:

PARIS, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1857.

The camp of Chalons is just now the center of attraction for the fashionable world. The Empress and the imperial baby, the ladies of honor and the marshals of France, have all taken up their residence at the camp, and are sharing the life of the soldier after the most approved military style. Even the baby appears on parade, in the uniform of his regiment, for he is inscribed as a common soldier in the ranks of the Imperial Guard, and the chroniclers say never makes his appearance thus without creating a great sensation. We can well believe it, since *les enfants de troupe* are always popular, especially if they carry a crown and are held in the arms of a charming mother. But the Little Corporal walks, shoulders his wooden musket, and trails his sword in the dust, like an old trooper. The camp seems to be in ecstasies over the pet.

It was thought that the Empress would stop at Chalons,

and preparations had been made for lodging her at the palace of the prefect. But her Majesty preferred the camp and the bivouac to the luxuries of an in-door life. The camp accommodations are but poorly suited to modern tastes and modern fashions; but her Majesty, setting the example of abnegation, her fashionable attendants were obliged to "execute themselves," as they say at the Bourse, and to stow themselves away in a small tent, like so many sardines in a box. There was a rapid change operated in the forms of the ladies; but they all "played camp life," and did graciously what they could not avoid.

On Sunday last a grand review took place at the camp. The Emperor was attended by the Marshals Pélissier, Bosquet, Magnan and Baraguay D'Hilliers, and by Lord Rokesby, Commander of the Queen's Guards, and a few other foreign officers. The Empress was also on horseback, *en amazone*, attended by the Countesses Montebello and Labedoyere, and followed all the movements of the field.

The last grand field exercise at the camp takes place to-day, and this evening the Empress returns to Paris. The Emperor will not long delay his return, and in a few days the camp will be raised. It is pretended that on the 15th of this month, Napoleon is to meet the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria at Berlin, and that, following these imperial interviews, Congress is to meet at Paris to consider a plan of reduction of all the standing armies of Europe. All this is possible, but not probable.

This is all very well to amuse the ladies, and to keep the troops in discipline; but it means more than that.

—MERRY CHRISTMAS will soon be here, reader; it will come before we can again take you by the hand. We only trust that it may bring good cheer to your firesides, good fortune to your roof, and good hope to your hearts. We hope that when the changing year brings it around to us again that we may all of us have little to regret in the new year which is before us; and, if in the cares or occupations of your life, dear reader, you find any thing in the pages of "Emerson" to instruct, to interest, or amuse—any thing which may help you to bear the burden of life with a more hopeful heart—any thing which may awaken the generous sympathies of your nature—we only ask you, in return, to befriend the first poor "Bob" who happens to fall in your way.

If your Christmas board should be overloaded with good cheer—if the stockings of your dear little ones, hanging by the chimney side, should not be large enough to hold all of the bounties of the good St. Nicholas—if your coal vault should not be capacious enough to hold all of the coal which you have proposed putting in for the Winter—we pray you to remember the many, perhaps within sight of your doors, whose richest Christmas fare will be a crust of bread, and whose little ones know nothing of the good St. Nicholas as they crouch over the dying embers of a cinder fire.

Editor's Olio.

OUR POETS.—This class of our contributors is becoming more extended and more prolific. With all our hospitality and ample accommodations, we find it utterly impossible to entertain them all. It is against our nature to be rude—we never say "not at home" to the most humble caller; yet, when we have our house filled to overflowing, or find ourselves so overwhelmed with work that we lack time to eat or sleep, we do sometimes have to say we "are engaged." And even to some valued friends who send in their cards we sometimes have to reply "please call again." In a word, we must ask our correspondents, whether poetical or prosaic, to have patience.

We don't know but we may have to answer for the loss of waking up the young poets of the country, and exciting the latent spirit of the muse to an undue and dangerous activity. Well, so be it. The natural world is full of poetry, and it is our faith that whosoever is inspired with power to give it voice should have audience. We say, let them sing as freely as the wild birds of the woods, and "be that hath an ear to hear let him hear." By this, we would by no means be understood to encourage the utterance of rapid nonsense—rhymes without reason, wit, inspiration, or harmony. But even such is harmless, and will drop silently to its native oblivion. We cannot, by any means, give all of our poets a hearing in the present number that we should be glad to. Some half dozen have found a place in the preceding pages, and we make room here for three or four more in the Olio. The first which follows was in type, with the introductory remarks, for the last number of our Magazine, but was crowded over for want of room:

A correspondent at Saratoga, whose name we are not sure that we have a right to mention, sends us the following notice of another young poet whose name is new to us. In the first number of the new and enlarged series of this Magazine, July, 1856, in the editorial announcement of its aims and objects, occurs this sentence: "We wish to make a magazine that shall be a worthy exponent of the literature of the day, and especially of our own country; a magazine that shall do something to foster genius, to develop talent, to encourage the fine arts, to popularize science, to educate the masses, to elevate and refine the public taste—in short, a magazine that shall be creditable to the country." True to this programme, we are always glad to give such aid

as we can to help young genius to a public recognition, from whatever quarter it appears, regardless of clique, caste, or sect. With us, the world of letters is as broad as humanity. But we wish our correspondents all to remember that the limits of our pages necessarily compel us to exclude many offerings that we should otherwise be glad to insert. The two poems by Miss Boies, mentioned by our correspondent, we have not seen, but should be glad to receive them:

SARATOGA, Sept. 28, 1857.

MR. EDITOR.—You deserve well of our country and of our race for having encouraged Mary A. Rice to continue her literary labor, if labor it be when she "cannot help writing." We have in Saratoga an extraordinary instance of not merely talent for rhyming, but of poetic genius. Miss Lura (not Laura) A. Boies graduated, last Spring, at the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute. The following are a few stanzas from her valedictory, which is entitled "Earth's Triumph Hours." Miss B. commences with the triumphs of childhood, and proceeds to those of youth, of eloquence, of genius, of the warrior; and thus proceeds:

Ay, brave hearts leap and pulses thrill,
When song and about ring on the breeze;
Yet there are conquests higher still,
And prouder triumph hours than these.

When trusting woman, cursed and spurned,
Her heart crushed and bleeding thins,
In her sweet faith hath meekly turned,
And bore it all un murmuring,
When she hath taught her soul to bow,
And gently hushed the rising sigh,
A glory glides the patient brow,
And triumph lights her earnest eye!

When the stern man hath breasted long
The waves of passion's troubled sea,
Gained o'er his spirit, proud and strong,
The pure and perfect mastery,
The thrill of that mysterious power
Gives to his heart a fuller swell;
The glory of his triumph hour
Not all may know, and none may tell!

And thus they come, earth's triumph hours,
Some that in trumpet tones have rung,
Some garlanded with laurel flowers,
And some unheralded, unsung.
Perchance our hearts have felt to-night
The circling life-tides faster flow,
As standing on the classic height,
We view the meadow lands below!

Those meadow lands—ah! they are fair,
Watered by learning's crystal rills,
Waved by the pure, untainted air
Wafted in freshness from her hills.
Beyond the broad and billowy green,
The Alpine heights of science tower,
The student's goal, the sunrise scene
Of many a glorious triumph hour.

Miss Boies' pathetic (I had almost said spiritual) poem, modestly named "Fireside Angels," is superior to Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," and her "Skeleton in the National House" is not inferior to Whittier's best productions on similar subjects.

THE MARCH OF AUTUMN.

BY J. H. DOUGHTY.

Now, dragging bleak November by the beard,
And pressing on September's hastening feet,
October, with an aspect wild and weird,
Flies, rushing onward like a courser fleet.

From out the midst of Autumn's golden clime,
As a grim giant from his castle gate,
He stalks, the herald of a troublous time,
And on his chilling words we weeping wait.

The fading foliage feels his blighting breath,
The green leaves dread the wind his nostrils make;
The flowers are withered, and they know their death
Will follow, when his hands the forests shake.

I saw, of late, the golden sun's bright beams
Sporting with all a lover's envied bliss,
And dallying with the leaves, whose pleasure seems
Like a young maiden's at the first warm kiss;

And as the glowing beams still onward pressed,
Kissing the trembling tree-tops o'er and o'er,
In brighter hues each leaf's soft cheek was dressed,
At each kiss blushing deeper than before.

But ah! their joy was brief. Soon did I spy
October, coming in his leaden car;
And, whirling like a raging demon by,
Struck the pale leaves and scattered them afar.

While, as he passed along, each breath he took
Hissed thro' his shrunken lips with horrid sound;
Belched forth again, the shuddering leaves it shook,
And, blasted, shriveled, strewed them on the ground.

And as they droop, and die, and drop away,
Our hearts are sad, our souls are filled with gloom:
They teach that we, too, hasten to decay—
That life is but the pathway to the tomb!

The hollow winds come howling down the glen,
And fiercely chant a melancholy stave;
Eolus' subjects hasten from their den
To sing a requiem o'er dead Summer's grave.

The leaden skies are weeping. Now their tears
Are splashing, dashed against my window-pane;
Amid the rising storm and gathering fears,
I strive to banish gloomy thoughts in vain.

As the hoarse gale, with cadence wild and deep,
Strikes wailing chords, and harps on branches bare,
So o'er my heart-strings gusts of memory sweep,
And waken only mournful music there.

Winter will soon be here, with ice and snow,
With frost and cold, his minions and his slaves;
His icy fetters o'er the streams will throw,
And heap up white mounds on the dead leaves' graves.

Thus will the dull October of our years,
Herald the Winter, dreary, dark and wild;
Our Summer dead, our Autumn skies all tears,
Soon changed to snow, and o'er our dark graves piled.
Massachusetts, October, 1857.

MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor drinks fine Rhenish wines,
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
Every day my neighbor dines.
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
He can eat of courses eight,

Served from China, glass and plate;
He can lie on softest down,
In a silk embroidered gown.
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!

I have neither ale nor wine,
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
On a simple steak I dine,
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
My utmost plate a silver fork—
While he rides, I have to walk—
My bed is innocent of down,
I have no embroidered gown.
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!

I'm told my neighbor never smiles,
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
At quirk, nor crank, nor wanton wiles,
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
I'm told my neighbor's heart is dead,
And buried in the narrow bed
Where lie three children, young and fair,
All together moldering there.

Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
Then let me drink no Rhenish wine,
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
Be this its price, good neighbor mine,
Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
I sit before my simple board,
And eat and drink, and thank the Lord
That spared my wife and children three,
To love, to bless, and bury me.

Heigh-ho, my neighbor!
Hoboken, November, 1857.

THE BRIDAL: THE MER.

BY J. H. McNAUGHTON.

Strophe.

With the larum bells of Yule
Came the bridal song entrancing;
Came the sound of song and dancing,
And the sweeping chorus full,
With the larum bells of Yule.

Mingling laces and brocade,
Flaunting brilliants by the million—
In redowa or cotillion;
In the bridal masquerade
Mingling laces and brocade.

Antistrophe.

With the larum bells of Yule,
As another year was dying,
Came the sound of dole and sighing;
Came the muffled tolling dull,
With the larum bells of Yule.

He had to the bridegroom spoken,
And the pall and bier came hither;
Shroud him, bless him, bear him thither—
Let the bridal ring be broken;
Grave receive him—God hath spoken!

MOTHER GOOSE MODERNIZED.—Of the two ancient worthies, the "laughing philosopher" and the "crying philosopher," we give preference to the former. We always thought it a waste of time to cry for "spilt milk." To be sure, the late financial crisis has produced, and must con-

tinue to produce, an immense amount of suffering throughout the country; but long and sad faces won't help the matter. Something, therefore, to cause a smile, even upon this painful subject, may bring some relief to many a heart-ache. And hence we think a wit in a Philadelphia journal has done some good by adapting the immortal Mother Goose to the times. He has done his work so cleverly that we do not hesitate to transfer a portion of it to our pages:

Sing a song of specie,
Gotham all awry,
Seven and fifty bank birds
Knock'd into pi;
When the banks were opened
The cashiers tried to sing;
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To send to Gov'nor King!

The King was up at Albany,
Fighting off the brokers;
The cashiers were in Wall street,
Working hard as stokers;
Presidents were shining
Up and down the street,
Out rushed a Brown bear
And knocked them off their feet.

Hark! hark! the banks do bark,
The brokers have come to town,
Some with "bags" and some with "rags"
To hunt the specie down.

There was a man in our town
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into the Barbary coast,
And drew out his supplies.
And when he got his specie out,
With all his might and main,
He rushed into another bank
And concluded that, all things considered, he
might as well deposit it again.

Here we go up, up, up!
Here we go round, round, roundy!
Here we go backward and forward,
Here we go down, down, downy!
(Stock reports.)

Ba! ba! bank sheep, have you any gold?
Yes, marry, have I, three bags told;
One for depositors, one for me,
And one for an old chap that lives across the sea!

Note shaver! note shaver!
Fly away home;
Your notes are protested,
Your fingers will burn.

Pay my check, pay my check, banker's man!
No, I can't, master, by any plan;
Then take it, and cross it, and mark it with G,
And then it will do for Tommy and me.

One, two! What shall we do?
Three, four! Close up the door.
Five, six! They are coming like bricks.
Seven, eight! Ask them to wait.

Nine, ten! Good friends, come again.
Eleven, twelve! The deposits we'll shelve.
Thirteen, fourteen! Stop exporting!
Fifteen, sixteen! An't we fixed in?
Seventeen, eighteen! Keep 'em waiting!
Nineteen, twenty! Vaults are empty!

High ding diddle! remember Nick. Biddle,
The banks have gone up like balloons;
The Democrats laughed to see the sport,
And the brokers went in for the spoons.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—No man at the present day ranks higher in the natural sciences than Professor Agassiz. In resisting the temptation of so distinguished and congenial a scientific post as was tendered to him by the Emperor of France, Professor Agassiz pays a high compliment to our country, in which, indeed, he enjoys the high appreciation due to his preëminent scientific attainments and his estimable personal character.

LETTER OF THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND RELIGION:

PARIS, August 19, 1857.

SIR—A chair of paleontology is vacant at the Museum of Natural History of Paris by the death of M. d'Orbigny. You are French; you have enriched your native country with eminent works and laborious researches; you are a corresponding member of the Institute. The Emperor would be happy to restore to France a distinguished man of science, a renowned professor. I offer you, in his name, the vacant chair. Your country will deem herself happy in recovering one of her children, the most devoted to science.

Be pleased to accept, Sir, the assurance of my sentiments of high esteem. ROULAND.
M. AGASSIZ, Member of the Institute of France, Professor of Sciences, Boston, United States of America.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S REPLY.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 25, 1857.

To His Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction and Religion, at Paris:

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE—After having passed the greater part of my life at a distance from the great centers of science, I should never have expected to receive the distinguished honor you have done me, by offering me, in the name of the Emperor, the chair of paleontology at the Museum of Natural History, in Paris.

The whole world considers the *Jardin des Plantes* as the most important establishment in existence for the natural sciences. I have, therefore, felt the liveliest joy in reading your letter, and in receiving, by your offer, the proof, so precious to me, that I am not forgotten in Europe. Unfortunately, your proposition finds me unable to accept it: for I could not sever ab-

ruptly the ties which, for a number of years, I have been accustomed to consider as binding me for the remainder of my days to the United States. Moreover, I cannot suppose that the instruction which was intrusted to M. d'Orbigny could be interrupted for a sufficient length of time to permit me to finish certain embryological labors which I have undertaken, with a view of comparisons with the fossils of the epochs anterior to our own, and which would lose all their interest if they should be left incomplete. I find myself, therefore, under the painful necessity of refusing a position which, in every circumstance, I shall always regard as the most brilliant to which a naturalist can aspire.

It may appear to you strange that I should allow a few ova and embryos to weigh in the balance which is to decide for the remainder of my life; but, doubtless, it is to this absolute devotion to the study of nature that I am indebted for the confidence of which you have just given me a mark as signal as it is unexpected; and it is because I would continue to merit this confidence for the future that I have taken the liberty of entering into these details. Allow me, also, to correct an error that has been circulated in reference to myself. I am not French. Although of French origin, my family has been Swiss for centuries; and I myself, though expatriated for more than ten years, have not ceased to be Swiss.

I beg your Excellency to receive, with the reiterated assurance of my lively regrets at my inability to accept the chair that you offer me, the assurance of my high consideration.

LOUIS AGASSIZ,

Professor in the University of Cambridge,
United States of America.

LOVE-LETTERS OF OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.—In this fast age of the world—this age of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraph wires—this age of worship of the "almighty dollar"—this age of crime, fashion and folly, of heartless lovers and unhappy families, it is refreshing to look back a couple of hundreds of years upon such a picture of domestic life as is presented in the following letters of the first Governor of Massachusetts and his good wife Margaret. They were written some two hundred and thirty years ago. While reading them we were almost ready to cry out, in the words of the old song:

"I grieve, I grieve,

For the good old days of Adam and of Eve."

MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife

than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I might always please thee, and that those comforts which we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use the speech to thee that Abigail did to David: "I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord." I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest me; and secondly, because thou lovest God. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God bring us together in his good time, for which I shall pray. Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee.

Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

MY GOOD WIFE—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet having so fit an opportunity, I must write to thee again; for I do esteem one little sweet letter of thine (such as the last was) to be worthy of two or three from me.

I began this letter yesterday at two o'clock, thinking to have been at large, but was so taken up by company and business, as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expressions of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavor that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favor and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over to meet with another; but remember our Savior tells us, "Be of good comfort; I have overcome the world." Therefore, my good wife, rise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in family affairs, or otherwise; but still fly to Him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully, in obedience to His holy will, in the course he has set thee. Peace shall

come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

Thy faithful husband,
JOHN WINTHROP.

MOST LOVING AND GOOD HUSBAND—I have received your letters; the true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence, as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, "Out of sight, out of mind." I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to "do you good and not evil, all the days of my life." I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for the absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste to entertain it.

And so I bid my good husband farewell, and commit him to the Lord.

Your loving and obedient wife,
MARGARET WINTHROP.

OUR SERIAL ROMANCE.—The reader of taste and culture will see, doubtless with regret, that the classic historical romance of André Chénier closes with the present number. It will be succeeded by another of surpassing interest, commencing in January.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.—This quarterly Journal, the organ of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, has been considerably enlarged and improved. The number for the three months, commencing with December, is just out, and contains sixty-four quarto pages, handsomely printed, with a large number of attractive engravings. Many of these engravings represent pictures and statuary that are to be distributed among the subscribers to the Association, in January next. The letter-press of the present number contains a great variety of well written articles on art, artists, and kindred subjects, making a quarterly magazine of much interest for the family circle. It is unquestionably the best publication devoted exclusively to art subjects now published in this country. In consequence of the enlargement, the price is raised to two dollars a year, or fifty cents a single number. But we understand the Association will send a single specimen number to any person in the country, desirous of becoming acquainted with it, on the receipt of fifteen cents.

A WORD FROM OUR PUBLISHERS.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1858.

We desire to call the particular attention of our readers to the advertising pages attached to the present number, for a prospectus of our Magazine for 1858.

We are making arrangements for the coming year which will, unquestionably, place our subscription list ahead of any other Magazine in the world, and rank it, in point of merit, second to none.

It is not the desire or the intention of the proprietors of "Emerson" to make their issue a *purely money-making concern*, or to permit it to be *dedicated to any personal aims*; and they hereby pledge themselves that not one dollar of the profits of the Magazine for the next three years shall be devoted to any other purpose than its constant improvement. It will be their aim to make each issue in itself the best and most attractive periodical, for the price, published anywhere in the world.

They will aim, as their sphere and means increase, to make it the one great, liberal, disinterested and impersonal Magazine in the country. And they hope that the time is not far distant when it will become the authority of the student, the companion of the traveler, the solace of the afflicted, the advocate of the unfortunate, the supporter of the oppressed, the counselor of the rich, and the friend of the poor.

The work will always be neutral as to mere partisan politics, but thoroughly national in character; and there shall never be any thing found in its columns which will not have a tendency to make mankind better and wiser.

FASHIONS AND FASHION PLATES.

We propose a change. The custom of publishing *monthly* fashion plates, which prevails in many magazines, and which we have ourselves followed for a year and a half past, is one, we think, "more honored in the breach than the observance." The custom is founded in absurdity instead of reason, and really affords but little amusement, and less instruction. There are but *four seasons* of the year, and really but four distinctive styles of costume adapted to the four seasons. To publish a fashion plate every month, copied, as they usually are, from some Paris plate, perhaps two or three months old, seems to us little better than nonsense. We shall endeavor to do something in this department more creditable. We propose to publish *quarterly* fashion plates, adapted to the *seasons*. We shall give the Winter fashions in the January number, which will be out early in December; the Spring fashions in the April number; the Summer fashions in July; and the Autumn fashions in October. And as each number is issued during the month preceding its date, our fashion plates will, in fact, appear at the commencement of each season.

